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*1 College Row, Galway,*

# PENNY READINGS

FOR

# THE IRISH PEOPLE.

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[COMPILED BY THE EDITOR OF THE "NATION."]

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VOL. I.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

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THE National Literature of the Irish People is of recent growth. It is fresh, and bright, and vigorous ; but compared with the Literature of other nations it is but as a sapling among ancient oaks. The "reason why" is not far to seek. The ancient language of other peoples continues to be their language to this day ; their literary culture progressed continuously, and circumstances were favourable to its development. Far different was the case in Ireland. The subjection of this country by a foreign people crushed out the old laws, literature, and language ; and a long and troubled period elapsed before the new ones began to take root. Art and literature in other lands were putting forth some of their fairest flowers when Ireland was a scene of wretchedness, suffering, and horror. Shakspeare was producing his immortal works in England when Mountjoy and Carew were reducing Ireland to the condition of a howling wilderness ; and it was the same queen for whose delectation the great dramatist wrote one of his famous plays, who received from Ireland the comforting assurance that nothing was left for her to reign over in that country but "carcasses and ashes." Later on, Milton was giving to the world those splendid compositions which he knew that "posterity would not willingly let die," while Cromwell with fire and sword was laying Ireland waste, and his captains were despatching the native Irish "to Hell or Connaught." Dryden, Pope, Addison, were enriching the English language with their noble works at a time when learning was a crime in Ireland, and there was a price on the head of a schoolmaster. Art,

science, literature, commerce, all were thriving and advancing in other lands while the Irish people were being "brayed as in a mortar"—beggared by confiscations, tortured by cruel persecutions, hunted into exile, or slain by famine and the sword. Our country, consequently, came late into the literary field, and the triumphs of her sons therein are fewer and less grand than they would have been under happier circumstances. Yet the wonder is not that they are not more numerous, but that they are so many and so brilliant, and that Irish genius, weighted and restricted by such adverse circumstances, has been able to assert itself so nobly as it has done. Ireland can point to a long list of distinguished names ranging from the time of Swift down to this day—a whole galaxy of stars, shining lustreously in every department of art and literature. In oratory and poetry, which above all other things express the mind of a nation, she is especially well represented; and the products of Irish genius in these arts are included amongst their literary treasures by all cultivated readers of the English language.

The literature of Ireland, especially in recent times, is identified with the struggles and aspirations of the Irish people for freedom. Its noblest passages are either protests against oppression or appeals to the love of liberty, and justice, and honour, that glows in the Irish heart. Swift gave it that direction at the outset, and in our time it received extension and impulse from the warm Celtic soul of Thomas Davis. Our national literature is now essentially patriotic, and nearly all the additions that are being made to it are in the same character. In that fact, and the fact that it is loved and cherished by the whole Irish race, we see one of the surest pledges for the future independence and greatness of our country. Desirous of contributing by every means in our power to popularise it still further, to bring it into the

homes and hearts of all our countrymen, to put its most instructive, inspiring, and delightful passages into the hands of the mechanic, and the peasant, and the schoolboy, whose means may not enable them to range through a whole library, we have brought together the following series of selections from Irish history, poetry, and fiction, from lectures and essays, from the speeches of eloquent orators and the writings of clever journalists. Our extracts are not exclusively political, nor are they compiled in any party spirit, but all will be found "racy of the soil." The eloquence, the wit, the humour of Ireland are represented in our pages, but we trust there is nothing in them that can offend the susceptibilities of any honest Irishman. In these "Penny Readings" we present a compilation which we hope will prove acceptable to our countrymen, and not only creditable, but serviceable to our native land.

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## IRISH PENNY READINGS.

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### *The Poetry and Music of Ireland.*

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FROM "LECTURES AND ESSAYS" BY HENRY GILES.

IRELAND is a land of poetry. The power of the Past there, over every imagination, renders it a land of romance. The past is yet an actuality in Ireland; in all other parts of the British islands it is a song. The tragedy of Floddën Field moves a Scotchman's feelings, but it does not disturb his business; the battle of Bannockburn calls up his enthusiasm, but, though it keeps him late at the bottle, it never keeps him late from the counting-house. The imprisonment of the poet-king Jamie softens his affections, but it leaves his judgment perfectly clear on bills of exchange and the price of stocks. Even the battle of Culloden is gone long ago to the calm impartiality of things that were. The Welshmen take English money without remorse, and say not a word about the assassin, King Edward, and the murder of their bards. Even the English themselves have but faint remembrance of the Heptarchy, the revolt of the barons, the wars of the Roses, the death of the first Charles, and the abdication of the second James. But events do not pass so rapidly in Ireland. Ireland is a country of tradition, of meditation, and of great idealism. It has much of the Eastern feeling of passion added to fancy, with continuity of habit, as in the East, connected with both passion and fancy. Monuments of war, pryncedom, and religion cover the surface of the land. The meanest man lingers under the shadow of piles



which tell him that his fathers were not slaves. He toils in the field or he walks on the highways with structures before him that have stood the storms of time, through which the wind echoes with the voice of centuries, and that voice is to his heart the voice of soldiers, of scholars, and of saints. We would pen no chilling word respecting the impulse of nationality that now seems astir in Ireland. We honour everywhere the spirit of nationality. We honour the glorious heroism which, for an idea and a conviction, if it cannot do, can always dare and die.

Much there is in Ireland that we most dearly love. We love its music, sweet and sad, and low and lonely ; it comes with a pathos, a melancholy, a melody, on the pulses of the heart, that no other music breathes ; and while it grieves, it soothes. It seems to flow with long complaint over the course of ages, or to gasp with broken sobs through the ruins and fragments of historic thought. We are glad with the humour of Ireland, so buoyant and yet so tender ; quaint with smiles, quivering with sentiment, pursing up the lips while it bedews the eyelids. We admire the bravery of Ireland, which may have been broken, but never has been bent—which has often been unfortunate, but which never has been craven. We have much affection for the Irish character. We give unfeigned praise to that purity of feeling which surrounds Irish women in the humblest class, and amidst the coarsest occupations, with an atmosphere of sanctity. We acknowledge with heartfelt satisfaction that kindred love in the Irish poor that no distance can weaken, and no time can chill. We feel satisfied with our humanity when we see the lowly servant-girl calling for her wages, or drawing on the savings' bank for funds, to take tears from the eyes of a widowed mother in Connaught, or fears from the soul of an aged father in Munster. We behold a radiance of grandeur around the head of the Irish labourer, as he bounds, three thousand miles away, at the sound of Repeal, at the name of O'Connell ; and yet more as his hand shakes as he takes a letter from the post-office, which, rude as it may be in superscription, is a messenger from the cot in which his childhood lay—is an angel from the fields, the hills, the streams, the mountains, and the moors wherein his boyhood sported.

We remember with many memories of delight, too, the beauties of Ireland's scenery. We recollect the fields that are ever green ; the hills that bloom to the summit ; the streamlets that in sweetness seem to sing her legends ; the valleys where the fairies play ; the voices among her glens, that sound from her winds as with the spirits of her bards ; the shadows of her ruins at moonlight, that in pale and melancholy splendour appear like the ghosts of her ancient heroes.

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### Not Dead.

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BY JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

Not death, not sleep, nor yet the hectic beauty  
Of one whose hours are closing with the day—  
Not the cold pallor, the reluctant eyelids,  
The hair, once golden, dashed with ashen gray,  
Are thine, dear Island ; but the calm suspension,  
From the deep, vital fount of suffering drawn,  
Of passion, progress, effort, and achievement,  
Through the night agony that moves towards dawn.

Sad Mother, sitting in the mists of ages  
By oceans spuming to the sun and moon—  
Sad Mother, tranced in ungradating twilight  
That keeps no promise of an eve or noon,  
The sea wind freshens thy eternal garland,  
The salt ooze perfumes thy delicious hair,  
And on the cheek where death had set its signet  
The rose of immortality blows fair.

Thou art in exile, yet are present with us,  
As in the moonlight, on a far-off sea,  
The pilgrim skiff puts out to catch the lustre,  
But on and on it moves incessantly.

It pales, it perishes ; the silver surges  
 Melt slowly into blackness one by one ;  
 The pilot turns his helm, dejected, baffled,  
 And in his front upsprings the blood-red sun.

And so with thee, Invisible Existence,  
 Dreamiest of Phantoms, yet most true,  
 O Shape divinest that eludes our searches—  
 Pure fire, and spirit, as ascending dew.  
 We hear thy voice in solitary pauses,  
 We see thy face, but dark, as in a glass ;  
 The odour of thy presence fills the mountain,  
 The traces of thy vestment sweep the grass.

How have they painted thee ? A haggard beauty,  
 One pearly elbow o'er a rent harp cast,  
 Eyes tear-diffused with multitudes of sorrows,  
 And hair blown backward by the shrieking blast.  
 The hills encircle thee, the sea's before thee ;  
 And on the yeasty billows' shaking rim,  
 Sole hope of thine, and of thy generations,  
 One melancholy star shines low and dim.

I have beheld thee, O transcendant vision !  
 A greater glory rounded thy estate,  
 Thine were not then the weeds of woman's sorrow,  
 Nor the quenched lamp outside the thrice-barred gate :  
 The Summer kindled in thy radiant tresses,  
 The passion-flowers were heaped upon thy lap,  
 Thy left hand held the shield, thy right the sabre,  
 And on thy temples sat the Phrygian Cap.

A lovely majesty, a form immortal !  
 Grace in thy silence, music in thy step !  
 The ever vernal youth beneath thine eyelids,  
 Fresh blood and beauty on thy high-curved lip.  
 The clear, chill air grew golden to thy movement,  
 The columned aisles of oaks bowed to thine head,  
 And, maiden as thou art, the flinten mountains  
 Shook, as a god had moved them, to thy tread.

Ah, the wild background ! for there loomed behind thee  
 The spectral shadow of the land that was—  
 Heaped ruin, chaos piled on tumbled chaos,  
 The giant fragments of a beaten cause ;

But not *thy* cause—the cause of thine oppressor—  
 His temples' depths lay baking in the sun,  
 The owls were harvesting within his prisons ;  
 For thou hadst conquered, and his race was run.

The painful vigil, the sublime persistence—  
 Prayers, tears, and sufferings—had wrought their end ;  
 Thou stoodst a victor crowned among the nations,  
 Angel of Peace, but armed to defend.  
 The banner of our Race flew on the oceans,  
 No more the trampled ensign of the Past ;  
 Dense legions poured along the swollen highways,  
 \* Or where the cities rose erect and vast.

And from the People's hearts one thunderous paean  
 Gathered and rolled along the skirts of night :  
 " Praise to our God, whose arm hath slain oppression,  
 And given the battle to dishonoured Right."  
 O waiting Ireland, 'twas thy shining future !  
 What reck's it that thy past was foul and red,  
 When, on the calm and fulness of fruition,  
 Heaven shall proclaim to Earth :—Thou art not dead ?

## Bombarding the Moon.

On May 27th, 1848, John Mitchel, who had been convicted of " Treason Felony," and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, was placed on board a Government steamship, and borne off into exile. While on board of that vessel, and subsequently, up to the time of his escape from Australia, the distinguished captive occupied a portion of his time in penning a sort of journal, or diary, of his prison experiences, and record of his thoughts on things in general. This journal he published in the pages of the *Citizen*, a newspaper which he started after his arrival in New York, and it was afterwards issued in book form. The volume contains much quaint, curious, and clever writing ; and although many readers may differ with some of Mr. Mitchel's criticism on individuals, and opinions on existing facts and circumstances, none can fail to admire the ability and spirit evinced in the composition. Many pleasant bits of description, many airy and delicate plays of fancy, many passages of saturnine humour, are to be found in its pages, interspersed among the political disquisitions and re-

cords of facts which form the staple of the work. One of these is the following delicious little "par" on a British bombardment of the Moon :—

LAST night, after two bells (one o'clock,) I was awakened by great trampling, pushing, hauling, and thumping on deck. Something unusual was certainly going forward. Got up, went through the cabin, and to the foot of the companion ladder; found the skylights of the cabin removed, and smooth deck laid in their place—the captain out on deck—the companion ladder blocked up at the top. *The deck was cleared for action.* I heard loud words of command. Spirit of the Constitution! has the war been declared since we came to sea? Is Baudin, is Trehouart upon us. May the Powers grant it! O Trehourat! admiral of heaven! lay yourself alongside here—you can easily wing our accursed paddle, or send two or three fifty-pounders into us amidships, to derange the economy of our engine-room. I ran through the lieutenant's room, telling a boy who was there to run before me and report me to my sergeant. At the foot of one of the funnels I found a ladder that brought me on deck. Ah! there was no enemy (no friend) in sight; it was only British discipline that had started British prowess from his sleep, to practise in the dead of the night; we were alone on the broad silent sea, and were going to bombard the moon. Four times we shelled her with our huge mortar—not, if truth must be told, with actual bombshells, but with quarter-charges of powder; four times we thundered at her with our long-gun, four times with our carronade; and then, British energy, having blotted the white moonshine awhile with his gunpowder smoke, tumbled into his hammock again. No living soul, but those on board, heard that cannonade—for fishes are notoriously deaf. On the convex of the great globe we are all alone here; and even here amongst the guns the whole effect is mean, for there is no echo, and each report is a mere *belch*, far indeed from the reverberating thunderous roll of heavy guns alongshore. It is a pitiful pyrotechny; and the black thunder-bearing Scourge seems, in this silent immensity, but a small black spiteful spitfire doing its paltry worst to trouble the still empire of great ambrosial Night. But the smoke soon melts away,

driven off to leeward, and the solemn moon (unharm'd apparently) looks down as mildly on ship and ocean as before the battery was opened upon her. Forgive the impudent spitfire, O soft Moon! Sink her not to the depths with a discharge of thy terrible aerolite grape—for thou, too, as I do remember, art potent in artillery. “What is to become of us mortals,” saith Jean Paul, “dwelling on this bare convexity, and the moon going round bombarding us with stones, like a Turk?” Let there be peace between us and thee, O *Toxophora*! O fairest huntress *Tocheaira*! Call to mind those nights on Latmos, and be gracious to mortal man. We have war-engines enough, argument enough, and diabolic rage enough, to tear, blow up, crush, and batter one another—ay, enough to glut thee in thy character of Hecate—without thy ordnance of meteor-stones. Needs not that thou exact human sacrifices, beautiful Bendis! gentle Astarte, Queen of Heaven! There be ill favoured demons enough unto whom we may immolate our brothers—Mammon and Molech, and the truly enlightened god of civilisation, fair-spoken Belial. Do thou, O Moon! wheel thy bright orbit, weave thy mystic nodes, and fill thy horns in peace!

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### O'Connell as an Orator. •

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FROM A LECTURE BY HENRY GILES.

O'CONNELL was in every way made for a great tribune. Of commanding height and solid breadth of body—with elevated head, open face, clear, piercing eye, a full, sweet voice, imperturbable cheerfulness, ready wit, vernacular expression, and earnest address—in thought, forcible and direct; in passion, kindly or angry, as the case might be; in impulse ever varying, from the whisper of emotion to the tempest of excitement, from the rush of prayer to the rage of indigna-

tion—O'Connell, as he willed, ruled a popular assembly. He put positions into broad, brief, and homely statements ; he clinched them with pertinent instances, and then he let them take their chance. He dealt much in aphorism, proverb, anecdote. He ever and ever changed his topic and his manner ; and joke, story, insinuation, sarcasm, pathos, merriment, a lofty burst of passion, a bold personality, indignant patriotism, or subdued conciliating persuasion, came in quick succession—so that all within hearing of his rich, strong, musical voice became unconscious of fatigue, and wished only the enchantment to continue. He was never boisterous, was not often even vehement ; and though he could, and frequently did, rise to transcendently figurative and impassioned speech, his general matter consisted in simple and earnest argument, in vigorous and homely sense. It is true that the popular assemblies which O'Connell was accustomed to address were Irish, and that Irish multitudes are susceptible and impassioned is also true. O'Connell had naturally his first school among such multitudes, and a most excellent school it was. No other multitudes can be so electrified by flashes of emotion, or can be so aroused by the expression of a sentiment. They are quick to every allusion of tenderness ; and to wit, humour, and melancholy they are alive in every fibre. Irish assemblies are not critical, but sympathetic. Eloquence is the child of confidence ; and therefore it is that eloquence springs up in Irish assemblies as a native instinct. O'Connell in all such assemblies was an incarnation of the Irish soul. His genius was the genius of the nation, and faithfully it gave expression to the native mind of Ireland. One moment in jest and banter, sparkling like the streamlets in Irish glens ; in another, like the tempest amidst Irish mountains ; now soft as a song to the Irish harp, deep as the wind upon an Irish heath ; again mournful as waves around the Irish shores. The people felt their being in the personality of O'Connell—the sorrow of the past and its anger—the love of their country and its afflictions. They felt this in words plain to their intellect, in a poetry bold as their hopes, and in a prophecy as wild as their enthusiasm. Yet O'Connell's sway as an orator was not limited to an Irish multitude. I heard him in

Scotland, when his triumph was as complete as it could have been in Ireland, and more splendid in its circumstances. He stood on Calton Hill, which overlooks the city of Edinburgh. The sky was clear and blue, and a mellowed sunlight spread afar and along upon flood and mountain. Some tens of thousands ranged themselves on the side of the hill, and gazed upon the stalwart man from Ireland. The city lay below them—the city of palaces—the city of romance and story—the city of Mary, of Knox, of Scott—the city of heroic memories and of resplendent genius. The panoramic vision stretched into the infinite, through glory and loveliness, and the eye strayed over frith, and lake, and brae, and highland, until the heart was dazzled and drunk with beauty. To this sublime scenery O'Connell pointed, and opened with an earnest eulogium upon Scotland. The palace of Holyrood was beneath. He called up the shade of Bruce, and quoted Burns. He glorified the beauty of Scottish women, and the bravery of Scottish men. He said to the women that he would tell their sisters beyond the Channel that the daughters of Scotland could feel for the woes of Ireland. He dwelt with enthusiasm on the independence which Scotland had always maintained—giving sovereigns, but receiving none, allowing no foreign king to keep his foot upon her heathered hills. He spoke of the Covenanters, whose dust made the soil which held it consecrated ground. He did homage to the sanctity of conscience for which these heroic men had fought, prayed, and died. He then turned with an eloquent despondency to Ireland. He pictured the long, the hard, the desolate sway of the oppressor—the humiliation which for centuries had crushed his countrymen, who, never willing to be slaves, had always vainly struggled to be free. He enlarged on the charms of his native land and her miseries—on the loss of her Parliament—the waste of her energies—the decline of her nationality, and the sinking of her heart and hope. Then he gradually arose to more cheerful strains, and closed in the rapture of jubilant and exultant prophecy. After three hours he was silent; then the collected enthusiasm of that sublime mass burst into one loud shout; it rent the skies with its boomings, and rolled in long-sounding echoes through the rocks and hills.



## Artists' Song.

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BY T. C. IRWIN.

I.

Ours is an Arab life, they say—  
Sweet saucy friends, 'tis truth they tell—  
Yet, somehow, can we find each day  
A peaceful palm and quiet well ;  
Our wants are few where beauties shine,  
And beauties shine o'er earth and sea ;  
Let Fate give others gold and wine,  
But leave us Art and Liberty !  
We speed each sorrow  
Toward the morrow  
Where the golden clouds have birth,  
While, like the swallow,  
Still we follow  
•Summer and freedom round the earth.

II.

'Tis true, we smile at custom's form—  
Art looks for truth in everything,  
And birds that sing through sun and storm  
Would lose, if caged, both voice and wing :  
The bird that lives uncaged, unsought  
(Our neighbour in the ivy tree),  
And sings his song each morn, is not  
More careless of the world than we.  
We may grow rich,  
And win our niche,  
And change our views, and change our mirth—  
Till then we follow,  
Like the swallow,  
Fancy and freedom round the earth.

III.

Our mansions, they are baseless yet,  
The sunny fields our only pew,  
A faithful dog our household pet,  
Our "public" but a friend or two ;

Yet poverty has many modes  
 Of doubling such sweet charms as come :  
 We've rambles o'er the pleasant roads,  
 We've moonlight songs returning home.  
     When we grow great,  
     In carriage state  
 We yet may roll in gouty worth :  
     Till then we follow,  
     Like the swallow,  
 Summer and sunshine round the earth.

## IV.

Within the little chamber there  
 How many an hour we've won from fate !  
 Oh, glorious refuge, ten feet square,  
 From all the mockeries of the great !  
 There rise our pictures like the dream  
 That soothes the poor man all the night ;  
 Our systems, wonderful as steam,  
 Our strains, unknown as exquisite,  
     Some day day divine  
     • Abroad they'll shine—  
 Till then we live in fortune's dearth,  
     And, like the swallow,\*  
     Follow, follow  
 Summer and fortune round the earth.

## V.

There oft our chorused voices roll—  
 'Tis beer alone inspires our folk ;  
 There theories of star and soul  
 Grow clear amid tobacco smoke.  
 No watch have we, but o'er the town  
 Time tolls the hour in crimson light ;  
 No princely company we own,  
 'Tis Shakspeare only cheers the night ;  
     Our wit abounds,  
     Each voice resounds,  
 We yet may win a calmer hearth—  
     Till then we follow,  
     Like the swallow,  
 Beauty and sunshine round the earth.

## VI.

Yet have we something dearer, friends,  
 Than the hearts that pulsate fearlessly ;

Something diviner Heaven sends,  
 Like stars that light a lonely sea.  
 Oh, we have hope for all who've flown !  
 Oh, we have angels in the air,  
 Beloved souls that, all unknown,  
 Still follow us from year to year—  
     In mute despairs,  
     In silent pray'rs,  
 We think o'er all who've blessed our hearth,  
     And deem they follow,  
     Like the poor swallow,  
 All that they love around the earth.

## VII.

Then let us dwell in such delight  
     As heart and soul can give alone,  
 And with wild fancy's charms to-night  
     Revel, while time is yet our own ;  
 While yon rich Autumn cloud unrolls,  
     And fills with gold our casement high ;  
 While the great stars, like poet souls,  
     Look in on Art and Liberty !  
     Where nature beams  
     We'll weave our dreams,  
 Where folly struts we'll have our mirth,  
     And, like the swallow,  
     Follow, still follow,  
 Freedom and light around the earth.

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### John Mitchel on Clarence Mangan.

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A collection—but not a complete one—of the poetry of James Clarence Mangan, with a biographical introduction by John Mitchel, was published by the Messrs. Sadlier of New York in the year 1866. Mr. Mitchel had but slight material to work upon for a biography of Mangan, but that little he utilised as he alone could. On one point in connexion with his subject Mr. Mitchel wrote under a misapprehension. He says, "Mangan's remains lie in the cemetery of Glasnevin, a suburb on the northern confines of Dublin, where there is not, so far as I have learned, a stone to mark his last abode." The fact is, there is a modest tombstone over the grave, the inscription on which simply records the

date of the poet's death, and his age at the time of his decease, with the customary prayer for the soul departed. The passage which we here extract from Mr. Mitchell's "introductory" follows immediately after one in which he had referred to the character of Mangan's poetry, the high appreciation of it entertained in Ireland, and the little that is known of it elsewhere:—

I have undertaken also to give some account of his life—or, rather, his two lives; for never was a creature on this earth whose existence was so entirely dual and double; nay, whose two lives were so hopelessly and eternally at war, racking and desolating the poor mortal frame which was the battle-ground of that fearful strife. Yet, I ask myself, what would Mangan think and feel now, if he could know that a man was going to write his life? Would he not rise up from his low grave in Glasnevin to forbid? Be still, poor ghost! Gentle and reverently, and with shoes from off my feet, I will tread that sacred ground.

And first, of the mere material and visible life: Mangan was not born in the aristocratic rank. Moore's father was a grocer in Aungier-street; Beranger was brought forth in the shed of his grandfather, a tailor. Of Mangan's parentage little more is known than that his father was one James Mangan, a native of Shanagolden, in Limerick county; who in 1801 was married to Catharine Smith, of Fishamble-street, Dublin. In the same street, and in 1803, James Clarence Mangan was born, his father being then a shop-keeper of the grocer species, and unfortunate in his business. In the short sketch of Mangan's life prefixed to Mr. O'Daly's publication called "The Poets and Poetry of Munster," it is said, touching this unprosperous grocer parent, "that being of a restless disposition he removed to another locality, having consigned the establishment and his son to the care of his brother-in-law, whom he induced to come from London for that purpose." Those who knew Clarence Mangan in later days had a vague sort of knowledge that he had a brother, a sister, and mother still living—some of whom survived him; and that their scanty sustenance depended, at least partly, upon him. In the older part of Dublin, between the Castle and the river Liffey, runs off from Werburgh-street a narrow alley which brings you into a small square of dismal brick

houses, called "Derby-square." Very few of the wealthier and more fashionable inhabitants of Dublin know of the existence of this dreary quadrangle. The houses are high and dingy ; many of the windows are patched with paper ; clothes-lines extend across from window to window, and on the whole the place has an air of having seen better days—better, but never very good. In this Derby-square, it appears, was a boys' school ; and here Clarence Mangan received what scholastic training he ever had. Then, for seven years, he laboured as a copyist in a scrivener's office at a weekly salary ; a mechanical employment which had at least one advantage for him that his mind could wander. Eye and finger once set steadily to their task, the soul might spread her wings and soar beyond all the spheres—

" Then Fancy bore him to the palest star,  
Pinnacled in the lofty ether dim."

After that, for two or three years, he gained his living and maintained his wretched household as an attorney's clerk. The name of that particular member of the Society of the King's Inns who doled out a few shillings to so remarkable a clerk is not known to fame ; and my researches upon this important point will be for ever in vain.

At what age he devoted himself to this drudgery, at what age he left it, or was discharged from it, does not appear : for his whole biography documents are wanting, the man having never for one moment imagined that his poor life could interest any surviving human being, and having never, accordingly, collected his biographical assets, and appointed a literary executor to take care of his posthumous fame. Neither did he ever acquire the habit, common enough among literary men, of dwelling upon his own early trials, struggles, and triumphs. But those who knew him in after years can remember with what a shuddering and loathing horror he spoke, when at rare intervals he could be induced to speak at all, of his labours with the scrivener and the attorney. He was shy and sensitive, with exquisite sensibility and fine impulses ; eye, ear, and soul open to all the beauty, music, and glory of heaven and earth ; humble, gentle, and unexacting ; modestly claiming nothing in the world but celestial glorified

life, seraphic love, and a throne among the immortal gods (that's all)—and he was eight or ten years scribbling deeds, pleadings, and bills in Chancery. Know all men by these presents that it was "a very vile life," if, indeed, his true life were spent there and so ; but there was another, an inner and a higher life, for him ; and in those years of quill-driving, amongst gross and ill-conditioned fellow-clerks, whose naughty ways long after made him tremble to think of, that subtle spirit wandered and dwelt afar. At this time he must have been a great devourer of books, and seems to have early devoted himself to the exploration of those treasures which lay locked up in foreign languages. Mangan had no education of a regular and approved sort ; neither, in his multifarious reading, had he, nor could brook, any guidance whatever. Yet the reader of his poems will probably find in them ample proof of culture both high and wide, both profound and curiously exquisite. How he came by these acquirements—by what devoted and passionate study, deep in the night, like the wrestle of Jacob with a god, this poor attorney's clerk brought down the immortals to commune with him—is not recorded. He has not made provision, as was remarked before, for satisfying the laudable curiosity of the public on these points.

Indeed, for some years after his labours had ceased in the attorney's office, there is a gap in his life which painstaking biography will never fill up. It is a vacuum and obscure gulf which no eye hath fathomed or measured ; into which he entered a bright-haired youth, and emerged a withered and stricken man. Mangan, when the present writer saw him first, was a spare and meagre figure, somewhat under middle height, with a finely formed head, clear blue eyes, and features of peculiar delicacy. His face was pallid and worn, and the light hair seemed not so much grizzled as *bleached*. From several obscure indications in his poems, it is plain that in one at least of the branches of education he had run through his *curriculum* regularly ; he had loved, and was deceived. The instructress in this department of knowledge was a certain fair and false "Frances ;" at least, such is the name under which he addressed to her one of his dreariest songs of sorrow. In that obscure, unrecorded

interval of his life, he seems to have some time or other, by a rare accident, penetrated (like Diogenes Teufelsdröckh) into a sphere of life higher and more refined than any which his poor lot had before revealed to him ; and even to have dwelt therein for certain days. Dubiously and with difficulty I collect, from those who were his intimates many years, thus much. He was on terms of visiting in a house where were three sisters ; one of them beautiful, *spirituelle*, and a coquette. The old story was here once more re-enacted in due order. Paradise opened before him : the imaginative and passionate soul of a devoted boy bended in homage before an enchantress. She received it, was pleased with it, even encouraged and stimulated it, by various arts known to that class of person, until she was fully and proudly conscious of her absolute power over one other noble and gifted nature—until she knew that she was the centre of the whole orbit of his being, and the light of his life ; then with a cold surprise, as wondering that he could be guilty of such a foolish presumption, she exercised her undoubted prerogative and whistled him down the wind. His air-paradise was suddenly a darkness and a chaos.

Well, it was a needful part of his education ; if his Frances had not done him this service, some other as fair and cruel most undoubtedly would. She was but the accidental instrument and occasion of giving him that one fundamental lesson of a poet's life, *une grande passion*. As a beautiful dream she entered into his existence once for all ; as a tone of celestial music she pitched the key-note of his song ; and sweeping over all the chords of his melodious desolation you may see that white hand. Let us bid her farewell, then, not in unkindness ; for she was more than half the Mangan.

He never loved, and hardly looked upon, any woman for ever more. Neither over his disappointment did he gnash his teeth and beat his breast before the public ; nor make himself and his sorrows the burden of his song. Only in the selection of poems for translation, and in the wonderful pathos of the thought which he scrupled not sometimes to interpolate, can you discern the master-misery—as in that ballad from Rueckert :—

“ I saw her once, one little while, and then no more.  
 'Twas Paradise on earth awhile, and then no more ;

Ah ! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore ?  
 She shone before my eyes awhile, and then no more.  
 The shallop of my peace was wrecked near Beauty's shore—  
 Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more !

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more.  
 Earth looked like Heaven a little while, and then no more.  
 Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core  
 My desert breast a little while, and then no more."

Into the empty and dreary interval which followed there are but few glimpses of light ; unless the hinted revelations in that ghastly poem, "The Nameless One," be regarded as autobiographic. One thing is plain : he could not afford leisure to brood over the shivered splinters of his great dreams, by reason of the necessity of earning daily bread for himself and his mother and sister : which was also probably what saved him from suicide. Men do not usually rush to meet death, when death by mere hunger stands like a wolf at the door. It is well, also, if the devil find one for ever occupied ; which was the receipt found effectual by the learned Count Caylus, who kept diligently engraving, to illustrate his own works, a glass always stuck in his eye, and a burin in his hand, his maxim and rule of life being, "*Je grave pour ne pas me pendre.*" Certain it is the man became miserable enough. At home he had no pleasure ; nothing but reproaches and ill-humour. He contracted a "friendship" with I know not whom ; and the friend betrayed him at his need. Baffled, beaten, mocked, and all alone amid the wrecks of his world, is it wonderful that he sought at times to escape from consciousness by taking for bread opium, and for water brandy ? Many a sore and pitiable struggle he must have maintained against the foul fiend, but with a character and a will essentially feeble he succumbed at last.

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IRELAND'S RIGHTS.—"The remedy is wholly in your own hands. By the laws of God, of nations, and of your country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England."—*Dean Swift*



## Twenty Golden Years Ago.

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BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Oh, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,  
 How it plashes on the window sill !  
 Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,  
 Strass and gass\* are grown so still.  
 Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—  
 Ah ! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow  
 In the tavern where I loved to sup  
 Twenty golden years ago !

Twenty years ago, alas !—but stay—  
 On my life, 'tis half past twelve o'clock !  
 After all, the hours *do* slip away ;  
 Come, here goes to burn another block ! \*  
 For the night, or morn, is wet and cold,  
 And my fire is dwindling rather low :  
 I had fire enough when young and bold,  
 Twenty golden years ago.

Dear ! I don't feel well at all somehow :  
 Few in Weimar dream how bad I am ;  
 Floods of tears grow common with me now—  
 High-Dutch floods, that Reason cannot dam.  
 Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive  
 If I mope at home so. I don't know—  
*Am I living now ? I was alive*  
 Twenty golden years ago !

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone—  
 Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose—  
 Left with naught to do, except to groan,  
 Not a soul to woo, except the Muse—  
 Oh ! this is hard for me to bear,  
 Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,  
 Me, who broke all hearts like China ware,  
 Twenty golden years ago !

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\* 'Street and lane.

Perhaps 'tis better—time's defacing waves  
 Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—  
 They who curse me nightly from their graves  
 Scarce could love me were they living now.  
 But my loneliness hath darker ills—  
 Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought, and Co.,  
 Awful Gorgons ! worse than tailors' bills  
 Twenty golden years ago !

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,  
 Oh, how plaintive you would ween I was !  
 But I won't, albeit I have a deal  
 More to wail about than Kerner has !  
 Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,  
 Mine for withered hopes—my scroll of woe  
 Dates, alas ! from youth's deserted bowers,  
 Twenty golden years ago !

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long ;  
 Me, I tweak no beak among them—hawks  
 Must not pounce on hawks ; besides, in song  
 I could once beat all of them by chalks.  
 Though you find me, as I near my goal,  
 Sentimentalising like Rousseau,  
 Oh ! I had a grand Byronian soul  
 Twenty golden years ago !

Tick-tick, tick-tick !—not a sound save Time's,  
 And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—  
 Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,  
 Go to bed and rest thine aching brain !  
 Sleep ! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes ;  
 Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—  
 Curious anticlimax to thy dreams  
 Twenty golden years ago !

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IRISH DRAMATIC TALENT.—Difference of taste makes it difficult, if not impossible, to say which is the best comedy in the English language. Many, however, are of opinion that there are three which more particularly dispute the palm—namely, “She stoops to Conquer,” “The School for Scandal,” and “The Heiress” ; and it is remarkable that the authors of these three beautiful productions were all Irishmen.—*English Paper*.

## The Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg.

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The battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, was fought between the Federal and Confederate forces on Saturday, 13th of December, 1862. One of the most gallant episodes of the fight was the conduct of the Irish Brigade, under General Meagher, in their attempts to storm the Confederate batteries, which were strongly posted on Marye's Hill. The following article, from the pen of Mr. Richard O'Sullivan, published in the *Nation* of January 17th, 1863, gives a vivid account of the memorable conflict, and affords an indication of the feelings with which the news, which possessed so deep an interest for many an Irish heart, was received in Ireland :—

FULL details of the terrible battle of Fredericksburg have now reached our shores. No attempt, for it would be futile, is made to conceal or palliate the awful disaster that befel the great army of the North on that day of December 13th, 1862, now for ever memorable in the blood-stained annals of war. If American generalship has been foiled, and American strategy baffled, the soldiers of the republic need not blush or hang the head in shame ; it was at the hands of Americans they sustained defeat, and their bitterest enemies must allow that they fought nobly—fought bravely and gallantly—and only failed where men of mortal mould were powerless to succeed. Here in Ireland, as we read of that fierce contest, our eye instinctively wanders over the long list of divisions, and brigades, and squadrons that formed the proud array of Northern valour, in search of *one* little phalanx, one gallant force, that had borne the Green Flag through the varying fortunes of the campaign with honour and chivalry ; and where we find mention of that name, there do we find also a record of heroism, its sure accompaniment, its abiding glory. True, the foes they faced on the battle-field were no enemies of their own beloved motherland, no haters of the green flag they bore ; yet it was a chivalrous motive that inspired their action ; and the old country cannot but feel proud that, having taken up the arms of freemen for a great cause, they bore themselves

as heroes in the strife. They have nobly discharged that duty which they considered owing to the land of their adoption. It called upon them in its hour of trial ; they answered with the martial eagerness of their race, and paid it tribute in torrents of their hearts' blood on the fields of Sharpsburg, Malvern Hills, Antietam, and, last and most of all, Fredericksburg.

Let us see how they fought, and what they had to contend with. Behind Fredericksburg, and parallel to the sedge banks of the Rappahannock, rise a series of low hills, over looking a narrow plain lying between their bases and the river. All the skill and energy of the Confederates were directed to make these hills, by nature so formidable, impregnable—how well they succeeded let the Federal generals say. The crest of every hill bristled with cannon ; in the pine forests at their foot, and between them, gleamed rifle and bayonet. No spot was left unguarded—no advantage of position was unnoticed. Thus confident in their own strength, the Confederates awaited the attack of the Federals, their left under Generals Ransom, Anderson, and Hood ; Jackson's corps occupying the centre ; the right division commanded by Generals Hill, Early, and Stewart. Posted in front of Fredericksburg, within four hundred yards of it, on the crest of a hill called Marye's Hill, was the Washington Artillery, under Colonel Walton, the pride and boast of the Confederates.

Having crossed the Rappahannock, the Federals deployed into line, and advanced against their foes. Shortly before ten o'clock on the morning of the 13th, the attack commenced. Along a line of battle extending upwards of six miles the hostile armies engaged. The Federals, by a series of the most daring assaults, attempted to carry the Confederate positions at the point of the bayonet, while the latter, wisely keeping on the defensive, mowed them down with artillery. It was a fearful duel. Along six miles of what but twenty-four hours before had been a peaceful and smiling country, men fought, and toiled, and bled, and died in a dreadful contest for supremacy ; the smoke of a hundred cannon and a hundred thousand muskets shut out the blue sky ; through the dense foliage of the pine trees screamed,

and whistled, and hustled the engines of havoc and destruction. Again and again the Federals rushed up the heights with undaunted bravery, striving to gain the summit and close with the death-dealing cannon, and as often, when they seemed on the point of success, did the gallant soldiers of the Confederacy, rushing like tigers upon their thinned and disordered ranks, drive them down by an irresistible bayonet charge.

But where was the Irish Brigade? What part did they take in the Titanic struggle? We answer, where Irishmen ever have been and ever will be found. Where the contest raged loudest, where the leaden hail poured thickest, where steel met steel with the sharpest clang—there fought and bled the sons of Ireland. The Federal generals well knew the stuff that Irish muscle and sinew were composed of, and they assigned them the position they merited.

On the right of the Federal position lay the town of Fredericksburg, with the Confederate batteries of Marye's Hill within four hundred yards of its streets. These batteries, it was determined, should be taken, and the flank of the enemy thus turned. The task of effecting this was handed over to French's division, which comprised Meagher's Irish Brigade. Through the streets they rushed, and, hastily forming while grape and round shot tore their way through the ranks, they sprang to the charge. Up the hill they rush; hotter and fiercer grow the volleys of artillery; around and about them are unseen foes pouring in a deadly fusillade; the ground they tread on is reddened with their gore; they retreat, and slowly and haughtily descend, returning volley for volley to the foe. Again they dress their decreasing files, and renew the frightful struggle, and again they are repulsed. *Six times* they assailed the Confederate battery with a fury that seemed irresistible, and a pertinacity that seemed madness, and six times did the flame-tongued artillery thunder forth their death-song. Darkness came at length, mercifully veiling the havoc; and the glory of the Irish Brigade was won—the glory of death. for the Brigade was annihilated.

So they fell. How bitter must have been the feelings of their brave young general when he knew that, of thirteen

hundred of his countrymen he led so confident and exultant to that battlefield, scarce two hundred and fifty passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal. They had joined the cause of their adopted country in a quarrel that they deemed just, but well their valiant leader knew that, behind the desire of vindicating the American flag, lay the fondly cherished hope that they might "learn the soldier's glorious trade," not alone for America's sake, but for Ireland's—the hope that some day, known only to God, Irish soil should ring to their martial tread, Irish hills give back their wild cheer, and Irish clay drink the hot blood with which they would gladly have bought their country's freedom.

For their country they may yet be replaced—those heroes that, thick as Autumn leaves beneath the forest trees, lay at the very muzzles of the cannon at Marye's Hill—but never shall the void made in many an Irish hearth, in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, and here at home in the fertile plains of Ireland, be filled up. Many a mother's heart will ache, many a new-made widow will drop a tear, and many an orphan will raise the wail, for the loving son, for the fond husband, and the kind father, sleeping in a soldier's grave beside the gliding waters of the Rappahannock.

They have earned well of their country; they have forced from those who never mentioned their name but to belie and calumniate, the confession that the land that gave them birth is still, as she ever was, the nurse of true and valiant soldiers; and that the men who bravely fought at Fontenoy, at Cremona, at Landen, and, unfortunately, under the standard of her enslavers at Saragossa, at Albuera, and Waterloo, had worthy successors in those who fell before the cannon of the Confederates at the battle of Fredericksburg.

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\* ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—Curran was told that a lawyer who was dirty in his person and sparing of money had set out from Dublin to Cork with one shirt and one guinea. "Yes," said Curran, "and he will change neither of them till he returns."

## Not Lost.

12121.

The Census returns for the decennial period 1861-71, when published, showed that within that time the population of Ireland had declined by nearly 400,000 souls. In 1861 similar returns were published, exhibiting a decrease of more than three quarters of a million. The Census of 1851 had shown a still larger reduction of the people, the loss of population being no less than 1,600,846. This terrible outpouring of the nation's life-blood naturally created in Irish hearts feelings of alarm for the future of the country, and of indignation against the system of misrule which was devastating the land and banishing its inhabitants to other climes. The English press rejoiced over the process of depletion: they prophesied that in a few years Catholic Irishmen would be as rare in Munster or Connaught as Red Indians are on the plains of Manhattan; and one of them gave utterance to its joy in the brief and cheery ejaculation, which will never be forgotten, that "the Irish were gone with a vengeance." At the same time Irish feelings on the subject received vigorous expression in speech and writing, in prose and verse. Several fine poems in relation to it were given to the public, and amongst them was the following, which appeared in the *Nation* of August 17th, 1861. It bore the well-known signature "Thomasine," which was the *nom de plume* under which Miss Olivia Knight, formerly of Mullingar, now Mrs. Hope Connolly, of Brisbane, Australia, contributed a large number of graceful and beautiful poems to that journal.

### I.

The grey old Earth from its primal years  
 Hath been wet with a torrent of mothers' tears,  
 Since the Lady of Eden wept the stain  
 His crime had burnt on the brow of Cain,  
 Till the heart-wrung tears of the outcast wild  
 Fell hot last night o'er her famishing child;  
 And the fiercest tempest that sweeps the skies  
 Were weak to the shriek of their mingled cries;  
 And for every leaf in its forests old  
 Might a story of mother's love be told;  
 Yet far deeper the love, and far wilder the woe,  
 When a Nation mourns o'er her children low.

### II.

A cry rings round the Irish coast,  
 A cry of despair for our myriads lost,

And the tyrant sits, with vindictive smile,  
 Reckoning the ruined homes of our Isle ;  
 But I laugh out in triumphant glee,  
 For they are not lost !—nor ever shall be !  
 They are gone, in sooth, from the ancient land—  
 Ay, as goeth the seed from the sower's hand,  
 To bourgeon and flourish with richer fruit,  
 A hundred for every scattered root.  
 Let the broken rooftrees lie as they fall !  
 To the new we shall rear they are few and small.

## III.

Grief might there be if our Mother bore  
 From her fertile bosom no children more ;  
 But the sea Cybele hath given birth  
 To sons as many as any on earth ;  
 And far from the blood-stained grasp of him  
 Who would fain devour them limb by limb,  
 They are gone to be nursed on the hardy fare  
 Of labour, in freedom's mountain air ;  
 And soon shall they come, in their manhood's might,  
 To claim the throne that is theirs of right,  
 And their Mother to crown with her towers old,  
 While the Lions crouch, bound neath her car of gold !

## IV.

This, this is the hope that gives heart and life  
 To Erie's sons in the world's wild strife ;  
 Exiled and scattered, they fondly train  
 For her future service their hand or brain.  
 The Statesman studies with anxious thought  
 How Erie's weal may be surest wrought ;  
 The Orator thrills with his magic words  
 Of ten thousand bosoms the hidden chords,  
 Then the laurel crown and the praises meet  
 He lays for a tribute at Erie's feet ;  
 And the Soldier dreams as he draws his brand  
 That he sees the foe of his native land,  
 Till the enemy's bravest pale with fear  
 At the thunder-burst of his charging cheer !

## V.

O England, blind in thy ruthless greed !  
 Like "dragon's teeth" is our banished seed.  
 Wherever an Irish foot has trod  
 A cry has gone up to the ear of God,



To hasten the day that will surely come—  
 Ay, sure as the ruin of Pagan Rome—  
 When thy crime built Babylon's wealth and pow'r  
 Shall be crushed and rent in one vengeful hour !  
 And, Mother of sorrows ! upraise thy head—  
 The children thou mournest are not dead !  
 Go, look abroad o'er the earth's extent,  
 Thy blood with the best of each race is blent,  
 And wherever one drop of that stream doth flow,  
 Thou countest a friend, and thy tyrant a foe !

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### Curran in Defence of the Press.

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In the struggles of the Irish people for freedom they have always had journals to take a bold and fearless part—to denounce oppression, expose injustice, and claim the rights of the nation. On those journals the vengeance of the Government was always sure to fall. Seizures, prosecutions, fines, and imprisonment were frequently resorted to for the purpose of stifling the voice of complaint, hiding from the public gaze the misdeeds of the rulers of the country and crushing the hopes of the people. The list of Irish journals assailed and destroyed in this way by the Government forms one of no inconsiderable length.\* The annexed extract is from a speech of the distinguished patriot, orator, and advocate, John Philpot Curran, spoken on December 22nd 1797, in defence of the *Press* newspaper, one of the organs of the United Irishmen, which was published at 62 Abbey street, Dublin. A letter had appeared in that journal addressed to the Lord Lieutenant in relation to the legal murder of William Orr, and this splendid and powerful document formed the ground of the prosecution. A verdict of "Guilty" was returned against Mr Peter Finnerty, the publisher of the paper, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, to stand in the pillory for an hour, to pay a fine of £ 0, and, at the expiration of his imprisonment, to find heavy sureties for his future good behaviour.

AND now, gentlemen, let us come to the immediate subject of the trial, as it is brought before you by the charge in the indictment, to which it ought to have been confined, and also, as it is presented to you by the statement of the learned counsel, who has taken a much wider range than the mere limits of the accusation, and has endeavoured to force upon your consideration extraneous and irrelevant facts, for

reasons which it is not my duty to explain. The indictment states simply that Mr. Finnerty has published a false and scandalous libel upon the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, tending to bring his government into disrepute, and to alienate the affections of the people; and one would have expected, without stating any other matter, the counsel for the Crown would have gone directly to the proof of this allegation; but he has not done so; he has gone to a most extraordinary length, indeed, of preliminary observation, and an allusion to facts, and sometimes an assertion of facts, at which, I own, I was astonished, until I saw the drift of these allusions and assertions. Whether you have been fairly dealt with by him, or are now honestly dealt with by me, you must be judges. He has been pleased to say that this prosecution is brought against this letter signed "Marcus," merely as a part of what he calls a system of attack upon the Government by the paper called the *Press*. As to this, I will only ask you whether you are fairly dealt with? whether it is fair treatment to men upon their oaths to insinuate to them that the general character of a newspaper (and that general character founded merely upon the assertion of the prosecutor) is to have any influence upon their minds when they are to judge of a particular publication? I will only ask you what men you must be supposed to be, when it is thought that, even in a court of justice, and with the eyes of a nation upon you, you can be the dupes of that trite and exploded expedient, so scandalous of late in this country, of raising a vulgar and mercenary cry against whatever man, or whatever principle, it is thought necessary to put down; and I shall, therefore, merely leave it to your own pride to suggest upon what foundation it could be hoped that a senseless clamour of that kind could be echoed back by the yell of a jury upon their oaths. I trust you see that this has nothing to do with the question. Gentlemen of the jury, other matters have been mentioned, which I must repeat for the same purpose; that of showing you that they have nothing to do with the question. The learned counsel has been pleased to say that he comes forward in this prosecution as the real advocate for the liberty of the press, and to protect

a mild and a merciful Government from its licentiousness; and he has been pleased to add that the constitution can never be lost while its freedom remains, and that its licentiousness alone can destroy that freedom. As to that, gentlemen, he might as well have said that there is only one mortal disease of which a man can die—I can die the death inflicted by tyranny; and when he comes forward to extinguish this paper, in the ruin of the printer, by a State prosecution, in order to prevent its dying of licentiousness, you must judge how candidly he is treating you, both in the fact and in the reasoning. Is it in Ireland, gentlemen, that we are told licentiousness is the only disease that can be mortal to the press? Has he heard of nothing else that has been fatal to the freedom of publication? I know not whether the printer of the *Northern Star* may have heard of such things in his captivity; but I know that his wife and children are well apprised that a press may be destroyed in the open day, not by its own licentiousness, but by the licentiousness of a military force. As to the sincerity of the declaration that the State has prosecuted in order to assert the freedom of the press, it starts a train of thought—of melancholy retrospect and direful prospect—to which I did not think the learned counsel would have wished you to commit your minds. It leads you naturally to reflect at what times, from what motives, and with what consequences, the Government has displayed its patriotism by prosecutions of this sort. As to the motives, does history give you a single instance in which the State has been provoked to these conflicts except by the fear of truth and by the love of vengeance? Have you ever seen the rulers of any country bring forward a prosecution from motives of filial piety, for libels upon their departed ancestors? Do you read that Elizabeth directed any of those State prosecutions against the libels which the divines of her times had written against her Catholic sister, or against the other libels which the same gentlemen had written against her Protestant father? No, gentlemen, we read of no such thing; but we know she did bring forward a prosecution from motives of personal resentment; and we know that a jury was found time-serving and mean enough to give a verdict which she was ashamed to carry into effect. I said the

learned counsel drew you back to the times that have been marked by these miserable conflicts. I see you turn your thoughts to the reign of the second James. I see you turn your eyes to those pages of governmental abandonment, of popular degradation, of expiring liberty, of merciless and sanguinary prosecutions—to that miserable period, in which the fallen and abject state of man might have been almost an argument in the mouth of the atheist and the blasphemer against the existence of an all-just and an all-wise First Cause, if the glorious era of the Revolution that followed it had not refuted the impious inference, by showing that if a man descends it is not in his own proper motion ; that it is with labour and pain ; that he can continue to sink only until, by the force and pressure of the descent, the spring of his immortal faculties acquires that recuperative energy and effort that hurries him many miles aloft ; that he sinks but to rise again. It is at that period the State seeks for shelter in the destruction of the press ; it is in a period like that that the tyrant prepares for an attack upon the people by destroying the liberty of the press—by taking away that shield of wisdom and of virtue behind which the people are invulnerable ; in whose pure and polished convex, ere the lifted blow has fallen, he beholds his own image, and is turned into stone. It is at those periods the honest man dares not speak, because truth is too dreadful to be told ; it is then humanity has no ears, because humanity has no tongue. It is then that the proud man scorns to speak, but, like a physician baffled by the wayward excesses of a dying patient, retires indignantly from the bed of an unhappy wretch whose ear is too fastidious to bear the sound of wholesome advice, whose palate is too debauched to bear the salutary bitter of the medicine that might redeem him, and therefore leaves him to the felonious piety of the slaves that talk to him of life, and strip him before he is cold. I do not care, gentlemen, to exhaust too much of your attention by following this subject through the last century with much minuteness ; but the facts are too recent in your minds not to show you that the liberty of the press and the liberty of the people sink and rise together ; that the liberty of speaking and the liberty of acting have shared exactly the same fate. You must have observed in England that their

fate has been the same in the successive vicissitudes of their late depression ; and sorry I am to add that this country has exhibited a melancholy proof of their inseparable destiny, through the various and fitful stages of deterioration, down to the period of their final extinction, when the constitution has given place to the sword, and the only printer in Ireland who dares to speak for the people is now in the dock.

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### When ?

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BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Father Ryan is an Irish-American priest, a resident, we believe, of New Orleans. During the civil war his sympathies went with his adopted State, and he contributed some splendid lyrics to the literature of the Southern cause. Some of his near relatives fought and fell in the ranks of the Confederacy, and their loss appears to have deeply affected the mind of the gifted poet. Most of his writings since then have been cast in a pathetic strain, and all exhibit much beauty and tenderness of feeling.

Some day in Spring,  
 When earth is bright and glad,  
 When wild-birds sing,  
 And fewest hearts are sad,  
 Shall I die then ?

Ah, me ! no matter when !  
 I know it will be sweet  
 To leave the homes of men,  
 To rest beneath the sod—  
 To kneel and kiss Thy feet,  
 In Thy Home, O my God !

Some Summer morn,  
 When all the winds sing songs,  
 When roses hide each thorn,  
 And smiles—the spirit's wrongs,  
 Shall I die then ?  
 Ah, me ! no matter when !  
 I know I will rejoice

To leave the homes of men,  
 To rest beneath the sod—  
 To hear Thy tender voice  
 In Thy Home, O my God !

Some Autumn eve,  
 When shadows dim the sky—  
 When all things grieve,  
 And fairest things all die,  
 Shall I die then ?

Ah, me ! no matter when !  
 I know I will be glad  
 To leave the homes of men,  
 To sleep beneath the sod—  
 No heart can e'er be sad  
 In Thy Home, O my God !

Some Wintry day,  
 When all the sky is gloom,  
 And beauteous May  
 Sleeps in December's tomb,  
 Shall I die then ?

Ah, me ! no matter when !  
 My heart shall throb with joy  
 To leave the homes of men,  
 To rest beneath the sod—  
 Ah ! joy has no alloy  
 In Thy Home, O my God !

Ah, me ! I tell  
 The Rosary of my years ;  
 And it is well  
 The Beads are strung with tears !  
 Haste, Death, and come—

I pine—I pray for Home !  
 I know it will be sweet  
 To rest beneath the sod—  
 To kneel and kiss Thy feet  
 In Thy Home, O my God !

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WHERE THE FAULT LIES.—With such a climate, such a soil, and such a people, the inferiority of Ireland to the rest of Europe is directly traceable to the long wickedness of the English Government.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

## T. F. Meagher on the Policy for Ireland.

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The following speech is certainly one of the most brilliant and impressive ever delivered by the gifted T. F. Meagher. When speaking it he knew that he had to argue against opinions better calculated to awaken the enthusiasm, to kindle the imagination, and fire the blood of a Celtic audience. He had to plead in favour of a tamer policy than that advocated by some of his friends—to recommend a continuance of constitutional effort at a time when they were advocating a policy of insurrection. He felt that he was at a disadvantage, but he overcame it by throwing his whole soul into the work, and bringing to the support of his views a wondrous wealth of eloquence, argument, illustration, and everything that could strengthen and adorn an appeal to the feelings as well as the reason of the assembly he addressed. This speech was delivered in a debate of the Irish Confederation, held in the Music Hall, Lower Abbey-street, on Friday the 5th of February, 1848. The question at issue—which had been raised by some resolutions of William Smith O'Brien, designed to dissociate the Confederation from the opinions of Mr. Mitchel with regard to the desirability and necessity of immediately adopting a war policy—was debated for three days, and on a division being taken, on an amendment proposed by Mr. Mitchel, the resolutions, which were supported by Mr. O'Brien, Mr. J. B. Dillon, Mr. Meagher, Mr. Duffy, and other members of the Confederation, were carried by a majority of 317 to 188. To this result the following splendid oration very powerfully contributed:—

My friend, Mr. Mitchel—whom I shall never cease to trust and admire—has brought the real question at issue, most conveniently for me, into the smallest possible space. “The real question,” he says, “which we have to decide is, whether we are to keep up the constitutional and Parliamentary agitation or not: for my part” (he adds) “I am weary of this constitutional agitation.” Now, this is precisely the question, and most neatly reduced to a nutshell. You have to decide whether this constitutional agitation is to be given up or not. You are to say whether you, too, are weary of it or not. Previous, however, to our going into the merits of this constitutional agitation, I think that upon one point we are quite agreed—quite agreed that, whatever policy we may adopt, all this vague talk should cease with which your ears have been vexed for so

long a period. All this vague talk about a crisis at hand—shouts of defiance—Louis Philippe is upwards of seventy—France remembers Waterloo—the first gun fired in Europe—all this obscure babble—all this meaningless mysticism—must be swept away. Ten thousand guns fired in Europe would announce no glad tidings to you if their lightning flashed upon you in a state of disorganisation and incertitude. Sir, I know of no nation that has won its independence by an accident. Trust blindly to the future—wait for the tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune—envelope yourselves in mist—leave everything to chance, and be assured of this, the most propitious opportunities will arise and pass away, leaving you to chance—masters of no weapons—scholars of no science—incompetent to decide—irresolute to act—powerless to achieve. This was the great error of the Repeal Association. From a labyrinth of difficulties there was no avenue open to success. The people were kept within this labyrinth—they moved round and round—backwards and forwards—there was perpetual motion, but no advance. In this bewilderment are you content to wander until a sign appears in heaven, and the mystery is disentangled by a miracle? Have you no clear intelligence to direct you to the right path, and do you fear to trust your footsteps to the guidance of that mind with which you have been gifted? Do you prefer to substitute a driftless superstition in place of a determined system—groping and fumbling after possibilities, instead of seizing the agencies within your reach? This, indeed, would be a blind renunciation of your powers, and thus, indeed, the virtue you prize so justly—the virtue of self-reliance—would be extinguished in you. To this you will not consent. You have too sure a confidence in the resources you possess to leave to chance what you can accomplish by design. A deliberate plan of action is, then, essential—something positive—something definite. This you require, and upon this you have this night to determine. From what suggestions, then, are we to shape our course? Is it not come to this—that we have to choose between a constitutional policy and an insurrection? Is an insurrection probable? If probable, is it practicable? Prove to



me that it is, and I, for one, will vote for it this very night. You know well, my friends, that I am not one of those tame moralists who say that liberty is not worth a drop of blood. Men who subscribe to such a maxim are fit for outdoor relief, and for nothing better. Against this miserable maxim the noblest virtue that has served and sanctified humanity appears in judgment. From the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis—from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelites to victory—from the cathedral in which the sword of Poland has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciuszko—from the convent of St. Isidore, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster has crumbled into dust—from the sands of the desert, where the wild genius of the Algerine so long had scared the eagles of the Pyrenees—from the ducal palace in this kingdom, where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances, more than royal favour, the nobility of his race—from the solitary grave which, within this mute city, a dying request has left without an epitaph—oh! from every spot where heroism has had its sacrifice, or its triumph, a voice breaks in upon the cringing crowds that cheer this wretched maxim, crying out—"Away with it, away with it." Would to God, sir, that we could take every barrack in the island this night, and with our blood purchase the independence of the country. It is not, then, a pedantic reverence for common law—it is not a senseless devotion to a diadem and sceptre—it is not a whining solicitude for the preservation of the species—that dictates the vote I give this night in favour of a constitutional movement. I support this constitutional policy, not from choice, but from necessity. My strongest feelings are in favour of the policy advised by Mr. Mitchel. I wish to God that I could defend that policy. It is a policy which calls forth the noblest passions—it kindles genius, generosity, heroism—it is far removed from the tricks and crimes of politics—for the young, the gallant, and the good, it has the most powerful attractions. In the history of this kingdom the names that burn above the dust and desolation of the past—like the lamps in the old sepulchres of Rome—shed their glory round the principles of which a deep conviction

of our weakness compels me this night to be the opponent ; and in being their opponent, I almost blush to think that the voice of one whose influence is felt through this struggle more powerfully than any other—one who unites the genius of Madame Roland with the heroism of the Maid of Orleans, and whose noble lyrics will bid this cause to live for ever—I almost blush to think that this voice which speaks to us in these glorious lines—

“And the beckoning angels win’ you on, with many a radiant vision,  
Up the thorny path to glory, where man receives his crown”—

should be disobeyed, and that, for a time at least, we must plod on in the old course, until we acquire strength and discipline, and skill—discipline to steady, skill to direct, strength to enforce the claim of a united nation. Just look for a moment to our position. To an insurrectionary movement the priesthood are opposed. To an insurrectionary movement the middle classes are opposed. To an insurrectionary movement the aristocracy are opposed. To give effect to this opposition, 50,000 men, equipped and paid by England, occupy the country at this moment. Who, then, are for it? The mechanic and the peasant classes, we are told. These classes, you will tell us, have lost all faith in legal agencies, and through such agencies despair of the slightest exemption from their suffering. Stung to madness—day from day gazing upon the wreck and devastation that surround them, until the brain whirls like a ball of fire—they see but one red pathway, lined with gibbets and hedged with bayonets, leading to deliverance. But will that pathway lead them to deliverance? Have these classes, upon which alone you now rely, the power to sweep like a torrent through that pathway, dashing aside the tremendous obstacles that confront them? You know they have not. Without discipline, without arms, without food—beggared by the law, starved by the law, diseased by the law, demoralised by the law—opposed to the might of England, they would have the weakness of a vapour. Yes, but you have said so ; for, what do you maintain? You maintain that an immediate

insurrection is not designed. Well, then, you confess your weakness; and, then, let me ask you, what becomes of the objection you urge against the policy we propose? The country cannot afford to wait until the legal means have been fully tested—that is your objection. And yet you will not urge an immediate movement—you will not deal with the disease upon the spot—you will permit it to take its course—your remedy is remote. Thus it appears there is delay in both cases—so, upon this question of time, we are entitled to pair off. But at no time, you assert, will legal means prevail—public opinion is nonsense—constitutional agitation is a downright delusion. Tell me, then, was it an understanding when we founded the Irish Confederation, this time twelvemonth, that if public opinion failed to repeal the Act of Union in a year, at the end of a year it should be scouted as a “humbug”? When you established this Confederation in January, 1847—when you set up for yourselves—did you agree with public opinion for a year only? Was that the agreement, and will you now serve it with a notice to quit? If so, take my advice and break up the establishment at once. “After all, look to your great argument against the continuance of a parliamentary or a constitutional movement. The constituencies are corrupt—they will not return virtuous representatives—the tree shall be known by its fruits. The constituencies are knaves, perjurers, cowards, on the hustings—they will be chevaliers, *sans peur et sans reproche*, within the trenches. The Thersites of the polling booth will be the Achilles of the bivouac. Your argument comes to this, that the constituencies of Ireland will be saved “so as by fire”—they will acquire morality in the shooting gallery—and in the art of fortification they will learn the path to paradise. These constituencies constitute the *elite* of the democracy; and is it you, who stand up for the democracy, that urge this argument? To be purified and saved, do you decree that this nation must writhe in the agonies of a desperate circumcision? Has it not felt the knife long since? And if its salvation depend upon a flow of blood, has it not poured out torrents into a thousand graves, deep enough and swift enough to earn the blessing long before our day? Spend no more until

you are certain of the purchase. Nor do I wish that this movement should become a mere democratic movement. I desire that it should continue to be what it has been—a national movement—a movement not of any one class, but of all classes. Narrow it to one class—decide that it shall be a democratic movement, and nothing else—what then? You augment the power that is opposed to you—the revolution will provoke a counter-revolution—Paris will be attacked by the emigrants as well as by the Austrians. You attach little importance to the instance cited by Mr. Ross—Poland is no warning to you. The Polish peasants cut the throats of the Polish nobles, and before the Vistula had washed away the blood the free city of Cracow was proclaimed a dungeon. So much for the war of classes. No; I am not for a democratic, but I am for a national movement—not for a movement like that of Paris in 1793, but for a movement like that of Brussels in 1830—like that of Palermo in 1848. If you think differently, say so. If you are weary of this “constitutional movement”—if you despair of this “combination of classes”—declare so boldly, and let this night terminate the career of the Irish Confederation. Yet, upon the brink of this abyss, listen for a moment to the voice that speaks to you from the vaults of Mount Saint Jerome; and if you distrust the advice of the friend who now addresses you—one who has done something to assist you, and who, I believe, has not been unfaithful to you in some moments of difficulty, and perhaps of danger—if you do not trust me, listen, at least, to the voice of one who has been carried to his grave amid the tears and prayers of all classes of his countrymen, and of whose courage and whose truth there has never yet been uttered the slightest doubt:—“Be bold, but wise—be brave, but sober—patient, earnest, striving, and untiring. You have sworn to be temperate for your comfort here and your well-being hereafter. Be temperate now for the honour, the happiness, the immortality of your country—act trustfully and truthfully one to another—watch, wait, and leave the rest to God.”

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\*  
*Lovely Mary Donnelly.*

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BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

O lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best !  
 If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest ;  
 Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,  
 Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom around me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing from a rock,  
 How clear they are, how dark they are ! they give me many a  
                   shock ;  
 Red flowers warm in sunshine and wetted with a shower,  
 Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all before,  
 No pretty girl for miles around was absent from the floor ;  
 But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh ! but she was gay !  
 She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,  
 The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet ;  
 The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so much  
                   praised,  
 But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she  
                   raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung,  
 Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue ;  
 But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your  
                   hands,  
 And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower o' womankind, in country or in town ;  
 The higher I exalt you the lower I'm cast down ;  
 If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty  
                   bright,  
 And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

Oh, might we live together in a lofty palace hall,  
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall !  
Oh, might we live together in a cottage neat and small,  
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall !

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress !  
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less ;  
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low,  
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go !

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### To Ireland.

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By M. F. HUGHES.

We know, dear land, that soon or late  
Thy long lost liberty will be  
Restored to thee,  
And thou wilt shine in queenly state,  
While gloriously  
O'er earth and sea  
Thy conquering standard shall be seen—  
Our darling, worshipped flag of green.  
Oh ! vision grand !  
Oh ! dream sublime !  
How would my bosom teem  
With pride if when that hallowed time  
Shall greet thee I might greet thee too,  
And feast mine eyes upon thy radiance bland,  
Enchanting as a poet's dream,  
And hear the full-voiced trump proclaim  
Thy triumphs, and thy golden fame  
Spreading afar where'er the kingly sun  
Scatters his glories. Such dear wish I hold  
Inviolable, a sweet omnipotence,  
That through all seasons burns and glows the same,  
And sways me more than love of fame or gold.

## The Irish Dancing-Master.

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(FROM CARLETON'S "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.")

ONE of the most amusing specimens of the dancing-master that I ever met, was the person alluded to at the close of my paper on the Irish Fiddler, under the nickname of Buckram-Back. This man had been a drummer in the army for some time, where he had learned to play the fiddle ; but it appears that he possessed no relish whatever for a military life, as his abandonment of it without even the usual form of a discharge or furlough, together with a back that had become cartilaginous from frequent flogging, could abundantly testify. It was from the latter circumstance that he had received his nickname.

Buckram-Back was a dapper light little fellow, with a rich Tipperary brogue, crossed by a lofty strain of illegitimate English, which he had picked up whilst in the army. His habiliments sat as tight upon him as he could readily wear them, and were all of the shabby-genteel class. His crimped black coat was a closely-worn second-hand, and his crimped face quite as much of a second-hand as the coat. I think I see his little pumps, little white stockings, his coaxed drab breeches, his hat, smart in its cock but brushed to a polish and standing upon three hairs, together with his tight questionably coloured gloves, all before me. Certainly he was the jauntiest little cock living—quite a blood, ready to fight any man, and a great defender of the fair sex, whom he never addressed except in that highflown, bombastic style so agreeable to most of them, called by their flatterers the complimentary, and by their friends the fulsome. He was in fact a public man, and up to everything. You met him at every fair, where he had only time to give you a wink as he passed, being just then engaged in a very particular affair ;

but he would tell you again. At cock-fights he was a very busy personage, and an angry better from half-a-crown downwards. At races he was a known fellow, always shook hands with the winning jockey, and then looked pompously about, that folks might see he was hand and glove with those who know something.

The house where Buckram-Back kept his school, which was open only after the hours of labour, was an uninhabitable cabin, the roof of which, at a particular spot, was supported by a post that stood upright from the floor. It was built upon an elevated situation, and commanded a fine view of the whole country for miles about it. A pleasant sight it was to see the modest and pretty girls, dressed in their best frocks and ribbons, radiating in little groups from all directions, accompanied by their partners or lovers, making way through the fragrant Summer fields of a calm cloudless evening, to this happy scene of innocent amusement.

Buckram-Back's system, in originality of design, in comic conception of decorum, and in the easy practical assurance with which he wrought it out, was never equalled, much less surpassed. Had the impudent little rascal confined himself to dancing as usually taught, there would have been nothing so ludicrous or uncommon in it; but no: he was such a stickler for example in everything, that no other mode of instruction would satisfy him. Dancing! Why, it was the least part of what he taught or professed to teach.

In the first place, he undertook to teach every one of us—for I had the honour of being his pupil—how to enter a drawingroom “in the most fashionable manner alive,” as he said himself.

Secondly. He was the only man, he said, who could, in the most agreeable and polite style, teach a gentleman how to salute, or, as he termed it, how to shiloot a leedy. This he taught, he said, wid great success.

Thirdly. He could teach every leedy and gentleman how to make the most beautiful bow or curchy on airth, by only imitating himself—one that would cause a thousand people, if they were all present, to think that it was particularly intended only for aich o' themselves!

Fourthly. He taught the whole art o' courtship wid all



politeness and success, accordin' as it was practised in Paris durin' the last saison.

Fifthly. He could taich thim how to write love-letthers and valentines, accordin' to the Great Macademy of Compliments, which was supposed to be invinted by Bonoparte when he was writin' love-letthers to both his wives.

Sixthly. He was the only person who could taich the famous dance called Sir Roger de Coverley, or the Helter-Skelter Drag, which comprehended widin itself all the advantages and beauties of his whole system, in which every gintleman was at liberty to pull every leedy where he plaised, and every leedy was at liberty to go wherever he pulled her.

We shall now give a brief sketch of Buckram-Back's manner of tuition, begging our readers at the same time to rest assured that any sketch we could give would fall far short of the original.

"Paddy Corcoran, walk out an' 'inther your drawin' room ; an' let Miss Judy Hanratty go out along wid you, an' come in as Mrs. Corcoran."

"Faith, I'm afeard, Masther, I'll make a bad hand of it ; but, sure, it's something to have Judy here to keep me in countenance."

"Is that by way of compliment, Paddy? Mr. Corcoran, you should ever an' always spaik to a leedy in an alyblasther-tone ; for that's the cut."

*[Paddy and Judy retire.]*

"Mickey Scanlan, come up here, now that we're braithin' a little ; an' you, Miss Grauna Mulholland, come up along wid him. Miss Mulholland, you are masther of your five positions and your fifteen attitudes, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, Miss. Mickey Scanlan—ahem ! Misther Scanlan, can you perform the positions also, Mickey?"

"Yes, sir ; but you remember I stuck at the eleventh attitude."

"Attitude, sir—no matther. Well, Misther Scanlan, do you know how to shiloote a leedy, Mickey?"

"Faix, it's hard to say, sir, till we thry : but I'm very willin' to larn it. I'll do my best, an' the best can do no more."

"Very well—ahem ! Now mark me, Misther Scanlan ; you approach your leedy in this style, bowin' politely, as I do.

Miss Mulholland, will you allow me the honour of a heavenly shilooté? Don't bow, ma'am; you are to curchy, you know; a little lower *ee'* you please. Now you say, 'Wid the greatest pleasure in life, sir, an' many thanks for the feevour.' (*Smack.*) There, now, you are to make another curchy politely, an' say 'Thank you, kind sir, I owe you one.' Now, Misther Scanlan, proceed."

"I'm to imitate you, masther, as well as I can, sir, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, you are to imiteet *me*. But hould, sir, did you see me lick my lips or pull up my breeches? Be gorra, that's shockin' unswemental. First make a curchy, a bow I mane, to Miss Grauna. Stop, agin, sir; are you going to sthrangle the leedy? Why, one would think that it's about to teek laive of her for ever you are. Gently, Misther Scanlan; gently, Mickey. There—well, that's an improvement. Practice, Misther Scanlan, practice will do all, Mickey; but don't smack so loud, though. Hilloo, gintlemen! where's our drawing-room folk? Go out, one of you, for Misther and Mrs. Paddy Corcoran."

Corcoran's face now appears peeping in at the door, lit up with a comic expression of genuine fun, from whatever cause it may have proceeded.

"Aisy, Misther Corcoran; an' where's Mrs. Corcoran, sir?"

"Are we both to come in together, masther?"

"Certainly. Turn out both your toeses—turn them out, I say."

"Faix, sir, it's aisier said than done wid some of us."

"I know that, Misther Corcoran; but practice is every-thing. The bow legs are strongly against you, I grant. Hut tut, Misther Corcoran—why, if your toes wor where your heels is, you'd be exactly in the first position, Paddy. Well, both of you turn out your toeses; look street forward; clap your caubeen—hem!—your castor, undher your ome (arm), an' walk into the middle of the flure, wid your head up. Stop, take care o'-the post. Now, take your caubeen—castor, I mane—in your right hand; give it a flourish. Aisy, Mrs. Hanratty—Corcoran I mane—it's not *you* that's to flourish. Well, flourish your castor, Paddy, and thin make a graceful bow to the company. Leedies and gintlemen"—

"Leedies and gintlemen."

"I'm your most obadient sarvint"—

"I'm your most obadient sarwint."

"Tuts, man alive! that's not a bow. 'Look at this: *there's* a bow for you. Why, instead of meeking a bow, you appear as if you wor goin' to sit down wid an embargo (lumbago) in your back. Well, practice is everything; and there's luck in leisure."

"Dick Doorish, will you come up, and thry if you can meek anything of that threblin' step. You're a purty lad, Dick; you're a purty lad, Misther Doorish, wid a pair o' left legs, an' you to expect to larn to dance; but don't despeer, man alive. I'm not afeard but I'll meek a graceful slip o' you yet. Can you meek a curchy?"

"Not right, sir, I doubt."

"Well, sir, I know that; but, Misther Doorish, you ought to know how to meek both a bow and a curchy. Whin you marry a wife, Misther Doorish, it mightn't come wrong for you to know how to taich her a curchy. Have you the *gad* and *suggaun* wid you?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, on wid them; the *suggaun* on the right foot, or what ought to be the right foot, an' the *gad* upon what ought to be the left. Are you ready?" "Yes, sir." "Come, thin, do as I bid you—rise upon *suggaun* an' sink upon *gad*; rise upon *suggaun* an' sink upon *gad*; rise upon—— Hould, sir; you're sinkin' upon *suggaun* an' risin' upon *gad*, the very thing you ought *not* to do. But, God help you then! sure you're left-legged! Ah, Misther Doorish, it 'ud be a long time before you'd be able to dance Jig Polthogue or the College Hornpipe upon a drum-head, as I often did. However, don't despeer, Misther Doorish—if I could only get you to know your right leg—but, God help you! sure you haven't sich a thing—from your left, I'd make something of you yet, Dick."

The Irish dancing-masters were eternally at daggers-drawn among themselves; but, as they seldom met, they were forced to abuse each other at a distance, which they did with a virulence and scurrility proportioned to the space between them. Buckram-Back had a rival of this description, who was a sore thorn in his side. His name was Paddy Fitz-

patrick, and from having been a horse jockey, he gave up the turf, and took to the calling of a dancing-master. Buckram-Back sent a message to him to the effect that "if he could not dance Jig Polthogue on the drum-head, he had better hould his tongue for ever." To this Paddy replied by asking if he was the man to dance the Connaught Jockey upon the saddle of a blood-horse and the animal at a three-quarter gallop.

At length the friends on each side, from a natural love of fun, prevailed upon them to decide their claims as follows. Each master, with twelve of his pupils, was to dance against his rival with twelve of his; the match to come off on the top of Mallybeny Hill, which commanded a view of the whole parish. I have already mentioned that in Buckram-Back's school there stood near the middle of the door a post, which, according to some new manoeuvre of his own, was very convenient as a guide to the dancers when going through the figure. Now, at the spot where this post stood it was necessary to make a curve, in order to form part of the figure of eight, which they were to follow; but as many of them were rather impenetrable to a due conception of the line of beauty, he forced them to turn round the post rather than make an acute angle of it, which several of them did. Having premised thus much, we proceed with our narrative.

At length they met, and it would have been a matter of much difficulty to determine their relative merits, each was such an admirable match for the other. When Buckram-Back's pupils, however, came to perform, they found that the absence of the post was their ruin. To the post they had been trained—accustomed—with it they could dance; but, wanting that, they were like so many ships at sea without rudders or compasses. Of course a scene of ludicrous confusion ensued, which turned the laugh against poor Buckram-Back, who stood likely to explode with shame and venom. In fact he was in agony.

"Gintlemen, turn the post!" he shouted, stamping upon the ground, and clenching his little hands with fury; "leedies, remember the post! Oh, for the honour of Kil nahushogue, don't be beat. The post! gintlemen; leedies, the post, if you love me! Murdher alive, the post!"

"Be gorra, masther, the jockey will distance us," replied Bog Magawly; "it's likely to be the *winnin'-post* to him, anyhow."

"Any money," shouted the little fellow—"any money for long Sam Sallaghan; he'd do the post to the life. Mind it, boys dear, mind it, or we're lost. Divil a bit they heed me; it's a flock o' bees or sheep they're like. Sam Sallaghan, where are you? The post, you blackguards!"

"O masther dear, if we had only a fishin'-rod, or a crow-bar, or a poker, we might do yet! But, anyhow, we had better give in, for its only worse we're gettin'."

At this stage of the proceedings Paddy came over to him, and making a low bow, asked him, "Arra, how do you feel, Misther Dogherty?" for such was Buckram-Back's name.

"Sir," replied Buckram-Back, bowing low, however, in return, "I'll take the shine out o' you yet. Can you shilooto a leedy wid me?—that's the chat! Come, gentlemen, show them what's betther than fifty posts—shilooto your partners like Irishmen. Kilnahushogue for ever!"

The scene that ensued baffles all description. The fact is, the little fellow had them trained as it were to kiss in platoons, and the spectators were literally convulsed with laughter at this most novel and ludicrous character which Buckram-Back gave to his defeat, and the ceremony which he introduced. The truth is, he turned the laugh completely against his rival, and swaggered off the ground in high spirits, exclaiming, "He know how to shilooto a leedy! Why, the poor spalpeen never kissed any woman but his mother, an' her only when she was dyin'." Hurrah for Kilnahushogue!"

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IRELAND FOR EVER.—Mr. Egan, better known as "Bully Egan," held the Chairmanship of Kilmainham at the time that the Government were using their utmost endeavours to pass the Act of Union, and, of course, expected to be deprived of his office should he oppose it. However, when the time for the division had arrived, his love of country preponderating over his love of pelf, he voted against the measure, exultingly exclaiming, "Ireland for ever, and Kilmainham to the devil!"

## Past and Present.

BY "MARY" OF THE "NATION."

True love, remembered yet through all that mist of years,  
Clung to with such vain, vain love—wept with such vain tears—  
On the turf I sat last night, where we two sat of yore,  
And thought of thee till memory could bear to think no more.

The twilight of the young year was fading soft and dim ;  
The branches of the budding trees fell o'er the water's brim ;  
And the stars came forth in lonely light through all the silent  
    skies ;  
I scarce could see them long ago, with looking in thine eyes.

For oh ! thou wert my starlight, my refuge, and my home ;  
My spirit found its rest in thee, and never sought to roam ;  
All thoughts and all sensations that burn and thrill me through,  
In those first days of happy love were calmed and soothed by  
    you.

How wise thou wert—how tender—ah ! but it seemed to be  
Some glorious guardian angel that walked this earth with me ;  
And now, though hope be over, and love too much in vain,  
What marvel if my weary heart finds naught like thee again ?

Beloved, when thou wert near me, the happy and the right  
Were mingled in one gentle dream of ever fresh delight ;  
But now the path of duty seems cold and dark to tread,  
Without one radiant guide-star to light me overhead.

If there were aught my faith in thee to darken or remove—  
One memory of unkindness—one chilling want of love !—  
But no—thy heart still clings to me as fondly, warmly true,  
As mine, through chance, and change, and time, must ever cling  
    to you.

If thou were aught to shrink from—to blush with sudden shame—

That he who won the beating heart the lips must fear to name !  
But oh ! before the whole wide world how proudly would I say :  
“ He reigned my king long years ago—he reigns my king to-day.”

And so I turn to seek thee through all the mist of years,  
And love with vain devotion, and weep with vainer tears ;  
And on the turf I sit alone, where we two sat of yore,  
And think of thee till memory can bear to think no more.

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### Songs of Our Land.

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BY FRANCES BROWN, THE BLIND POETESS OF DONALGAL.

Songs of our land, ye are with us for ever—

The power and the splendour of thrones pass away ;  
But yours is the might of some far-flowing river,

Through Summer's bright roses or Autumn's decay.

Ye treasure each voice of the swift-passing ages,

And truth, which time writeth on leaves or on sand ;

Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,

And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The bards may go down to the place of their slum'ers,

The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave,

But far in the future the power of their numbers

Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.

It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,

Like voices of reeds by the Summer breeze fanned ;

It will call up a spirit for freedom, when only

Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true-hearted,

Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain ;

They show us bright shadows of glory departed,

Of love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain.

The page may be lost, and the pen long forsaken,  
 And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand ;  
 But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,  
 Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the stranger,  
 With power, over ocean and desert afar ;  
 Ye have gone with our wanderers through distance and danger,  
 And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star.  
 With the breath of our mountains in Summers long vanished,  
 And visions that passed like a wave from the sand,  
 With hope for their country and joy from her banished,  
 Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land.

The spring-time may come with the song of our glory,  
 To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice,  
 But the pine of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,  
 And the rock in the desert, can send forth a voice.  
 It was thus in their triumph or deep desolations,  
 While ocean waves roll or the mountains shall stand,  
 Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations  
 Shall glory and live in the songs of their land.

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THE BAYONET FOR IRELAND.—The constancy of our State doctors to their old remedy, the bayonet, is miraculous. Having *exhibited* it in 1786 with their accustomed vigour and success, they continued so to administer it, at convenient intervals and with increasing exacerbation, till 1798—when it brought on that violent, but imperfect crisis, the Rebellion. They then resumed the same course of physic immediately after the Union, and have persevered in it, only with greater frequency of doses, down to the present day. It would take a whole page to enumerate the various forms and names under which this one sole specific for all the evils of Ireland has been administered—viz., Peace Preservation Acts, Seizure of Arms Acts, Secret Society Acts, Constabulary Acts, &c., &c., &c. But, as Dr. Ollapod says, “Rhubarb is rhubarb, call it what you will”; and there is no disguising by any change of name or phrase that the bayonet is the sole active ingredient in all these various formulas.—“*Memoirs of Captain Rock*”; by Thomas Moore.



## Anecdotes of Macklin, the Irish Comedian.

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MACKLIN was exceedingly quick at a reply, especially in a dispute. One day Dr. Johnson was contending some dramatical question, and quoted a passage from a Greek poet in support of his opinion. "I don't understand Greek though, doctor," said Macklin. "Sir," said Johnson, pompously, "a man who undertakes to argue should understand all languages." "Oh, very well," returned Macklin; "how will you answer this argument?" and immediately treated him to a long quotation in Irish.

One night, sitting at the back of the front boxes with a gentleman of his acquaintance, one of the underbred box-lobby loungers of the day stood up immediately before him, and being rather large in person, covered the sight of the stage from him. Everybody expected that Macklin would have knocked the fellow down, notwithstanding his size, but he managed the matter in another temper. Patting him gently on the shoulder with his cane, he requested of him, with apparent politeness, "that when he saw or heard anything *very* entertaining on the stage, he would be pleased to turn round and let him and the gentleman beside him know of it; for you see, my dear sir," added the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend on you as a telegraph." This had the desired effect, and the loungeur walked off.

Macklin was very intimate with Frank Hayman (at that time a well-known historical painter), and happening to call upon him one morning soon after the death of the painter's wife, he found him wrangling with the undertaker about his high charge for the funeral expenses. Macklin listened to the altercation for some time; at last, going up to Hayman, "Come, come, Frank," said he, "this bill, to be sure, is a little extravagant, but you should pay it, if it were only on account of the respect you owe your wife's memory; for

I am sure," he added, with the greatest gravity, "she would have paid twice as much for your burial with the greatest gladness, if she had had the opportunity."

An Irish dignitary of the Church, not remarkable for his veracity, complaining that a tradesman of his parish had called him a liar, Macklin asked what reply he had made him. "I told him," said the bishop, "that a lie was among those things that I *dared* not commit." "And why, doctor," returned Macklin, with an indescribable sort of comic frown, "why did you give the rascal *so erroneous a notion of your courage?*"

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### Truth in Parenthesis.

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BY CHARLES G. HALPINE.

I love—oh! more than words can tell  
 (Your ninety thousand golden shiners) ;  
 You draw me by a nameless spell  
 (As California draws the miners) ;  
 You are so rich in beauty's dower  
 (And rich in several ways beside it),  
 Had I your hand within my power  
 (Across a banker's draft to guide it),  
 No cares my future life could dim.  
 (My tailor, too—what joy to him !)

Oh ! should you change your name for mine  
 (I've given my name—on bills—to twenty),  
 Existence were a dream divine  
 (At least so long as cash was plenty) ;  
 Our home should be a sylvan grot  
 (Bath, billiard, smoking-room, and larder),  
 And there, forgetting and forgot  
 (My present need, I'd live the harder),  
 Our days should pass in fresh delights  
 (Lethargic days, but roaring nights).

Oh, say, my young, my fawn-like girl  
 (She's old enough to be my mother),  
 Let "Yes" o'erleap those gates of pearl  
 (My laughter it is hard to smother);  
 Let lips that Love hath formed for joy  
 (For joy if they her purse resign me)  
 Long hesitate ere they destroy  
 (And to a debtor's jail consign me)  
 The heart that beats but to adore  
 (Yourself the less, your fortune more).

Consent—consent, my priceless love  
 (Her price precise is ninety thousand);  
 I swear by all around, above,  
 (Her purse-strings now, I feel, are loosened),  
 I have not loved you for your wealth  
 (Nor loved at all, as I'm a sinner);  
 Oh, bliss! you yield; one kiss by stealth!  
 (I'm sick—that kiss has spoiled my dinner).  
 Now early name the blissful day  
 (My duns grow clamorous for their pay).

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### The Returned Soldier.

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BY MICHAEL SCANLAN.

I come into the village green a soldier from the wars.  
 Dear neighbours, I am plain Tom Brown, but beautified with  
     scars,  
 And bronzed by Southern Summer suns and twenty battles'  
     glare;  
 But where is lovely Molly with the dark-brown hair?

'Twas here, beneath this spreading tree, I kissed my love adieu,  
 The drums were beating down the lane their wildering tattoo,  
 Three years ago, and now I ask—dear friends, why do you  
     stare?—  
 Where is my lovely Molly with the dark-brown hair?

The village has turned out to see and greet me home once  
     more,  
 And every pleasant face of old is smiling to the fore;

The scowling front of war unbends beneath this peaceful air,  
But where is lovely Molly with the dark-brown hair ?

I've heard her sweet voice singing clear above the roar of war,  
I've seen her bright eyes shining through wild nights without a  
star,  
I've felt her dewy kisses till my parched lips met in pray'r,  
As I twined my dreaming fingers through her dark-brown  
hair.

When death was roaring for his prey I've looked him in the  
eye,  
I've stood upon the hills and felt his messengers sweep by ;  
While I was spared who plucked his beard within his very  
lair,  
He called for lovely Molly with the dark-brown hair.

The sun shines gaily as of old, the birds pipe in the trees ;  
The hills, the streams, the pleasant fields, there is no change in  
these ;  
The breath of clover blossoms rides along the conscious air,  
But where is lovely Molly with the dark-brown hair ?

I feel a spirit, like a dream, from out the meadows rise,  
A heaven of beauty folds me round illumed by wondrous eyes,  
The breath of olden memories perfumes the placid air—  
'Tis the presence of my Molly with her dark-brown hair.

I come unto the village green a soldier from the wars,  
A wreck of twenty battle-fields, all bronzed and slashed with  
scars—  
Ye give me merry greeting, but your joy I cannot share,  
Ye cannot give me Molly with the dark-brown hair.

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ENSLAVING EFFECT OF THE UNION ON THE IRISH GENTRY.—  
The very fact of being governed by laws made in another  
country has degraded the minds of the Irish aristocracy and  
gentry. Use has familiarised them with national servitude ;  
and the consequent depravation of their sentiments operates  
most perniciously on the interests of their country. They  
have lost that pride of national honour which is the best pro-  
tector of a nation's prosperity.—*O'Neill Daunt.*

## The No-Nothings.

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The following short lecture is quite as much needed now as when it was written in the *Nation* of December 12, 1863:—

THERE are, unhappily, very many men in Ireland who seem utterly unconscious of the idea that they owe any duty to their native land. If they amuse themselves, eat, drink, and sleep, they appear to believe that all the ends of their being are fulfilled. They vegetate like mosses, they grow as cattle do, they buy and sell, or spend, just as foreigners, men of any land, travellers, or temporary sojourners in this country may be expected to do, but into the mental and political life of the nation they do not enter. They have no thought of contributing a share towards helping up the population of which they form a part to a level of honour with the acting and thinking peoples by whom they are surrounded. Whether the character of Ireland stand high or low in the world—whether Irishmen are accounted a gifted, ingenious, and high-spirited people, or a crowd of stupid, soulless slaves—is a consideration that never troubles them. So long as they can pass their own time along in an endurable manner within their own narrow circles, occupied with the smallest and most selfish order of ideas, they are satisfied to let come what will to the fame and fortune of their country.

Ireland can, less than any other land under the sun, afford to have such men upon her soil. In many other countries a majority of the population may, with comparative safety, leave the conduct of public affairs almost completely in the hands of those appointed to carry them on. A moderate share of public criticism and of public effort will there be sufficient to keep matters very nearly in the right track. The ruling powers in those countries are not hostile to the nation's honour or interest. But with us the case is very different. Ireland needs the love and the aid of all her children—every brain, and heart, and arm, that she can call

her own ; and a degree of inattention to matters of national moment, which would be excusable in other countries, becomes dishonourable, if not absolutely criminal, in this.

We hold that every man born within the shores of this island, be his station high or lowly, has the power, and is in duty bound, to do something towards the moral and material elevation of his country. There are plenty of abuses in the land which a powerful public opinion would clear away, and many are the injuries and insults heaped upon her to which she would never be subjected if Irishmen in general were sensitive as they should be to those indignities, and showed an unmistakeable disposition to resent them. But, as matters stand, England is able to speak of those whom she offends by her worst outrages on Ireland, as only a party. Though the wrong she does presses home on all classes—though the abuse she flings hither covers every section of the population, and defames them all equally before the world—yet she sees clearly enough that there are masses of Irishmen who never seem to feel aggrieved by her conduct, and who leave complaint or protest against it to emanate from a few. And this is one of the reasons why the English Government and the English press have no hesitation about violating every right and outraging every feeling that ought to be dear to Irishmen. We have all seen the sort of language that has recently been held by English journals of the highest class towards the Irish people. They would not dare to utter it if they thought that the spirit of men was in the breasts of the educated and wealthier classes in this country. They would not dare to speak it of the humblest class of Frenchmen, for they know that if the cannon of France did not answer it, the swords of French gentlemen would bring the slanderers to account.

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The Union is a measure which goes to degrade the country by saying it is unworthy to govern itself. It is the revival of the odious and absurd title of conquest. It is a renewal of the abominable distinction between mother-country and colony which lost America. It is the denial of the rights of nature to a great nation from an intolerance of its prosperity.

—*Charles Kendal Bushe.*

## Slanders.

BY J. B. KILLEN.

They slander thee who say that thou  
Hast e'er forgot that thou wert free,  
For in thy bosom burneth now  
The fire and love of liberty,  
As pure as when thy hero broke  
The Northman's strong and savage yoke.

They slander thee who say that thou  
Hast sons less true, less bold or brave,  
Than when was launched the venturous prow  
Of conquering Dathi on the wave ;  
Oh ! when the times comes to be free,  
We'll show how brave we yet may be.

With wily tongue they slander thee  
Who preach to thee thy "weakness" still,  
They speak the things they wish to be,  
These prophets of unfailing ill ;  
They know how strong the brave may be,  
And call thee weak who fear thee free.

They slander us, they slander thee,  
Who say that we must still be slaves—  
Who say that thou wert made to be  
Ruled by a tyrant o'er the waves—  
Kept like a minion, and to live  
Content with what he deigns to give.

They slander thee—what can they more ?  
The sword has fallen from their hands :  
Without the hearts their fathers bore,  
Their pride before the nation stands,  
In boasts as loud as e'er of old,  
But in its boasting only bold.

Fling back their taunts, their slanders fling—  
The liar's lips are white with fear,  
The liar's words have lost their sting ;  
For freedom's day of truth is near ;  
The day when tyrants will be just,  
And lying tongues shall lick the dust.

## The Memory of the Dead.

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From a speech of John B. Dillon, in proposing "The Memory of O'Connell," at a *soiree* of the Dublin Catholic Young Men's Society, on the 19th of January, 1863 :—

THE heart of a nation never ceases to beat so long as it cherishes the memory of its illustrious dead. The peasant of Tyrol swears by the name of Hofer that the foot of an invading 'foe shall never pollute his beautiful valleys. The chilled and bruised heart of Poland throbs with the warmth of recovered youth when it recalls the names of Sobieski and Kosciusko. Our own land, too, this Poland of the ocean, as it has been called, has not forgotten the names of those who have nobly laboured or nobly died in her service. Though no longer amongst us, their influence is still felt. The valour of the soldier sustains our courage; the song of the bard still speaks to the heart; the voice of the orator calls out from the tomb; the blood of the martyr consecrates the soil to liberty. While honouring the memory of O'Connell to-night, which of us will not acknowledge the truth of those noble words of Grattan—"The public speaker may die, but the immortal fire will outlast the organ that conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him."

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THE RUINS OF CLONMACNOISE.—There is not, perhaps, in Europe a spot where the feeling heart would find more matter for melancholy reflection than among the ancient churches of Clonmacnoise. Its ruined buildings call forth national associations and ideas. They remind us of the arts and literature, the piety and humanity, which distinguished their time, and are the work of a people who, in a dark age, marched among the foremost on the road to life and civilisation, but who were unfortunately checked and barbarised by those who were journeying in the same course, and ought to have cheered them on.—*Dr. Petrie.*



## The Good Old Cause.

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BY M. R. LEYNE.

For Ireland's Good Old Cause, my friends, gird up your loins  
 anew,  
 Nor flinch for that as yet we've failed our mission work to do.  
 The fixed faith and stubborn strength that strive unto the end,  
 Can wrest from tyrants Liberty—Salvation from the fiend.

The good old cause, with mem'ries linked of Freedom and of  
 Fame,  
 Is not, as lying panders tell, an empty, idle name ;  
 For Freedom is the child of God, eternal in her youth,  
 Angelic in her loveliness, as holy as His truth !

The good old cause ! On this our soil ruled once our Irish race,  
 Of native right, in guardian love—view now the contrast base !  
*Here* hunger faints, and mis'ry yells beneath the savage reign  
 Of stranger lords, who starve the slave and tighter draw his  
 chain.

The good old cause ! How eagerly our young hearts drank the  
 lays  
 In native tongue our mothers sung of earlier, better days ;  
 The dreamy legends musical ; the bounding ballad rhyme,  
 That swept like rushing mountain-flood—alas ! *that* song-taught  
 time !

The good old cause ! For it, in deeds that glory sanctifies,  
 Our fathers poured their hearts' red hoard in plenteous sacri-  
 fice !  
 On battle-field, in stormy wrath, they smote the alien's might ;  
 Or trod serene the scaffold high, brave martyrs to the right !

The good old cause ! For it alone through fifty glorious years  
 O'Connell raised that magic voice that woke our rage or tears ;  
 And though his Titan labours failed to free us from the foe,  
 Not truer friend, not greater chief, did Ireland ever know !

The good old cause ! 'Twas Freedom's hand that strung the  
 golden lyre  
 Of our chosen minstrel, Davis, with his living chords of fire !

And though that lyre lie silent in the charnel's sacred gloom,  
Let Holofernes tremble—for a Judith sings his doom !

The good old cause ! Our own sad days have seen a hero band  
March forth, like armed cherubim, to free this Irish land ;  
And though, bereaved, our country mourns her bravest and her  
best,  
There's something tells—"free Erin yet shall clasp them to her  
breast !"

The good old cause ! To lift this isle from ruin and from shame,  
And with the beggar's squalid rags tramp out the beggar's name ;  
Oh, truest, noblest, worshipped friend, king of the rhythmic  
speech,  
This the emprise, dear Meagher, thy last proud words did  
preach !

The good old cause ! 'Tis time to peal that thunder cry again,  
And rouse to thought and act, once more, the tranced souls of  
men.

Oh, prompting brain and helping hand are wondrous wise and  
strong—

True champions they to aid the Prone and strangle ruffian  
Wrong !

For Ireland's good old cause, then, friends, gird up your loins  
anew,

And calmly, sternly, front the work that yet remains to do ;  
The fixed faith and stubborn strength that strive unto the end,  
Can wrest from tyrants Liberty—Salvation from the fiend !

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### Slicbenamon.

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BY J. T. CAMPION, ESQ., M.D.

Two thousand men for Ireland, upon the mountain top !  
With such a harvest Freedom's arm might glean a glorious  
crop—

A crop of seed, to cast abroad, through village, town, and  
home,

And to the children of the land across the Atlantic's foam.

Two thousand men for Ireland, on splendid Slievenamon :  
Two thousand voices asking Heaven how Ireland may be won—  
Won from her sick'ning thralldom, from the serpent's thick'ning  
coil—

From the poison of its slaving tongue, its trail upon the soil.

No puny arm, nor limb nor lung, could clamber such a height—  
A red deer's wild and rocky road, an eagle's kingly flight !  
No craven breast could brave that mount, upon its crest to  
breathe

A prayer to God—to save, to spare the beauteous land beneath.

Two thousand men for Ireland, upon that altar high—

Its broad base, Tipperary ! its canopy the sky !

Two thousand hearts, ennobled by place, and cause, and all—

Two thousand Patriots pondering on their country's rise and fall.

Yes, raise the pile, and feed the blaze, on every mountain's side,  
And, to the blushless recreant's shame, ring out the voice of  
pride—

A true man's pride, his country's pride, the link that binds in one  
The Irishmen of every clime with those on Slievenamon.

Sure some must tend the sacred fire that feeds the nation's life,  
And though of high or low degree, in torpid peace or strife,  
A gallant soul he still must be who gives his aiding breath  
To rouse the dark'ning, slumbry spark from an untimely death.

Then, hail ! brave men of Ireland, upon the mountain top—

With such a harvest Freedom's arm might glean a glorious  
crop.

Be you of cheer, though foemen sneer, and fearlessly push on,  
Till every mountain in the land be manned like Slievenamon !

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THE IRISH HARPERS.—Nothing could equal the renown  
of the bards of Erin and the skilfulness of her harpers.  
When the English landed for the first time in that country,  
into which they were destined to carry slavery, their archers  
paused in ecstasy at the sweet harmony which the native  
minstrels drew from their instruments. Even to-day this  
oppressed nation keeps its harp, the emblem of its genius, in  
its national arms.—*Ozanam, Etudes Germaniques.*

## Anecdote of Sheridan.

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SHERIDAN and Kelly were one day in earnest conversation close to the gate of the path which was then open to the public, leading across the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, from King-street to Henrietta-street, when Mr. Holloway, who was a creditor of Sheridan's to a considerable amount, came up to them on horseback, and accosted Sheridan in a tone of something more like anger than sorrow, and complained that he never could get admittance when he called, vowing vengeance against the infernal Swiss, Monsieur François, if he did not let him in the next time he went to Hertford-street.

Holloway was really in a passion. Sheridan knew that he was vain of his judgment in horseflesh, and, without taking any notice of the violence of his manner, burst into an exclamation upon the beauty of the horse which he rode. He struck the right chord.

"Why," said Holloway, "I think I may say there never was a prettier creature than this. You were speaking to me, when I last saw you, about a horse for Mrs. Sheridan; now, this would be a treasure for a lady."

"Does he canter well?" said Sheridan.

"Beautifully," replied Holloway.

"If that's the case, Holloway," said Sheridan, "I really should not mind stretching a point for him. Will you have the kindness to let me see his paces?"

"To be sure," said the lawyer; and putting himself into a graceful attitude, he threw his nag into a canter along the market.

The moment his back was turned, Sheridan wished Kelly good morning, and went off through the churchyard, where no horse could follow, into Bedford-street, laughing immoderately, as indeed did several of the standers-by. The only person not entertained by this practical joke was Mr. Holloway.

## Dr. Petrie on Irish Music.

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George Petrie, LL.D., the eminent archaeologist, artist, and writer on Irish antiquities, to whose pen and pencil Ireland owes much, was born in Dublin in the year 1789. After a busy, an honoured, and a useful life, he expired in the same city on the 17th of January, 1866. His name is best known in connexion with his celebrated essay on the Round Towers of Ireland; but his writings on ancient Irish architecture, Pagan and Christian remains, monuments, inscriptions, and kindred subjects, were very numerous and of great value. He was a great lover of the ancient music of Ireland, the peculiar beauties of which he well understood; and he formed a large collection of airs noted down by himself in the course of his various tours through the country, from the singing or the playing of the old people—airs which, but for such care, might ere long have been utterly lost. A full and highly interesting account of the life and labours of this distinguished Irishman, forming one large volume, has been published by Messrs. Longman, Green, and Co.; the editor, who has accomplished his task with great ability, being Dr. Stokes, of Dublin, who was an intimate and valued friend of the deceased archaeologist. The following passage from one of Petrie's letters, published in that volume, will show how warmly he felt on the subject of the ancient and neglected music of our land:—

TIME will roll on and carry on its wings the arts and luxuries of a new civilisation, obliterating all the memorials of the old world, all the natural strength and freedom and tenderness that belonged to man in his simpler and in his less artificial state, and which he has expressed in his works. But the depths of feeling that are expressed in the natural works of man in this state of imperfect civilisation, and particularly in the original music which comes direct from the heart, untrammelled by rules, will, however simple, possess charms of a more lasting and touching kind to those who retain the pure simplicity of man's nature, than the finest works produced by the brain or the fancy of the most skilful musician of a cold and artificial age.

The music of Ireland has hitherto been the exclusive property of the peasantry—the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the country.

It is characteristic of their ardent and impassioned temperament, and expressive of the tone of feeling that has been

for ages predominant. The upper class are a different race—a race who possess no national music ; or, if any, one essentially different from that of Ireland.

They were insensible to its beauty, for it breathed not *their* feelings ; and they resigned it to those from whom they took everything else, because it was a jewel of whose worth they were ignorant. He, therefore, who would add to the stock of Irish melody must seek it, not in the halls of the great, but in the cabins of the poor. He must accept the frank hospitality of the peasant's humble hearth, or follow him as he toils at his daily labours ; but he must choose a season to do so—unlike the frightful Summer of 1822—when even “the song of sorrow” was only heard embodied with the song of death !

It is a great error to suppose that all the valuable melodies in Ireland have been gathered. I am satisfied—and I speak from experience, having for very many years been a zealous labourer in this way—I am satisfied that not the half of the ancient music of the country has yet been saved from the danger of extinction. What a loss would these be to the world ! How many moments of the most delightful enjoyment would be lost to thousands upon thousands, by the want of those most deeply touching strains. Dear music of my country ! I cannot speak of it without using the language of enthusiasm ; I cannot think of it without feeling my heart glow with tenderness and pride ! Well may Ireland exult in the possession of such strains ; but she will exult more when freedom shall bid her indulge the proud feelings that of right belong to her !

If the character of a people were to be judged by its national music—and is there a truer criterion !—where, in the world, would there be found a people of more intense sensibility—that sensibility, which, though it may, in its unconfined expansion, often exceed the limits within which cold prudence would confine it, is still the root of all genius, and the source of every generous feeling !

Could we suppose a being of another planet to come down to live among the inhabitants of this, ignorant of every language but music—that language of the heart—what strains would allure him like those of this green island ? In what

region would he be addressed with such eloquent language, whether of gaiety or tenderness, of sorrow or of joy, as in this bright land of song?

Alas for those who are insensible to its beauty! It is among them that the dull and ungenerous bigots will be found who spread poison in the land which they tread. Could music penetrate their stony hearts, the melodies of Ireland would make them weep for the ill they were the means of perpetuating on this unhappy island; and they would embrace that ill-treated people with a generous affection, anxious to make reparation for past injuries.

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### Misadventures of a Medical Student.

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BY RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

Richard Dalton Williams was one of the liveliest, gayest, and sweetest poets of the *Nation*. His first contribution to the poetry of that journal appeared in its thirteenth number, published on January 7th, 1843. It was a ringing war-song, intended to represent the spirit of the Munster clans when uniting and rising against the English in the year 1190. No finer poem of its kind exists in our modern Irish literature. He continued, up to the year 1848, when the crash came, to contribute at frequent intervals poems on a variety of subjects and pitched in many moods; there were fiery battle pieces, glowing appeals to the rising enthusiasm of the people, some pieces expressive of tenderer emotions, and several light-hearted and humorous compositions, amongst which his "Misadventures of a Medical Student" occupy a foremost place. The author was himself a medical student when he sent to the press those amusing compositions, which, appearing as they did in the columns of a high-pressure political journal, and affording a pleasant sort of contrast to hot speeches and fiery articles, were all the more enjoyed. A collection of his poems, with a memoir of the author, has been published at the *Nation* office.

There's a tavern off Westmoreland-street, near Robinson and Bussell's,

Where I often took the wrinkles from my epigastric muscles,  
And sometimes brought a friend or two right valiantly to join  
In a foray on the "Natives" or a jousting with Sir Loin;  
And oft I condescended with my solemn host to chatter  
Of steam-engines and rattle-snakes, or any other matter.

I glanced at apple-dumplings, monster-meetings, civil wars,  
 Ham sandwiches, geology, the Oregon, the stars,  
 Hydropathy, the Puseyites, the newspapers, and soup,  
 And gave himself advice for gout, his child the same for croup.  
 I blarneyed him, I plastered him, I stuck it on in lumps,  
 I said he was a "roarer," and the emperor of trumps;  
 And I called him, while he boarded me respectably on tick,  
 The quintessence concentrated of a sublimated brick.  
 At length (misguided man!) unpleasant messages were sent  
 Most annoying to the feelings—that is, pocket—of a gent,  
 Containing innuendoes about—damn it!—about the rent.  
 To think that I, who spend my cash on science and experiment,  
 Would pay for vulgar food's enough to wake a stoic's merri-  
 ment.

I quoted much in learned tongues from many an ancient oracle,  
 And poured upon mine host a flood of logic oratorical,  
 To prove that *his* the debt had been, and *I* had been the loser;  
 Where to he only answered me, "By Jingo—but that's new,  
 sir."

(Vile wretch, before posterity I'll be his soul's accuser.)  
 In wrath I, somewhat rashly, drew a scalpel from my pocket  
 To amputate his humerus directly at the socket;  
 But slips belong unhappily to surgery and dancing,  
 I stumbled on an orange-peel while hastily advancing,  
 And only slightly wounded, through his "ready-made" habili-  
 ments,

Some intercostohumeralcutaneous nervous filaments;  
 And then he called a gentleman in deep cerulean blue,  
 With cabalistic symbols on his brodered collar too.  
 What!—a minstrel of the *Nation*—therefore one of "nature's  
 nobles"—

To be sent, with knights and aldermen, and other prosy snobs,  
 For malt arrears, to Jericho—although, did Guinness know it,  
 He'd bring me here his finest beer, and never charge a poet.

I stood in the Insolvent Court—not one of all my friends,  
 To save my soul from Newgate, as security attends;  
 Though when I revelled gloriously on hock and venison pie,  
 The deuce a one in Dublin had so many friends as I.  
 Yet I thought that the indignant court would strike away the  
 . . . . .fetter

That my creditor, in malice, wove to chain his guileless debtor,  
 And would adjudge that I, to meet a schedule pretty full,  
 Had rather more than plenty in a thorax and a skull.  
 Besides—I thank *post mortems*—I also claim as mine,  
 A heart, and lungs, and liver, in a jar of spirits of wine;



And curious little monsters from the Niger and the Ganges,  
 An alderman's intestines, and a pickpocket's phalanges.  
 As these were all my assets, save a scapula and carpus,  
 I sang the following melody to soothe opposing harpies :—

“ I give thee all, I can no more,  
 Though poor the offering be ;  
 My heart and lungs are all my store,  
 And these I give to thee.  
 A heart where dilatation and  
 Hypertrophy are seen,  
 And lungs with countless tubercles  
 Upon them and between.”

They listened to my eloquence ; but yet, 'tis very odd,  
 They sent me ignominiously, the savages, to quod.  
 Farewell to Poupart's ligament, the brain, and cæliac axis,  
 The lancet and the tourniquet, the cannula and taxis !  
 Adieu St. Vincent's, Dun's, the Meath, obstetrical diameters !  
 I'm left alone, in quod to groan, or howl my own hexameters,  
 And muse upon a law like this, so dolorously funny,  
 That takes away my liberty because I haven't money.  
 I could work before they quodded me, but devil a thing at all  
 Can a fellow do in prison but apostrophise the wall ;  
 But I'm not without some distant hope of bettering my fate ;  
 And my hope, like many another's, is built upon the grate—  
 No fire it has to solace me, but, better far, I knew  
 That one of the detective force was always up the flue.  
 So, as I ever like to have a little quiet fun,  
 I sat me down beside the hob, and, having first begun  
 To damn the Court Insolvent for refusing my petition,  
 I projected up the chimney a Vesuvius of sedition ;  
 Especially on railway wars I came it very strong,  
 And then I sang, extempore, a treasonable song,  
 Particularly lauding in the chorus of my lays  
 A pyrotechnic plan to set the Liffey in a blaze ;  
 And my melody, no doubt of it, was sweet as Hybla's dew  
 To the tympanum detective of the “ crusher” in the flue.  
 And now I'm hoping constantly—I trust not without reason—  
 To be put upon my trial for sedition or high treason,  
 And thus at once win martyrdom and Richmond country air .  
 By means of “ a delusion, a mockery, and a snare” ;  
 But it very much depends upon the Alphabetic\* liver

\* The Attorney-General who conducted the State prosecutions against the Repealers was popularly known by the cognomen of “Alphabet Smtib,” in allusion to the number of initial letters which he prefixed to his name.

Whether he'll believe or not the quiz about the river.  
 Perhaps, if his digestion's good, he'll be a little sceptical,  
 But men will snap at anything when surly and dyspeptical.  
 So here I stay imploring all the consonants and vowels  
 To constipate imperviously the Alphabetic bowels ;  
 And should the fates decree him "*dura ilia messorum*,"  
 I confidently hope to stand ere long arraigned before him,  
 Accused of "foul conspiracy"—God knows, perhaps to shatter  
 The Pigeon-House with lollypop, or capture Stoneybatter.  
 Unless, indeed, *ad interim*, the fortune-telling benchers  
 Adjudicate to stop at once my breath and misadventures.

### The Proscribed Flag.

BY JOHN CHARLES WATERS, ESQ., M.D.

No flag have we by land or sea,  
 Where'er a nation's flag should be !  
 No galley bears it by the shore—  
 It floats no marshalled squadron o'er ;  
 Yet 'tis not that our pride is dead—  
 It is not that our love is fled  
 From its allegiance to the land,  
 But oh ! our Irish Flag is banned.

Banned by traitor and by knave—  
 Banned the struggle of the brave—  
 Banned of Irish earth and air—  
 The flag which fluttered everywhere,  
 From morning dawn till evening's smile,  
 Within the compass of our isle.  
 Alas ! alas ! our fallen land—  
 The emblem of our freedom's banned.

The herdsman watched its blaze of gold  
 Afar upon our hills unrolled—  
 The Druid at his evening pray'r  
 Beheld it flutter in the air—  
 The Bard with wildest song flushed high  
 While yet it swept in grandeur by—  
 And Kern and Chieftain kept our land  
 Before that ancient Flag was banned.

In battle long our tyrants saw  
Its sheen in spite of wile or law ;  
From many an Irish rampart still  
It flew through days of gathering ill—  
Flew while the Norman and the Dane  
Fled fast with all their routed train  
Across the valleys of our land  
Before the Flag that now is banned.

On many a woeful field since then  
Has poured the blood of Irishmen,  
And to the headlong charge they led,  
'A myriad foes before them fled ;  
But oh ! the stranger reaped the spoil  
Of all their blood and all their toil,  
And spurned the merit of our land,  
Because our native Flag was banned.

O blessed the eyes that yet once more  
Shall meet its flash, as, waving o'er  
The tramping ranks of marshalled men,  
'Tis flung to battle winds again.  
O blessed the hand that guards it there—  
O blessed the sword that hand shall bear,  
As once again through all our land  
We lift the Flag our tyrants banned.

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### Ancient Irish Learning.

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(From O'Curry's Lectures on the "Manuscript Materials of Irish History.")

IN Ireland it is deeply to be regretted that as yet we have not at all adequately explored the numerous valuable monuments, and the great abundance of national records, which have been bequeathed to us by our Celtic ancestors. But if in our days the language, history, and traditions of our country and our race are not prized by Irishmen as they ought to be, we know that this has not been always the case. Even a limited acquaintance with our manuscript records will suffice to show us how the national poet, the historian,

and the musician, as well as the man of excellence in any other of the arts or sciences, were cherished and honoured. We find them, indeed, from a very early period placed in a position not merely of independence, but even of elevated rank; and their persons and property declared inviolate, and protected specially by the law. Thus, an *Ollamh* or Doctor in *Fíledecht*,\* when ordained by the king or chief—for such is the expression used on the occasion—was entitled to rank next in precedence to the monarch himself at table. He was not permitted to lodge, or accept refection when on his travels, at the house of anyone below the rank of a *Flaith*.† He—that is, the *Ollamh*—was allowed a standing income of “twenty-one cows and their grass” in the chieftain’s territory, besides ample refectations for himself and for his attendants, to the number of twenty-four; including his subordinate tutors, his advanced pupils, and his retinue of servants. He was entitled to have two hounds and six horses. He was, besides, entitled to a singular privilege within his territory—that of conferring a temporary sanctuary from injury or arrest, by carrying his wand, or having it carried, around or over the person or place to be protected. His wife also enjoyed certain other valuable privileges; and similar privileges were accorded to all the degrees of the legal, historical, musical, and poetic art below him, according to their rank.

Similar rank and emoluments, again, were awarded to the

\* It is very difficult to find an adequate translation in the English language for the words *filídecht* (pronounced nearly “filídecht”—the *ch* guttural), and *filí* (which is pronounced nearly “filley”). The word *Filí* (the reader will observe the pronunciation) is commonly rendered by the English word “Poet”; but it was, in fact, the general name applied to a Scholar in or a Professor of Literature and Philosophy; the art of composition in verse, or “Poetry,” being included under the former. Perhaps the best general name to represent the *Filí* would be that of “Philosopher,” in the Greek sense of the word; but the term would be too vague as it is understood in modern English.

† The *flaith* (now pronounced nearly “Flah”) was a Noble, or Landlord-Chief; a class in the ancient Irish community in many respects analogous to the Noble class in Germany, or in France before the Revolution of 1789; though the rights and privileges of the ancient Irish were by no means those of the Feudal Law of the Continent, which never prevailed in any form in ancient Erin.

*Senachaidhe*,\* or Historian ; so that in this very brief reference you will already obtain some idea of the honour and respect which were paid to the national literature and traditions in the persons of those who were in ancient times looked on as their guardians from age to age. And surely, by the Irishman of the present day it ought to be felt an imperative duty, which he owes to his country not less than to himself, to learn something at least of her history, her literature, and her antiquities, and, as far as existing means will allow, to ascertain for himself what her position was in past times, when she had a name and a civilisation, a law and life of her own.

Amongst the large quantities of MS. records which have come down to our times will be found examples of the literature of very different periods in our history. Some, as there is abundant evidence to prove, possess a degree of antiquity very remarkable, indeed, when compared with the similar records of other countries of modern Europe. Others again have been compiled within still recent times. Those MSS. which we now possess belonging to the earliest periods are themselves, we have just reason to believe, either in great part or in the whole, but transcripts of still more ancient works.

At what period in Irish history written records began to be kept it is, perhaps, impossible to determine at present with precision. However, the national traditions assign a very remote antiquity and a high degree of cultivation to the civilisation of our Pagan ancestors.

Without granting to such traditions a greater degree of credibility than they are strictly entitled to, it must, I think, be admitted that the immense quantity of historical, legendary, and genealogical matter relating to the pagan age of ancient Erin, and which we can trace to the very oldest written documents of which we yet retain any account, could only have been transmitted to our times by some form of written record.

Passing over those earlier periods, however, for the present,

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\* *Seánachaidhe* (now pronounced nearly "Shanchie") was the Historian or Antiquarian, and, in his character of Reciter, also the Story-Teller.

and first directing our inquiries to an era in our history of which we possess copious records (though one already far removed from modern times), it may be found most convenient that I should ask your attention at the opening of this course of lectures to the probable state of learning in Erin about the period of the introduction of Christianity by St Patrick.

There is abundant evidence in the MSS. relating to this period [(the authority and credibility of which will be fully proved to you), to show that Saint Patrick found on his coming to Erin a regularly defined system of law and policy, and a fixed classification of the people according to various grades and ranks, under the sway of a single monarch, presiding over certain subordinate provincial kings.

We find mention likewise of books in the possession of the Druids before the arrival of Saint Patrick; and it is repeatedly stated (in the Tripartite Life of the saint) that he placed primers or lessons in the Latin language in the hands of those whom he wished to take into his ministry.

We have also several remarkable examples of the literary eminence which was rapidly attained by many of his disciples, amongst whom may be particularly mentioned *Benén* or *Benignus*; *Moche*; and *Fiacc*, or *Slebhité*, or *Sletty*. This last is the author of a biographical poem on the Life of the Apostle in the Gaelic language, a most ancient copy of which still exists, and which bears internal evidence of a high degree of perfection in the language at the time at which it was composed. And it is unquestionably in all respects a genuine and native production, quite untinged with the Latin or any other foreign contemporary style or idiom.

There are besides many other valuable poems and other compositions referable to this period which possess much of the same excellence, though not all of equal ability; and among these are even a few still extant, attributed, and with much probability, to Dubthach (now pronounced "Duvach") Ua Lugair, chief poet of the monarch Laeghaire (pron. nearly as "Layry"), who was uncle, on the mother's side, and preceptor of the Fiacc just mentioned. ♪

It is to be remarked here that, in dealing with these early periods of Irish history, the inquirer of the present day has to contend with difficulties of a more than ordinary kind. Our isolated position prevented the contemporary chroniclers of other countries from giving to the affairs of ancient Eriam anything more than a passing notice ; while many causes have combined to deprive us of much of the light which the works of our own annalists would have thrown on the passing events of their day in the rest of Europe.

The first and chief of these causes was the destruction and mutilation of so many ancient writings during the Danish occupation of Eriam ; for we have it on trustworthy record, that those hardy and unscrupulous adventurers made it a special part of their savage warfare to tear, burn, and *drown* (as it is expressed) all books and records that came to their hands in the sacking of churches and monasteries, and the plundering of the habitations of the chiefs and nobles. And that they destroyed them, and did not take them away, as some have thought (contrary to the evidence of our records), is confirmed by the fact that not a fragment of any such manuscripts has as yet been found among the collections of ancient records in Copenhagen, Stockholm, or any of the other great northern repositories of antiquities that we are acquainted with.

Another, and, we may believe, the chief cause, was the occurrence of the Anglo-Norman invasion so soon after the expulsion of the Danes, and the sinister results which it produced upon the literary as well as upon all the other interests of the country. The protracted conflicts between the natives and their invaders were fatal not only to the vigorous resumption of the study of our language, but also to the very existence of a great part of our ancient literature. The old practice of reproducing our ancient books, and adding to them a record of such events as had occurred from the period of their first compilation, as well as the composition of new and independent works, was almost altogether suspended. And thus our national literature received a fatal check at the most important period of its development,

and at a time when the mind of Europe was beginning to expand under the influence of new impulses.

Again, the discovery of printing at a subsequent period made works in other languages so much more easy of access than those transcribed by hand in the Irish tongue, that this also may have contributed to the farther neglect of native compositions.

Aided by the new political rule under which the country, after a long and gallant resistance, was at length brought, these and similar influences banished, at last, almost the possibility of cultivating the Gaedhlic literature and learning. The long-continuing insecurity of life and property drove out the native chiefs and gentry, or gradually changed their minds and feelings—the class which had ever before supplied liberal patrons of the national literature.

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### The Bishop of Ross.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

A.D. 1650.

They led him to the peopled wall—

“Thy sons,” they said, “are those within !  
If at thy word their standards fall,  
Thy life and freedom thou shalt win !”

Then spake the warrior bishop old :

“Remove those chains, that I may bear  
My crozier staff and stole of gold ;  
My judgment then will I declare.”

They robed him in his robes of state ;

They set the mitre on his head :  
On tower and gate was silence great :  
The hearts that loved him froze with dread.

He spake : “Right holy is your strife !

Fight for your country, king,\* and faith :

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\* Charles the First.



I taught you to be true in life :  
I teach you to be true in death.

“A priest apart by God is set  
To offer prayer and sacrifice ;  
And he is sacrificial yet,  
The pontiff for his flock who dies ”

Ere yet he fell, his hand on high  
He raised, and benediction gave ;  
Then sank in death, content to die  
Thy great heart, Erin, was his grave.

### The Exodus

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By Rev. J. Butler, in the *Nation*, April 21, 1870.

They are going, they are going where Missouri waves are  
flowing,  
Where the waving crops are growing for the tiller of the soil ;  
Where the light of Justice beameth, and the sword of Justice  
gleameth,  
And good fortune ever seemeth as attendant upon toil.

Far from Erin they are flying, where their fathers' bones are  
lying,  
Where Atlantic's waves are sighing round her desolated shore ;  
Where the streams of care are welling round each simple pea-  
sant's dwelling,  
And the bravest hearts are swelling with the sorrow at their  
core.

There are parents fond, endearing ; there are scenes yet bright  
and cheering ;  
But an evil star is peering o'er the dwellings of our isle—  
O'er the cot amidst the bushes where the shining river rushes,  
Where the sparkling fountain gushes like a heart that has no  
guile.

They are leaving home for ever ; and the fondest kindred sover ;  
And the light of joy shall never brightly beam upon their  
breast.

Though the freeman's flag is o'er them, and a life of peace before  
them,

Yet the mother fond who bore them sighs with sorrow in the  
West.

Let them go ! may Heaven speed them ! be a blessed lot decreed  
them ;

But if Ireland e'er shall need them, may they hasten o'er the  
sea ;

May the loving hearts that slumbered, by the weight of grief  
encumbered,

Beat for Erin's woes unnumbered, and return to set her free !

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### O'Connell on the Union.

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In the same year in which the Union came into effect, O'Connell made his first speech against it. Ten years afterwards, in the Corn Exchange, Dublin, at a public meeting, he inveighed against that ruinous measure in a splendid oration, from which we take the following instructive and interesting extract :—

THE Union, sir, was a violation of our national and inherent rights ; a flagrant injustice. The representatives whom we had elected for the short period of eight years had no authority to dispose of their country for ever. It cannot be pretended that any direct or express authority to that effect was given to them, and the nature of their delegation excludes all idea of their having any such by implication. They were the servants of the nation, empowered to consult for its good ; not its masters, to traffic and dispose of it at their fantasy or for their profit. I deny that the nation itself had a right to barter its independence, or to commit political suicide ; but when our servants destroyed our existence as a nation, they added to the baseness of assassina-

tion all the guilt of high treason. The reasoning upon which those opinions are founded is sufficiently obvious. They require no sanction from the authority of any name ; neither do I pretend to give them any weight by declaring them to be conscientiously my own ; but if you want authority to induce the conviction that the Union had injustice for its principle, and a crime for its basis, I appeal to that of his Majesty's present Attorney-General, Mr. Saurin, who in his place in the Irish Parliament pledged his character as a lawyer and a statesman that the Union must be a violation of every moral principle, and that it was a mere question of prudence whether it should not be resisted by force. I also appeal to the opinions of the late Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. George Ponsonby ; of the present Solicitor-General, Mr. Bushe ; and of that splendid lawyer, Mr. Plunket. The Union was therefore a manifest injustice, and it continues to be unjust at this day ; it was a crime, and must be still criminal, unless it shall be ludicrously stated that crime, like wine, improves by old age, and that time mollifies injustice into innocence. You may smile at the supposition, but in sober sadness you must be convinced that we daily suffer injustice ; that every succeeding day adds only another sin to the catalogue of British vice ; and that if the Union continues it will only make the crime hereditary and injustice perpetual. We have been robbed, my countrymen, most foully robbed of our birthright, of our independence ; may it not be permitted us mournfully to ask how this consummation of evil was perfected ? For it was not in any disastrous battle that our liberties were struck down ; no foreign invader had despoiled the land ; we have not forfeited our country by any crimes ; neither did we lose it by any domestic insurrection ; no, the rebellion was completely put down before the Union was accomplished ; the Irish militia and the Irish yeomanry had put it down. How, then, have we become enslaved ? Alas ! England, that ought to have been to us a sister and a friend—England, whom we had loved, and fought, and bled for—England, whom we have protected, and whom we do protect—England, at a period when out of 100,000 of the seamen in her service 70,000 were Irish, England stole upon us like a thief in the night, and robbed us

of the precious gem of our liberty; she stole from us "that in which naught enriched her, but made us poor indeed." Reflect, then, my friends, on the means employed to effect this disastrous measure. I do not speak of the meaner instruments of bribery and corruption. We all know that everything was put to sale—nothing profane or sacred was omitted in that Union mart. Offices in the revenue, commands in the army and navy, the sacred ermine of justice, and the holy altars of God, were all profaned and polluted as the rewards of Union services. By a vote in favour of the Union, ignorance, incapacity, and profligacy obtained certain promotion; and our ill-fated but beloved country was degraded to her utmost limits before she was transfixed in slavery. But I do not intend to detain you in the contemplation of those vulgar means of parliamentary success—they are within the daily routine of official management; neither will I direct your attention to the frightful recollection of that avowed fact, which is now part of history, that the rebellion itself was fomented and encouraged in order to facilitate the Union. Even the rebellion was an accidental and a secondary cause; the real cause of the Union lay deeper, but it was quite obvious—it is to be found at once in the religious dissensions which the enemies of Ireland have created, and continued, and seek to perpetuate amongst ourselves, by telling us off and separating us into wretched sections and miserable subdivisions. They separated the Protestant from the Catholic, and the Presbyterian from both; they revived every antiquated cause of domestic animosity, and invented new pretexts of rancour; but, above all, my countrymen, they belied and calumniated us to each other; they falsely declared that we hated each other; and they continued to repeat that assertion until we came to believe it; they succeeded in producing all the madness of party and religious distinctions; and whilst we were lost in the stupor of insanity, they plundered us of our country, and left us to recover at our leisure from the horrid delusion into which we had been so artfully conducted. Such, then, were the means by which the Union was effectuated. It has stripped us of commerce and wealth, it has degraded us, and deprived us not only of our station as a nation, but even of the name of our country. We are governed by

foreigners—foreigners make our laws ; for were the hundred members who nominally represent Ireland in what is called the Imperial Parliament—were they really our representatives, what influence could they, although unbought and unanimous, have over the 558 English and Scotch members? But what is the fact? Why, that out of the hundred, such as they are, that sit for this country, more than one-fifth know nothing of us, and are unknown to us. What, for example, do we know of Andrew Strahan, printer to the king? What can Henry Martin, barrister-at-law, care for the rights and liberties of Irishmen? Some of us may, perhaps, for our misfortune, have been compelled to read a verbose pamphlet of James Stevens, but who knows anything of one Crile, one Hughan, one Cackin, or of a dozen more whose names I could mention only because I have discovered them for the purpose of speaking to you about them? What sympathy can we, in our sufferings, expect from these men? what solicitude for our interests? what are they to Ireland, or Ireland to them? No, Mr. Sheriff, we are not represented; we have no effectual share in the legislation; the thing is a mere mockery; neither is the Imperial Parliament competent to legislate for us; it is too unwieldy a machine to legislate with discernment for England alone; but with respect to Ireland it has all the additional inconveniences that arise from want of interest and total ignorance. It is useless to detain the meeting longer in detailing the miseries that the Union has produced, or in pointing out the necessity that exists for its repeal. I have never met any man who did not deplore this fatal measure which had despoiled his country; nor do I believe that there is a single individual in the island who could be found even to pretend approbation of that measure. I would be glad to see the face of the man, or rather of the beast, who could dare to say he thought the Union wise or good—for the being who could say so must be devoid of all the feelings that distinguish humanity. With the knowledge that such were the sentiments of the universal Irish nation, how does it happen that the Union has lasted for ten years? The solution of the question is easy—the Union continued only because we despaired of its repeal. Upon this despair alone has it con-

tinued—yet what could be more absurd than such despair ? If the Irish sentiment be but once known—if the voice of six millions be raised from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway—if the men most remarkable for their loyalty to their king and attachment to constitutional liberty will come forward as the leaders of the public voice, the nation would, in an hour, grow too great for the chains that now shackle you, and the Union must be repealed without commotion and without difficulty. Let the most timid amongst us compare the present probability of repealing the Union with the prospect that in the year 1795 existed of that measure being ever brought about. Who in 1785 thought a Union possible ? Pitt dared to attempt it, and he succeeded ; it only requires the resolution to attempt its repeal ; in fact, it requires only to entertain the hope of repealing it, to make it impossible that the Union should continue ; but that pleasing hope could never exist while the infernal dissensions on the score of religion were kept up. The Protestant alone could not expect to liberate his country—the Roman Catholic alone could not do it—neither could the Presbyterian—but amalgamate the three into the Irishman, and the Union is repealed. Learn discretion from your enemies—they have crushed your country by fomenting religious discord ; serve her by abandoning it for ever. Let each man give up his share of the mischief ; let every man forsake every feeling of rancour. I say not this to barter with you, my countrymen. I require no equivalent from you ; whatever course you shall take, my mind is fixed. I trample under foot the Catholic claims, if they can interfere with the repeal ; I abandon all wish for emancipation, if it delays the repeal. Nay, were Mr. Percival to-morrow to offer me the repeal of the Union upon the terms of re-enacting the penal code, I declare from my heart, and in the presence of my God, that I would most cheerfully embrace his offer. Let us, then, my beloved countrymen, sacrifice our wicked and groundless animosities on the altar of our country ; let that spirit which heretofore, emanating from Dungannon, spread all over the island, and gave light and liberty to the land, be again cherished amongst us ; let us rally round the standard of old Ireland, and we shall easily procure that greatest of political bles-

sings, an Irish King, an Irish House of Lords, and an Irish House of Commons.

### O'Neill in Rome.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

Hugh O'Neill, after his flight to Rome, continued for some years to nurse a hope that another movement for freedom might be attempted in Ireland. He knew that all over the Continent there were at that time many valiant Irish officers and soldiers who held the same hope, and who were making preparations to realise it; and he had reason to think that aid from some powerful quarters would be forthcoming. His expectations and their plans were not unknown to the English Government, who had spies watching those Irishmen everywhere. One of those informants, writing from Rome to a person in London, gave the following account of O'Neill's condition and habits: "Though a man would think that he is an old man by sight: no, he is lusty and strong, and well able to travel; for, a month ago, at evening, when his frere and his gentlemen were all with him, they were talking of England and Ireland, and he drew out his sword. 'His Majesty,' said he, 'thinks that I am not strong. I would that he who hates me most in England were with me to see whether I am strong or no.' Those that were by said, 'We would we were with forty thousand pounds of money in Ireland, to see what we should do.'" Another informant, writing to the king, says he has learned "that Tyrone, whilst he is his own man, is always much reserved, pretending ever his desire of your Majesty's grace, and by that means to adoperate his return to his country; but when he is *vino plenus et ira*, as he is commonly once a night, and therein is *veritas*, he doth then declare his resolute purpose to die in Ireland, and both he and his company doth usually in that mood dispose of governments and provinces, and make new commonwealths." Those documents will be found in full in Father Meehan's valuable work, "The Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell." The following poem, suggested by those circumstances in the life of the exiled chieftain, is also published in the same work:—

Where yellow Tiber's waters flow,  
Within the seven-hilled city's bound,  
An aged chief, with footsteps slow,  
Moves sadly o'er the storied ground;  
Or, from his palace window panes,  
Looks out upon the matchless dome,  
The ruins grand, the glorious fanes,  
That stud the soil of holy Rome.

But, oh ! for Ireland far away—  
 For Ireland in the western sea !  
 The chieftain's heart is there to-day ;  
 And there, in truth, he fain would be.

On every side the sweet bells ring,  
 And faithful people bend in pray'r ;  
 Sweet hymns, that angel choirs might sing,  
 And loud hosannas, fill the air.  
 His place is with the princely crowd,  
 Amidst the noblest and the best ;  
 His large, white head is lowly bowed ;  
 His hands are clasped before his breast.  
 But, oh ! for Ireland far away—  
 For Ireland, dear, with all her ills—  
 For Mass in fair Tyrone to day,  
 Amid the circling Irish hills !

Kind friends are round him—pious freres,  
 And pastors of Christ's mystic fold ;  
 The holy Pope, 'mid many cares,  
 For him has blessings, honours, gold ;  
 Grave fathers, speaking words of balm,  
 Bid him forget the bygone strife,  
 And spend, resigned in holy calm,  
 The years that close a noble life.  
 But, oh ! for Ireland ! there again  
 The grand old chieftain fain would be,  
 'Midst glittering spears, on hill or plain,  
 To charge for Faith and Liberty !

His fellow exiles—men who bore,  
 With him, the brunt of many a fight—  
 Talk past and future chances o'er,  
 Around his table grouped at night.  
 While speeds each tale of grief or glee,  
 With tears their furrowed cheeks are wet ;  
 And oft they rise and vow to see  
 A glorious day in Ireland yet.  
 And, oh ! for Ireland o'er the main—  
 For Ireland, where they yet shall be,  
 Since Irish braves, in France and Spain,  
 Have steel and gold to set her free.

He sits, abstracted, by the board ;  
 Old scenes are pictured in his brain—



Banburb ! Armagh ! the Yellow Ford !—  
 He fights and wins them o'er again.  
 Again he sees fierce Bagnal fall ;  
 Sees craven Essex basely yield ;  
 Meets armoured Segrave, gaunt and tall,  
 And leaves him lifeless on the field.  
 But, oh ! for Ireland—there once more  
 To rouse the true men of the land,  
 And proudly bear, from shore to shore,  
 The banner of the "Blood-red Hand" !

And when the wine within him plays,  
 Bold, hopeful words the chief will speak ;  
 He draws his shining sword, and says :  
 " The King of England deems me weak !  
 Ah, would the Englishman were nigh  
 That hates me most—my deadliest foe—  
 To cross his sword with mine, and try  
 If this right arm be weak or no !"  
 But, oh ! for Ireland, where good swords  
 And valiant arms are needed most,  
 To fall on England's cruel hordes,  
 And sweep them from the Irish coast !

Years come and go ; but, while they roll,  
 His limbs grow weak, his eyes grow dim ;  
 The hopes die out that buoyed his soul ;  
 War's mighty game is closed for him.  
 Before him from the earth have passed  
 Friends, kinsmen, comrades true and brave ;  
 And well he knows he nears, at last,  
 His place of rest—a foreign grave !  
 But, oh ! for Ireland far away—  
 For Irish love and holy zeal ;  
 Oh for a grave in Irish clay,  
 To wrap the heart of HUGH O'NEIL !

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PHYSICAL QUALITIES OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.—Yet surely  
 they are very valiant and hardie, for the most part great en-  
 durers of colde, labor, hunger, and all hardinesse, very  
 active and strong of hand, very swift of foot, very vigilant  
 and circumspect in their enterprises, very present in perils,  
 very great scorers of death.—*Spenser's View of the State of  
 Ireland.*

## The Marriage of Florence MacCarthy More.

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(From "MacCarthy More ; or, The Fortunes of an Irish Chief in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth." By Mrs. J. Sadlier.)

The marriage scene related in the following extract from one of the works of Mrs. Sadlier is a historical incident. To prevent the union of Florence MacCarthy Reagh with the daughter of The MacCarthy More, the political advisers of Queen Elizabeth had exercised their utmost ingenuity. They had reason to fear that Florence MacCarthy was about to cast in his fortune with the cause for which Hugh O'Neill was then in arms ; and as this union, by placing Florence at the head of the two great branches of the MacCarthy family, would render him a formidable enemy, they determined to prevent it if they could. The marriage, which was solemnised under the circumstances here detailed, was treated as an act of treason by Elizabeth's Government. Husband and wife, and mother-in-law, and other members of both families, were arrested immediately on the news of the event becoming known, and Florence MacCarthy spent the remainder of his life in the Tower of London :—

LADY ELLEN was sitting by a window in a musing attitude, but there was an angry flush on her cheek which did not escape her mother's keen scrutiny.

"Aileen !" said she in Irish—in which language they generally spoke to each other—"Aileen, my child, Florence MacCarthy wishes to pay a visit to Muckruss Abbey while here. We shall go this evening. The moon is at her full to-night, and we shall sail over after the evening meal."

"As you will, my lady mother !" said Ellen, carelessly.

"Aileen," said her mother, "how is this ? Methought it would give you pleasure, this sail on the lake by moonlight—in such good company !" she added, significantly.

"You are ever thoughtful for me, mother," the young lady replied, in a softened voice. "I desire no better company than yours and O'Sullivan More's."

"Aileen ! Aileen ! beware !" said the countess, solemnly and sadly. "Our last chance is lost if you turn *his* heart away. He is well affected towards you now, but his mind may change if he find you cold and careless. You are mad,

mad, mad, if you do not thankfully accept the deliverance that God hath placed within your reach, for me, for your father, for *Clan Carthy—for the Geraldines!*" she added, with stern emphasis, as she quitted the room.

After her mother's departure, Ellen sat long in the same attitude; it were hard to define the expression of her face, and so her faithful Una thought as she anxiously observed her. She was evidently debating some point in her own mind, the same angry flush on her cheek, the same cloud lowering on her brow. At length she started from her reverie.

"I will go," she said, "but not on his account. Since he is so easily put off, I will o'en show him that I *am* otherwise disposed." She smiled as she met Una's anxious eyes, and going up to her, patted her on the head, where she sat at work. "You must use your best skill, little Una, to deck me as becomes MacCarthy's daughter. Bring forth my kirtle of sea-green taffety. I would look my best to-day—not for love," she added in an undertone, "but for spite."

And she did look her best, when, as evening approached, she appeared before her mother, ready to descend to the hall. The Countess noted with an approving smile the change in her daughter's apparel.

"How passing fair my child is!" she murmured low to herself, as they descended to the banqueting-hall, at the entrance of which they were met by MacCarthy and O'Sullivan, who conducted them to their seats on the dais. The same feeling of admiration was expressed in the eloquent glance of Florence, but the lady, proud and cold, appeared to notice it not.

With music and mirth the moments lightly sped while the meal went on. Never had Egan of the Harps called from the silver strings more joyous strains; the praises of the O'Sullivans and MacCarthys mingled in his song; and the gentles above, and the retainers below, were alike inspired by his minstrelsy. Even the Countess was less grave than usual. Lady Ellen alone refused to smile, and O'Sullivan, with the privilege of an old friend, bantered the fair girl on her maidenly modesty, as he doubtless deemed it.

When the first moonbeams came streaming into the hall through the splayed loopholes, the Countess and Florence

rose simultaneously, and the Countess whispered to her daughter that it was time to go, if they would have the best of the moonlight. O'Sullivan, who had been pledging Mac-Finan across the table, drained his goblet hastily, and declared his willingness to join the party.

"Though I must own, Countess," he pleasantly said, "I were better pleased to go by daylight. It is a lonesome place, that same Irrelagh, now that the monks are gone, and only the dead dwelling in the old abbey."

"No need to go in," replied the lady with a calm smile. "We may even land, and there will be enough of us in the boat to make good company."

Some of the gentlemen looked as though they would fain have joined the party, gathering its destination from O'Sullivan's words, but unasked they might not intrude themselves on such a company, and so they were fain to content themselves with toasting the ladies of Clancarthy in the Spanish wine that sparkled in huge methers on the board, as the retainers did in the less costly usquebaugh provided for their delectation.

Meanwhile our party sailed out into the Lower Lake, the boat guided by a skilful hand through the rocks and shoals at the head of the swift rolling Laune. Some half a dozen sturdy gallowglasses occupied one end of the boat, their battle-axes gleaming in the moonlight—such a guard was, in those stormy times, not alone one of honour, but one of prudence—while the lusty arms of four stalwart kerne impelled the light craft over the waters, now bright in the moonlight, now dark in the shade.

On sped the boat, and silence seemed to have fallen like a spell on the party, enhanced, as it were, by the more than earthly beauty of the scenes through which they glided, and the hushed repose of earth and air. The boatmen began all at once a low, plaintive song, to the measured cadence of which their oars kept time. Occasionally, too, was heard the shrill scream of the heron from the mountains above. These sounds served but to make the general hush of nature deeper still by contrast, and lent, therefore, a new charm to the scene.

Past Rabbit Island the boat glided,—past Innisfallen and

its ruined abbey, ruined like Muckruss and Aghaboe,\* not as yet by time, but by the ruthless soldiers of Henry the Eighth and his daughter Elizabeth ; past Ross Island, with its ancient stronghold of the O'Donoghoes ; past the mouth of Glens Bay, with "Dinis' green isle" seen dimly through the hazy moonlight—it was then that O'Sullivan's voice broke the silence.

"Had we but music on board," said he, "we might sail up the bay to the Eagle's Nest."

"Music need not be wanting," said Florence. "With permission of the Countess, I have brought Lady Ellen's lute ; it may be that she will favour us so far as to play somewhat. I dare not ask such grace, but you, Owen, she will scarce refuse."

"That I will answer for," said O'Sullivan, and the Countess, in a low voice, told her daughter at once to accede to the request.

Lady Ellen took the lute from the hand of Florence, though it must be owned with no gracious air, and while the boat glided up the narrow channel between

"Dinis' green isle and Glens's wooded shore,"

played a strain of the elder time, slow and simple, such as "Killarney's wild echoes" best repeat.

The air was a sad one, and as the fairy-like echoes caught it up, repeating it in every possible way, it seemed as though the spirits of the dead were wailing on every craggy steep above, and along the shadowed waters that lay beneath, dark as the river of death. While all listened, as if entranced, Lady Ellen stopped suddenly and laid down the lute ; her heart was sad that hour, she knew not why—sad and troubled—and her own mournful music was more than she could bear. Yet she could not, and would not, wake a livelier strain.

No one spoke, but Ellen felt the instrument drawn gently from her hand, and the next moment a bolder hand swept

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\* Three abbeys, for ages long in ruins, give a more mournful and solemn beauty to the magic scenes of Killarney. These are Aghaboe, on a high hill in sight of the Lower Lake ; Innisfallen, on the island of that name ; and Muckruss, or Irrelagh, on the peninsula of Muckruss.

its chords with a strange wild prelude that went ringing like the sound of many trumpets away among the rocks and mountains. Before the young lady had recovered from the first surprise, the strain was changed, and a wild, sweet Spanish air was floating on the night breeze, and breaking, in fitful snatches, from lonely caves where the echoes dwelt.

The air was the same that for months long had been haunting Ellen MacCarthy, and its every note woke an echo of gladness in her heart. But she said not a word. The Countess praised the air and asked what it was called. Florence answered that it was a Spanish serenado air, mentioning the name at the same time.

"Will you not play that air again, Florence?" whispered Lady Ellen.

Not only that air, but many others, Irish and Spanish, did Florence play, and the echoes answer, as the boat floated down the stream again towards the broad expanse of the Lower Lake. As it rounded the sharp headland at Otter's Point, and glided along under the dark woods of Muckruss toward the ancient Abbey of Irrelagh, the accomplished minstrel changed the lively "strain he had last played to a wild and mournful air that thrilled every heart—it was the funeral march of the Clan Caura, whose time-honoured burying-place they were approaching.

For a brief space the boat stopped when the abbey was in sight, solemn and mournful in the silence and decay to which the ruffian barbarism of English soldiers had consigned it for evermore.

Grand and stately was the music and full of woe, and as the oarsmen rested on their oars, and the gallowglasses raised their *barrads* in honour of the noble sleepers within the ruined pile, it seemed as if the voices of the dead MacCarthys rose, hollow and plaintive, from amid the tall ancestral trees that had for ages sheltered their last repose, joining in the solemn and familiar strain.

"Ellen," said Florence MacCarthy, laying down the lute, as the boat sped on again over the bright waters of Castle Lough Bay, where a castle of the MacCarthys stood on a small island, flinging its shadows far out into the bay; "Ellen, it is there, before the ruined shrine of Irrelagh, over

the ashes of our fathers, that I should wish to plight my faith to the fairest daughter of Clan Caura. Say, shall it so be?"

"It is a strange thought, Florence," replied Ellen, softly, "yet I mislike not the plan. But methinks it were well, before you talk in such wise, to speak with my lady mother anent the matter."

"I leave that to you, fair lady mine," said Florence pleasantly, and he laughed low to himself.

Two days after, when the moon was again shining on the desolate abbey walls in the last hours of night, a bridal party stood before the ruined shrine of Muckruss, where the altar still stood, defaced and broken. The light of day might not witness, in those evil times, the marriage of MacCarthy More's daughter to the son of one MacCarthy Reagh and the stepson of another—himself the lord of broad ancestral domains!

Few were the witnesses of that marriage, that in other times would have gathered together princes and chiefs, and lords and ladies, from more than one of the four provinces of Ireland. O'Sullivan More, MacFinan, the seneschal, and another young officer of the Earl's household, who was the Lady Ellen's foster-brother—these, with the Countess and Una O'Leary, were alone present. The friar, the Earl's chaplain, a man of venerable age, who said Mass and performed the ceremony, was one of those who, in the direful days of Henry the Eighth, was expelled from the abbey at the sword's point. It was, truly, a solemn and picturesque scene, suggestive of many a mournful reflection.

No bard played, no *clairseach* sounded, no clansman raised his joyous cheer, when the daughter of the Mac-Carthys and the Geraldines wedded her equally noble kinsman; no banner waved, no spear or battle-axe gleamed; only the pale moonlight streaming through the roofless aisle, and the sickly ray of two small tapers on the altar, illumined the strange scene. Amid the ghostly shadows of the ruined fane, in silence and in mystery, where their lordly fathers slept beneath, Lady Ellen became the wife of Florence MacCarthy.

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## The Taxman.

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BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

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*Taxo, taxeis, taxei, taxeton, taxomen, taxete, taxousi.*—*Greek Grammar.*

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A moon ago, one morning, as I tried to kill the blues  
By the fragrance of Manillas and elopements in the news,  
All suddenly the echo of a spurious double knock  
So startled me that both of them dropped from me at the  
shock ;

But my vinaigrette was near—it was near me, thank my stars,  
For my nerves are very weak from dissipation and cigars.  
I sank upon the cushions of a lounge, rich and thick  
(Like all my other furniture, I had it upon tack),  
'Till the valet brought me, grinningly, an oblong billet doux,  
With Queen Victoria's compliments, requesting one-pound-  
two—

By Parnassus, 'tis the taxman ; he hath called three times  
before—

“The phantom of the threshold”—the lion's at the door ;

“Say, Tom, I'm sick, or not at home, and won't be back at  
all.”

“So I told him, please your honour, but he wouldn't lave the  
hall.”

Well, then, thought I, soft solder must be given as before ;  
So I took a gentle stimulant, and hastened to the door,  
In my richest robe-de-chambre, and my Turkish slippers too,  
And my very blandest simper, I began with, “Ah—how do ?”  
But the taxman spake unto me, “Three times I've called in  
vain ;

By the Hokey you shall rue it if you make me call again.”

(*Mem.*—Probably this Hokey's he whom savage Muses sing—  
Of all the islands cannibal, the not unworthy king.)

And then the door he most melodramatically slammed—  
A fine emphatic pantomime, expressing “You be —.”

A week of doubt most terrible, of expectation dire,  
And again the phantom cometh, he cometh in his ire,  
And the taxman spake unto me, he spake with jeer and scoff,  
“Fork out the blunt instant, or I'll cant your chattels off.”



And thereto, besides, moreover, superadded he an oath,  
 But the Muse, unused to swearing, to repeat it here is loath—  
 The Muse, a pious virgin, never swears but when she's vexed—  
 So alas for future critics on this here most classic text !  
 Screw microscopic goggles on each philologic snout,  
 If the Muse won't tell you what he swore, you'll scarcely make  
 it out.

But, courage, future philomaths, and friends of lyric lore—  
 By Jingo—living Jingo—was the solemn oath he swore.  
 But who this awful Jingo is, none know, 'tis very odd ;  
 He, possibly, of taxmen is the tin-devouring god.  
 In vain to soothe the worshipper of Jingo I began—  
 "Dear sir, I'll tell my uncle, who's a very public man,  
 And whose ready generosity will gladly knuckle down  
 Whatever tin I ask him for, from a yellow to a brown ;  
 And if you call to-morrow, I, mayhap, shall tell you then!  
 What Sunday in the coming week you'd better call again."  
 Now t'he taxman spake *not* to me, but, with eccentric bound,  
 Like a bit of Indian-rubber uprose he from the ground,  
 And falling round the corner, from the horizon and from me,  
 Went off hopping like a chess-knight or intoxicated flea.  
 But many an imprecation flitted back on zephyr's wing—  
 By Jingo and by Hokey—by Hokey and by Jing :  
 And though I know he loves me so he'll surely come again,  
 With certain raw crustaceæ, most likely, in his train,  
 The phantom and his lobster host with calmness I shall view,  
 For my uncle above-mentioned has supplied the one-pound-two.

### The Exile's Request.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

#### I.

O pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off lands a sign,  
 Let it be some token still of the green old land once mine ;  
 A shell from the shores of Ireland would be dearer far to me  
 Than all the wines of the Rhine land, or the art of Italie.

#### II.

For I was born in Ireland—I glory in the name—  
 I weep for all her sorrows, I remember well her fame !  
 And still my heart must hope that I yet may repose at rest,  
 On the Holy Zion of my youth, in the Israel of the West.

## III.

Her beauteous face is furrowed with sorrow's streaming rains,  
 Her lovely limbs are mangled with slavery's ancient chains,  
 Yet, pilgrim, pass not over with heedless heart or eye  
 The island of the gifted, and of men who knew how to die.

## IV.

Like the summit of a fire-mount, all without is bleak and bare,  
 But a glow from within revealeth what fire and force is there ;  
 Even now in the heaving craters, far from the gazer's ken,  
 The fiery steel is forging that will crush her foes again.

## V.

Then, pilgrim, if you bring me from the far-off lands a sign,  
 Let it be some token still of the dear old land once mine ;  
 A shell from the shores of Ireland would be dearer far to me  
 Than all the wines of the Rhine land, or the art of Italie.

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## The Old Books of Erin.

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[From O'Curry's Lectures on the "Manuscript Materials of Irish History."]

Not only were the old Irish nobility, gentry, and people in general, lovers of their native language and literature, and patrons of literary men, but even the great Anglo-Norman nobles themselves who effected a permanent settlement among us appear from the first to have adopted what doubtless must have seemed to them the better manners, customs, language, and literature of the natives ; and not only did they munificently patronise their professors, but became themselves proficient in these studies ; so that the Geraldines, the Butlers, the Burkes, the Keatings, and others, thought, spoke, and wrote in the Gaedhlic, and stored their libraries with choice and expensive volumes in that language ; and they were reproached by their own compatriots with

having become "*ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*"—"more Irish than the Irish themselves." So great indeed was the value in those days set on literary and historical documents by chiefs and princes, that it has more than once happened that a much-prized MS. was the stipulated ransom of a captive noble, and became the object of a tedious warfare; and this state of things continued to exist for several centuries, even after the whole framework of Irish society was shaken to pieces by the successive invasions of the Danes, the Norsemen, and the Anglo-Normans, followed by the Elizabethan, Cromwellian, and Williamite wars and confiscations, and accompanied by the ever-increasing dissensions of the native princes among themselves, disunited as they were ever after the fall of the supreme monarchy at the close of the twelfth century.

With the dispersion of the native chiefs, not a few of the great books that had escaped the wreck of time were altogether lost to us; many followed the exiled fortunes of their owners; and not a few were placed in inaccessible security at home. Indeed, it may be said that after the termination of the great wars of the seventeenth century, so few and inaccessible were the examples of the old Gaedhlic literature, that it was almost impossible to acquire a perfect knowledge of the language in its purity.

With such various causes, active and long-continued, in operation to effect its destruction, there is reason for wonder that we should still be in possession of any fragments of the ancient literature of our country, however extensive it may once have been. And that it was extensive, and comprehended a wide range of subjects—justifying the expressions of the old writers who spoke of "*the hosts of the books of Eriun*"—may be judged from those which have survived the destructive ravages of invasion, the accidents of time, and the other causes just enumerated. When we come to inquire concerning the fragments which exist in England and elsewhere, they will be found to be still of very large extent; and if we judge the value and proportions of the original literature of our Gaedhlic ancestors, as we may fairly do, by what remains of it, we may be justly excused the indulgence of no small feeling of national pride.

Notwithstanding, however, the irreparable loss of the before-named books, there still exists an immense quantity of Gaedhlic writing of great purity, and of the highest value as regards the history of this country. And these MSS. comprise general and national history, civil and ecclesiastical records, and abundant materials of genealogy; besides poetry, romance, law, and medicine; and some fragments of tracts on mathematics and astronomy.

The collection in Trinity College consists of over 140 volumes, several of them on vellum, dating from the early part of the twelfth down to the middle of the last century. There are also in this fine collection beautiful copies of the Gospels, known as the Books of Kells and Durrow, and Dimma's Book, attributable to the sixth and seventh centuries; the Saltair of St. Ricemarch, Bishop of St. David's in the eleventh century, containing also an exquisite copy of the Roman Martyrology; and a very ancient ante-Hieronymian version of the Gospels, the history of which is unknown, but which is evidently an Irish MS. of not later than the ninth century; also the Evangelistarium of St. Moling, Bishop of Ferns in the seventh century, with its ancient box; and the fragment of another copy of the Gospels, of the same period, evidently Irish. In the same library will be found, too, the chief body of our more ancient laws and annals—all, with the exception of two tracts, written on vellum; and, in addition to these invaluable volumes, many historical and family poems of great antiquity, illustrative of the battles, the personal achievements, and the social habits of the warriors, chiefs, and other distinguished personages of our early history. There is also a large number of ancient historical and romantic tales, in which all the incidents of war, of love, and of social life in general, are portrayed, often with considerable power of description and great brilliancy of language; and there are besides several sacred tracts and poems, amongst the most remarkable of which is the Liber Hymnorum, believed to be more than a thousand years old. The Trinity College collection is also rich in lives of Irish saints, and in ancient forms of prayer; and it contains, in addition to all these, many curious treatises on medicine, beautifully written on vellum. Lastly,

amongst these ancient MSS. are preserved numerous Ossianic poems relating to the Fenian heroes, some of them of very great antiquity.

The next great collection is that of the Royal Irish Academy, which, though formed at a later period than that of Trinity College, is far more extensive, and, taken in connection with the unrivalled collection of antiquities secured to this country by the liberality of this body, forms a national monument of which we may well be proud. It includes some noble old volumes written on vellum, abounding in history as well as poetry; ancient laws, and genealogy; science (for it embraces several curious medical treatises, as well as an ancient astronomical tract); grammar; and romance. There is there also a great body of most important theological and ecclesiastical compositions, of the highest antiquity, and in the purest style perhaps that the ancient Gaedhlic language ever attained.

The most valuable of these are original Gaedhlic compositions, but there is also a large amount of translations from the Latin, Greek, and other languages. A great part of these translations is, indeed, of a religious character, but there are others from various Latin authors, of the greatest possible importance to the Gaedhlic student of the present day, as they enable him by reference to the originals to determine the value of many now obsolete or obscure Gaedhlic words and phrases.

Among these later translations into Irish, we find an extensive range of subjects in ancient mythology, poetry, and history, and the classical literature of the Greeks and Romans, as well as many copious illustrations of the most remarkable events of the middle ages. So that anyone well read in the comparatively few existing fragments of our Gaedhlic literature, and whose education had been confined solely to this source, would find that there were but very few, indeed, of the great events in the history of the world, the knowledge of which is usually attained through the classic languages, or those of the middle ages, with which he was not acquainted. I may mention, by way of illustration, the Irish versions of the Argonautic Expedition; the Destruction of Troy; the Life of Alexander the Great; the Destruction of Jerusalem;

the Wars of Charlemagne, including the history of Roland the Brave ; the History of the Lombards ; the almost contemporary translation into Gaedhlic of the Travels of Marco Polo ; &c., &c.

It is quite evident that a language which has embraced so wide a field of historic and other important subjects, must have undergone a considerable amount of development, and must have been at once copious and flexible ; and it may be observed, in passing, that the very fact of so much of translation into Irish having taken place shows that there must have been a considerable number of readers ; since men of learning would not have translated for themselves what they could so easily understand in the original.

Passing over some collections of MSS. in private hands at home, I may next notice that of the British Museum in London, which is very considerable, and contains much valuable matter ; that of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which, though consisting of but about sixteen volumes, is enriched by some most precious books, among which is the copy already alluded to of the remains of the *Saltair of Cashel*, made in the year 1154 ; and some two or three works of an older date. Next comes the Stowe collection, now in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, and which is tolerably well described in the *Stowe Catalogue* by the late Rev. Charles O'Connor. There are also in England some other collections in the hands of private individuals, as that of Mr. Joseph Monck Mason in the neighbourhood of London, and that of Sir Thomas Phillips in Worcestershire. The Advocates' Library in Edinburgh contains a few important volumes, some of which are shortly described in the Highland Society's Report on MacPherson's Poems of Oisín, published in 1794.

And passing over to the Continent, in the National or Imperial Library of Paris (which, however, has not yet been thoroughly examined) there will be found a few Gaedhlic volumes ; and in Belgium (between which and Ireland such intimate relations existed in past times)—and particularly in the Burgundian Library at Brussels—there is a very important collection, consisting of a part of the treasures formerly in the possession of the Franciscan College of Louvain,

for which our justly celebrated friar, Michael O'Clery, collected, by transcript and otherwise, all that he could bring together at home of matters relating to the ancient ecclesiastical history of his country.

The Louvain collection, formed chiefly, if not wholly, by Fathers Hugh Ward, John Colgan, and Michael O'Cléry, between the years 1620 and 1640, appears to have been widely scattered at the French Revolution. For there are in the College of St. Isidore, in Rome, about twenty volumes of Gaelic MSS., which we know at one time to have formed part of the Louvain collection. Among the manuscripts now at Rome are some of the most valuable materials for the study of our language and history—the chief of which is an ancient copy of the *Felire Aengusa*, the Martyrology, or Festology of Aengus *Céile Dé* (pron. “K’li Dē”), incorrectly called Aengus the Culdee, who composed the original of this extraordinary work, partly at *Tamhlacht*, now Tallaght, in the county of Dublin, and partly at *Cluain Eidhneach* in the present Queen's County, in the year 798. The collection contains, besides, the Festology of Cathal M'Guire, a work only known by name to the Irish scholars of the present day; and it includes the autograph of the first volume of the Annals of the Four Masters. There is also a copy, or fragment, of the Liber Hymnorum already spoken of, and which is a work of great importance to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland; and besides these the collection contains several important pieces relating to Irish history, of which no copies are known to exist elsewhere. It may be hoped, therefore, that our Holy Father the Pope—who feels such a deep interest in the success of this national institution (the Catholic University)—will at no distant day be pleased to take steps to make these invaluable works accessible to the Irish student, by placing them within the walls of the Catholic University of Ireland, where only they can be made available to the illustration of the early history of the Catholic faith in this country.

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A barrister whose wig had got awry, and who noticed some persons smiling at it, asked Curran, “Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?” “Nothing but the head,” was the reply.

## Pungent Considerations of the Various Trades and Callings.

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BY C. G. HALPINE.

Charles Graham Halpine was the son of a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Nicholas J. Halpine, and was born near Oldcastle, in the county Meath, in the year 1829. He received his education at Trinity College, where he graduated with distinction; subsequently he studied medicine for some time, but his strong predilection for a literary life caused him to discontinue his studies and to employ his talents on the press. He contributed to several journals, Irish and English, but not being satisfied with the field for his labours open to him on this side of the Atlantic, he emigrated to the United States. In that country he soon won a position and achieved distinction. He contributed a flood of writing in prose and verse to several newspapers, and his wit and humour were everywhere appreciated. Many of his poems are strongly national and anti-English; he retained to the last a warm love of his native land, and sympathised keenly with the national movements made for her liberation. In 1868, in the very fulness of his mental powers, he accidentally met his death. He was in the habit of occasionally taking opiates to set himself to sleep, and one night, having unfortunately inhaled an overdose of chloroform, he slept to wake no more. A collection of his poems has been published in New York. Most of them have a local character, and can best be appreciated by those who are versed in the politics of the Yankee nation. The following is one of his lighter compositions, and is ingenious and amusing:—

Of all the trades that men may call  
Unpleasant and offensive,  
The editor's is worst of all,  
For he is ever pen-sive;  
His leaders lead to nothing high,  
His columns are unstable,  
And though the printers make him pie,  
It does not suit his table.

The carpenter—his course is plane,  
His bit is always near him;  
He augers every hour of gain,  
He chisels—and none jeer him;  
He shaves, yet is not close, they say;  
The public pay his board, sir;  
Full of wise saws, he bores away,  
And so he swells his hoard, sir.



St. Crispin's son—the man of shoes—  
Has all things at control, sir ;  
He waxes wealthy in his views,  
But ne'er neglects his sole, sir ;  
His is, indeed, a heeling trade ;  
And when he comes to casting  
The toe-tal profits he has made,  
We find his ends are lasting.

The tailor, too, gives fit to all,  
Yet never gets a basting ;  
His cabbages, however small,  
Are most delicious tasting ;  
His goose is heated—happy prig !  
Unstinted in his measure,  
He always plays at thimble-rig,  
And seems a man of pleasure.

The farmer reaps a fortune plump,  
Though harrowed, far from woe, sir ;  
His spade for ever proves a trump,  
His book is I've-an-hoe, sir ;  
However corned, he does not slip ;  
Though husky, never hoarse, sir ;  
And in a ploughshare partnership  
He gets his share, of course, sir.

The sailor on the giddy mast—  
Comparatively master—  
Has many a bulwark round him cast  
To wave away disaster ;  
Even shrouds to him are full of life,  
His mainstay still is o'er him,  
A gallant and a top-gallant crew  
Of beaux esprits before him.

The sturdy Irish labourer picks  
And climbs to fame—'tis funny !  
He deals with none but regular bricks,  
And so he pockets money ;  
One friend sticks to him (mortar 'tis),  
In hodden grey, unbaffled,  
He leaves below an honest name  
When he ascends the scaffold.

The printer, though his case be hard,  
Yet sticks not at his hap, sir ;

'Tis his to canonise the bard,  
 And trim a Roman Cap, s'r.  
 Some go two-forty—what of that?  
 He goes it by the thousand;  
 A man of form, and fond of fat,  
 He loves the song I now send.

The engine-driver, if we track  
 His outward semblance deeper,  
 Has got some very tender traits—  
 He ne'er disturbs the sleeper;  
 And when you switch him as he goes  
 He whistles all the louder;  
 And should you brake him on the wheel  
 It only makes him prouder.

I launched this skiff of rhymes upon  
 The trade-winds of the Muses,  
 Through pungent seas they've borne it on,  
 The boat no rudder uses;  
 So masticate its meaning once,  
 And judge not sternly of it—  
 You'll find a freight of little puns,  
 And very little profit.

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### Rest.

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BY FATHER RYAN.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired,  
 My heart oppressed,  
 And I desire, what I long desired,  
 Rest—only rest.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,  
 But God knows best;  
 And I have prayed—but vain has been my pray'r—  
 For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
 And cares infest  
 My path, and through the flowing of hot tears  
 I pine for rest.

'Twas always so ; when yet a child I laid  
 On mother's breast  
 My wearied little head, e'en then I prayed,  
 As now, for rest.

And I am restless still ; 'twill soon be o'er ;  
 Far down the West  
 Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
 Where I shall rest.

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## How Tom Dillon Became a Zouave.

A STORY OF THE COUNTY CORK.

[By "Brigid," in *Young Ireland*.]

I was not long in Italy, and it was my first night in the guard-room at S——, soon after the Brigade for our Holy Father—the Pope was sent out from Ireland ; and, as the men lay scattered in different attitudes around, there was a universal call on Tom Dillon to tell them how it was he had become a Zouave.

He was a fine, tall, soldierly-looking fellow, with a handsome bronzed face, a well curled dark moustache, and a merry twinkle in his well-set grey eyes, which would have of itself proclaimed his nationality, even if he did not happen to possess a still clearer evidence of it on the tip of his tongue ; for the first sentence he spoke proclaimed unmistakably not alone that the Green Island was his native country, but that Cork was his native county.

"Is it what made a Zouave of me you're asking ?" he de-

manded in his broad brogue. "Oh, bedad, I'll tell you fast enough, only don't be laughing at me; for 'tis easy to make me ashamed. There agin to it! Suro I knew how 'twould be," he continued, as a shout of laughter greeted this announcement of a modesty on his part which none of his comrades seemed to have discovered for themselves. "Agin to it to be going on in this way, an' ye knowin' how shy I am. The dickens take it for shyness! sure only for it, 'tisn't here to day I'd be, aiting grapes and drinking wine like a lady, but at home on the ould sod, with a dhrop av the rale native out before me, talking natural language to the neighbours, in place av listening to gibberish that I dunno what it manes from morning till night. Maybe 'tis cutting my throat they do be half my time, and I undherstanding nothing at all about it; not to spake," he went on, "of the motions they do be making with their face and eyes and their shouldhers, enough to frighten the life out of me, and I not strong in my health."

The idea of this delicate timidity seemed to tickle the fancy of his hearers quite as much as that of his shyness had done, and again a shout of laughter greeted his remarks, when, rising from his seat with well assumed indignation, he declared:

"I'll lave the place at wanst. I wouldn't make a *sportheen* of myself for anyone."

But a couple of fellows held him back, while all called out they would be very respectful now if he would only continue his account of how he had become a Zouave.

"Why, then, how aisy 'tis to lade me," he said, as he sat down again. "A *soogawn snoctha* could do it since I was a small boy ontill this present minute. Well, boys," he recommenced, "you see, my father and mother were daicint, well-to-do people, living comfortable on their own little spot of land, never caring to save much as long as they kept out of debt, and putting fretting on the long finger; for they used to say, 'We have but Tom, and he's growing up a fine likely boy, and some one will surely take a liking to him and keep him in the best of style, he's such a fine scholar, and has such winning ways about him.' Don't offer to laugh," he broke off suddenly, as a strong inclination that way again

betrayed itself among his audience. "'Tis the truth I'm telling you, and who could better give a charackther of me than them that rared me; and they always told me, and indeed I knew it as well myself, that I was as nate a young fellow of two or three and twenty as you'd meet in a day's walk, and that's saying a great word.

"Well, our spot of ground is just about half a mile outside M——, and a purty smart town it is. *Mawrone orlth* that 'tishn't there I am to night, with a tidy saisoned pipe convanient to me, and the ace and five in my hand on five and forty, instead of being here smoking paper tobacky, and playing a soart of an unnatural pitch and toss on my ten fingers.

"But, as I was saying, M—— is a purty smart town, with a very fine lot of shops in it of every description—soft goods shops, spirit shops, grocery shops, bakeries, general hardware establishments, and all soarts of that kind; but the genteel shop of the whole place is kept by one Miss Finerty. She sells snuff and cigars and tobacky and post paper and hair oil, and she keeps pictures and blacking and the post-office, and valentines wherf they're in saison, and sweeties and stamps and eggs and threads and newspapers and biscuits and pins and needles and starch and lemons and oranges and matches and Dutch dolls and pollracks and the circ'lating lib'ry and buttons and"—

"Oh! that's enough, Tom, that's enough," cried one of his comrades. "We know the kind of shop Miss Finerty keeps now very well; but what about her?"

"What about her?" repeated Tom. "How can I tell you what about her until I have you know what kind of a place she has first? and your unmannerly interruption was near making me forget to make mention that she kept fancy soap and gingerbread and button blue and crochet work in a glass case on the counter.

"She was mighty genteel herself too; thin-spared and very slindher in the waist, and her hair pasted down very nate at each side of her face, the same way they say that Queen Victoria wears it. There wasn't much of it there to paste anywhere, but anyway she was as genteel as she could with what she had. - She used to wear long blue ear-rings

almost touching her shouldhers, and a green ribbon about her neck ; and of a fine day, when her nose wasn't too blue at the top, she didn't look a day more than forty, although by all account she'd never see forty-five.

"The way she got to be so genteel was, she was taking care of an ould lady for a long time, and when this ould lady died she left her a tidy little legacy that was enough to stock a shop and lave something to the good beside ; and there was nothing troubling her now but to get married ; but she was very tasty, and it wasn't everyone at all that she'd have.

"There was nobody living with her but a brother's daughter of hers—an orphan, the craither, that used to help to mind the shop, and do things about the place when Noll Jarvis, the ould woman who used to be in an out to 'em, wasn't there. 'Twas the 'child' her aunt used to call her when she used to be talking, though her name was Mary ; and 'twas a bird-eye pip cotton bib she used to wear, fastened about her waist with a belt, although she was often brought to ordher for not laving it loose like all the other childher of the place."

"How old was she, Tom?" inquired one of his friends.

"Indeed, then, I dunno how ould she was," replied Tom shortly. "I was never a judge of anyone's age yet ; and I'm not sorry for it—'tis a very onthankful gift to have. She wasn't under seven or over seventeen anyway, and she was as tall as her aunt every inch, but not near so genteel or slindher.

"Her lips wor too ripe and red, you'd think ; and her cheeks too rosy ; and there was too much light in her eyes, although 'twas brown they wor ; but 'twas her hair spiled her entirely. It wasn't settled like Queen Victoria's at all, but was in one mop of brown curls, with a sunbaim or two shining among 'em, all over her head ; so that, of coorse, little Mary was a great trouble to her aunt ; for she could never get her to be as she was herself, lady-like and par-tickler."

"As to myself, as I was telling you before, I was never very strong in my health, and I usen't like to be fretting my mother by doing too much work on the farm, and I used to

go up street very often as far as Miss Finerty's, to get a book for myself out of the lib'ry—paying my penny a night regular for it of coorse.

“Well, at first I usen't notice her much one way or another, only to bed her ‘good morrow,’ or ‘good night,’ or that; but I was always fond of childher, and so I used to take notice of little Mary on and off; but I began to remark that, wherever Miss Finerty used to be, if she heard my voice at all she'd make a run out, and be putting talk at me, and be putting her head o' one side, and be looking sideways at me, until I thought 'twas a cast in her eye or a crick in her neck she had. And bedad I was just on the point of putting my foot in it all out one evening, by asking her wasn't her neck anything better and the Aist wind gone, when she took the word out of my mouth by telling me the child was baking a bit of a hot cake for the tay, and wouldn't I stop and ate a bit of it with 'em.

“Well, egorra,” continued Tom, “I didn't like to be stiff that way—I never was—so I said I would; and, while she was tending a couple of customers that came in just at the time, not to be interrupting the business I slipped into the little parlour at the back of the shop where the griddle was down, and helped little Mary to bake the cake.

“Miss Finerty said afterwards,” he added in an innocent tone, “that there was a square or two of it burned; but sure that wasn't our fault. I suppose 'twas the fire that did it. What more could the two of us do than mind it? Only maybe cake is like broth, and that too many cooks spoil it.

“However, when everything was ready Miss Finerty came in, and there was a nice mug of the tay filled out for the child, and a couple of pieces of the cake buttered equally so for her, and she was sent out to ait it in the shop, while her aunt took her share inside, she and I together, my dear, in great state, if you please, at the tay table.

“Well, when my plate was well heaped up with the slim-cake—(and I was always fond of it)—and my cup steaming with the Congou, she told me to stir it if I pleased, and see was it to my liking, or would I take another bit of sugar in it.

“‘Oh! 'tis beautiful, ma'am’, ses I, ‘and 'twas waste, I'm

sure, to put sugar at all in it. Once you looked at it, *that* sweetened it enough.'

" 'Oh ! for pity's sake,' says she with a gay little giggle, 'don't be calling me ma'am ; it comes so odd to a girl to be called ma'am. Call me Bridgie, Misther Dillon ; it comes a deal more natural.'

" Well, I was near destroying myself on the mortal spot by saying all out that I was shy of making too free with my elders ; but I thought of myself in time, and said :

" 'Bridgie is a very purty name entirely, and by all account your namesake, the great Saint Brigid, was a very handsome woman in her time—that's when she was young, of coorse.'

" 'Youth is a snare,' ses Miss F'merty in a mournful voice, as if she was reading out of one of the books in the lib'ry ; 'it is surrounded by dangers—youth is a snare.'

" 'Egor, if it is,' ses I in my own mind, 'you're to be congratulated on being well out of it.' But 'twas what I said out loud—the Lord pardon me !—after I looked very hard at her for a minit or so, was :

" 'That's very true for you, Bridgie, particklerly whin there's a very purty girl in the way, an' all the boys of the place afther her, an' breaking their necks to get her.'

" Well, she turned her head a little bit o' one side when I said this, an' begin to play with her tayspoon and to look bashful.

" 'All the young men of the place,' ses she, 'are very oneddycated ; they only read the newspaper, an' never think of subscribing to the lib'ry ; an' one brought up as I was by the best of quollity,' ses she, 'couldn't put up with anyone that wasn't rale refined !'

" Well, 'tis one of my failings," continued Tom, "that once I begin to talk to a faimale of any description I dunno whin to hould my tongue ; so I suppose 'twas the ould boy put it into my head to say in reply to this :

" 'Why, then, bad manners to the quollity that rared you, whoever they wor, for I suppose none of the poor boys about this place now have any chance of making their own of you afther the manners they taught you !'

" 'Oh ! I didn't mane that at all,' ses she, taking me up very quick, 'I didn't mane that at all. I wouldn't be so



onmannerly as to mane present company, I'm sure ; an' 'twas only the other day I was remarking to the child how singular it was that 'twas all my favourite books you used to choose out of the lib'ry, just as av it was rale kindred sperits we were indeed.' An' the tears come in her eyes, an' she begin looking out before her at notthing.

"Well, I was afeerd to make any answer to this, for I was getting very much in dread of her by that time, an' if I was too civil in the beginning there was no knowing where she'd stop before I could get away. So, as if it was accidental I did it, I dhrew hether the fire-shovel to me—not as a waypon of coorse again a woman, but a protection for my face if it was the way she'd want to kiss me.

"'But then,' ses she, spaiking herself again, 'what I mane is, that 'tisn't for everyone I'd have a welcome, only for a smart clever young fellow that would be above the common.'

"'Well,' ses I, 'you'd be right not to throw yourself away in the latther ind after all your time—that is, I mane,' ses I, 'that 'tis your pick an' ch'ice of the whole barony you'd have if what you're saying now got wind.'

"'I don't want that, I tell you again, Misther Dillon,' ses she ; 'tis a boy I'd put my eye in of my own accord I'd rather have ; but,' ses she, with another sly look at me, an' a half laugh, 'I wondher you're not thinking of getting married yourself.'

"Well, between the cake an' the Congou, an' the fire an' the soft talk, an' the shyness I was telling you about," went on Tom, casting down his eyes, and spreading his fingers bashfully over his lips, "my faitures by this time was as red as scarlit ; an' sure they got scarlitter again when she said this to me ; but, ketching a grip of the fire-shovel, I looked sideways back again at her, an' ses I :

"'Why, then, no ; I didn't think much about it before this evening, but from this out I'll be taking a notion that way may be. My mother, I know, would be again my chang ing my condition for some time longer, but any way I'll begin to break it to her by degrees.'

"For Miss Finerty was a snug woman, you see," said Tom, confidentially, "an' I wanted to keep her on my hands, an' take a stroll in an' out of her place every now an' then."

"To see after the child, I suppose, poor little thing!" suggested one of his friends.

"Yes, of coorse, to see afther the child," assented Tom, "if it was nothing else; but, however, I didn't stay much longer there then, for Nell Jarvis come in to put up the shets, an' Miss Finerty stood up at once; but, to give her her due, there was no use of the fire-shovel afther all, for she only shuck hands with me, an' said:

"'I didn't think 'twas so late, Misther Dillon, and I hope we'll soon have another pleasant evening together; but, as an unprotected girl can't be too particular, I won't keep you longer now, for I'm going to close up.'

"Well, I shuck hands back again with her, an' ses I:

"You're right, Bridgie; but you won't be long without a protecthor if I'm a right fortune-teller.' An' then she gave another shy little giggle, an' turned inside the counther to count the coppers in the till; but I was just as far as the doore going away when I missed my handkerchief, an' had to follow little Mary back into the room to look for it; but I wasn't a minute getting it—she helped me to find it—oh! she did indeed! She was always an obliging craiture, little Mary was."

"Well, that child used to come in your way very often, Tom," remarked the same man who had spoken before.

"Why, then, she used," said Tom, simply; "but I usen't mind it some way. Sure 'tis a very ill-natured soart of a fellow that would be cross to a child. Howsever, I went away at last, an' it was closing nine o'clock of an October evening when I got out into the street, an' looked up an' down an' over an' hether, making up my mind would I go home or would I take a turn for half an hour or so into the Widow Magrath's place—a good bit down at the same side of the street—where some chance or another used to take me nearly every night in the week for the last seven months, anyway.

"'Twas the strongest sperit shop in the town she kept; an' sometimes some fellow would take me in there; an' sometimes I'd take some other fellow in there; an' sometimes, maybe, I'd be thirsty myself an' go in without anyone with me; but, anyway, it happened very often that I called

there; an' even now, while I was debating the matter in my mind, my feet were taking me toowards the place; an', of coorse, when they brought me as far as the doore I walked in.

"At this time that I spaik of Mrs. Magrath was a widow for upwards of ten months; an' the bets were far from being even that she'd wait for the full twelve before she'd change her condition again; for she was left very comfortable, an' had but the two childher. She was a snug purty woman too—eight-and-twenty, she said herself, but if she was two or three years more 'twas as much as she was. She was low-sized, an' not slindher an' genteel at all, like Miss Finerty; but a tidy block of a woman, with a brown complexion, a good pair of eyes as black as a sloe, an' as much hair of the same colour as would make a cable for a man-o'-war, rowled up under the high-cauled widow's cap that she wore, well pushed back on her head, to show it off. She was very stirring about the business—always wore a fine large check apron on her, inside the counther; an' of a fair or market day, with the fail of her gown pinned up tidy about her, could show as nate a foot an' ancle under her, as she went to an' fro among the customers, as e'er a woman from this to herself, I don't care where the other is."

"Egad, Tom," interrupted one of his friends again, "I don't think the child would understand your talking in that way about the widow if she could hear you."

"Why, then, maybe not," replied Tom; "but what understanding could you expect from the like of her? But, anyway, 'tis the truth I'm telling about Mrs. Magrath; an' 'twas laning her two arms, rowled up in her apron, upon the counther she was, when I went in and bed her good evening."

"Why, then, welcome, Tom," ses she, making answer; for she usen't ever be mistering me like Miss Finerty at all—'twas always Tom I used to be with her; or indeed anyone else either would be only Bill or Thade, or whatever his name was, she was so off-hand and pleasant.

"Why, then, welcome, Tom! Sure 'tis betther late than never. I thought 'twas afther your first sleep you were by this time, when you didn't give us a call an' it so late."

“‘What a chance of sleeping I’d have if I went to bed without seeing you,’ ses I; ‘I’d be so onaisy for fear there would be anything the matter with you.’

“‘Oh! you’re a nice lad,’ ses she, laughing again; ‘I never believe the half what you say; but, anyway, come in an’ take an air of the fire; the night is cowl’d, I think, for there was no one coming in, an’ I wasn’t stirring about.’

“‘Well, it wasn’t in the room where the people used to sit down we went at all, but into the kitchen, where there was a good fire of turf down, and the hearth swep’ and clane, an’ the light dancing up and down in the pewther on the dhresser, an’ everything nate an’ comfortable, an’ the sarvint maid gone to bed with the young ones, afther finishing her day’s work.

“‘I sat down at one side of the fire-place on a small stool that was there, while she was mixing a dhrop of punch for me; an’ when she brought it in, she sat down on another one at the oppozzite side, where she could have her eye on the shop, though she was after putting the bowlt on the half doore for fear anyone would come in onknownst on her.

“‘I wondhered where you were all the evening,’ ses she. ‘Was it at ould Mrs. Cassidy’s wake you were?’

“‘No, then,’ ses I; ‘I wasn’t very well in myself, an’ I never stirred out all day until now.’

“Oh, Tom—Tom!” exclaimed his friends in chorus.

“Oh! yes! Tom—Tom!” he repeated; “but what is a fellow to do? Sure he can’t be telling women everything, an’ I only said it to keep her tongue off o’ me. ‘Tis a cowl’d I have, I think,’ ses I, ‘I must get my mother to make a bit of grule for me when I go home.’

“‘Yeh! get your granny to make grule for you,’ ses she, throwing a bit of the turf anear her at me; ‘tis a wife you ought to have at this hour of your time to look afther you, not to be getting your mother to make grule for you.’

“‘Iss, the way she’d be bringing me into throuble as Eve did to Adam,’ ses I, very knowing, as I thought.

“‘Eve brought him into no throuble,’ ses she; ‘twas he was the cause of every misfortune himself.’

“‘Oh dear!’ ses I; ‘I was always tould that twas she ait the apple.’

“ ‘An’ suppose it was atself,’ ses she, ‘if he was the good husband he ought to be, an’ he in such a way untill he got her, ’tishn’t gallivanting about the garden he’d be—looking was there another Eve there, I suppose, the desaver of the world—but alongside of his wife, minding her, the innocent crature, after ondhertaking to do for her, an’ he sich a short time married an’ all.’

“ ‘I never h’ard it said that he wasn’t alongside of her,’ ses I, making answer.

“ ‘More shame for him if he was,’ ses she, going on another tack at wanst, ‘to see his wife made a fool of before his face by any slippery schamer of a sarpint without knocking the eye out of him with the apple. Egonneys, ’tis no wondher we have cowards in the world,’ ses she, ‘an’ plinty of ’em too, whin the first man of ye all was what he was.’

“ ‘I’m no coward, any way,’ ses I, as well as I could say it with the laughing.

“ ‘Every fellow is a coward,’ ses she, ‘that doesn’t take some poor girl an’ provide for her as a man should. Sure there wouldn’t be any ould maids going only for ould bachelors.’

“ ‘But,’ ses I, beginning to spaik.

“ ‘But,’ ses she, interrupting me, ‘don’t make me talk any more *rannash* now, but dhrink that sup of punch while ’tis hot. ’Twas what I always gave poor Pat,’ she added, changing her voice, ‘with a lump of butther in it, whenever ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> got a cowl, and it used to sarve him.’

“ ‘An’ then she coughed herself, an’ put the corner of her apron to her eye.

“ ‘If you do be frettin’ that way always about Pat McGrath,’ ses I, ‘I’ll not be plaised with you. I’m sure his day come, an’ he was an elderlery man, an’ you must put up with what’s allotted for you.’

“ ‘Well, that’s thrue, Tom,’ ses she, ‘an’ av coorse I was a little girl, I may say, whin my people made the match for me, an’ he anear ould enough to be my father; an’ indeed, an’ indeed,’ ses she, very sorrowful, ‘he left me a heavy charge, for I’m throubled in mind about Thady, how I’ll ever be able to keep him down without a man’s hand over him to keep him ~~as~~ as he ought to be, an’ make him mind his school.’

"Well, I pitied the poor woman very much about this, any way," remarked Tom, drily, "for I knew Thady was up to three year ould, and that she must have a heavy handful in him thryin' to keep him at home at night, an' from fallin' into company with the wild boys of the place. So sez I :

"'That's very true for you,' ses I, 'an' 'tis often I do be thinking the same myself about you ; but sure you needn't be long without one that would be a father to him an' his little sisther if you liked yourself.'

"'Wisha, sure it isn't the thought of marriage you'd be dhrawing to me, Tom,' ses she, 'and poor Pat only a year in the clay yet.'

"Well, it wanted a couple of months of the year all out," said Tom, "but I knew the poor thing was tossicated in her mind, so I didn't bother her about the mistake she was making ; but ses I :

"'Indeed, then, it is, an' why wouldn't I ? I'm sure he's as dead now as ever he'll be, an' 'tisn't by yourself you'd stop always, an' you, I may say, in the beginnin' of your days.'

"'You're very sinsible, I think,' ses she.

"'Well, nobody could lay it to my charge that I ever tuck a bite out of a stone wall yet,' ses I, 'any way.'

"'Poor Pat put no bush in the gap on me when he was going,' ses she. 'Of coorse—an' why not ?—he cut out their own share for his childher, an' they'd be no incumberance to anyone that would come over 'em ; but this house is ~~nine~~, an' I'm doing rapid well in it. The shop is well stocked,' she went on, 'and I have four fine feather beds, an' bed clothes according, fit for anyone to lie in, an' half a dozen rale silver spoons, an' a great dale of other value ; an' if I haven't three or four good pigs in the yard it isn't in the want of the price of 'em, but in the want of a man able to buy and sell, an' take an intherest in the business. So (if I could think of the like at all) it is into a snug nest he'd be coming that would be coming in to me.'

"Well, of coorse, the dickens was busy with myself as usual," said Tom, "an' so nothing would do me but to look over acrass at her too, very sarious, an' say :

"'How do you know but I'm lookin' out for a wife

myself, Mrs. Magrath? An' I *am* looking out for one,' ses I, 'an' 'tis to you that I'm telling it.'

" 'Why should you be telling it to me in particular, Tom?' ses she, looking very innocent all of a sudden, '*my* little girl is too young all out for you. You'd hive to wait too long for her. She was only four years ould a week or two ago.'

" 'I don't want your daughter, Peggy Magrath,' ses I, very offended like, 'av she was twenty year ould I don't want your daughter, 'tis the woman of the experience an' the nito leg an' foot I'd like to be talking to,' ses I, 'an' maybe 'twon't be long before I will be talking to her when she laist expects it.'

" 'Bedad,' ses the widow, laughing over at me, 'I'd like to try my hand at matchmaking again. I'd want to know the ways of it for little Kitty, an' if it is any woman I know you mane, out with it. There's no time, they say, like the present.'

" 'No, Peggy,' ses I, very sarious again—'no, Peggy Magrath, I'll say no more now, ontill I'll spak first to the ould people; for I promised my mother *solemn* that I'd lave her know of it twenty four hours at the laist before I'd ask any woman to marry me, be she who she may.'

" 'Well, 'tis right, of coorse, Tom,' ses she, 'that you'd be said an' led by your parents, as long as they wouldn't be too onraisonable, which is often the case; an', begor, if it is a daughter-in-law they'd be wanting you to bring in upon the fire to 'em, as civil as they'd be in the beginning, maybe you'd soon know that your own house would be the best for you—of coorse I mane with the falling in of the farm to *you*, when they'd be gone, to back it.'

" 'That's the very thing I was thinking of myself, too,' ses I.

" 'You're so far right,' ses she, 'an' I find myself there's nothing like the shop, an' indeed, as I said before, I'm doing rapid well in it, an' all the neighbours love an' like me, an' I'm not afraid of the world—not a bit of it—only thit I get downhearted sometimes when I think what a lone widow I am, without the man's help about the place that I was used to.'

“ ‘What else would the neighbours do but love an’ like you?’ ses I ‘They’d be quare if they didn’t An’ you won’t be long without the help either—that’s if you like to take it—only I’ll say no more now, as I promised my mother what I tould you.”

“Well, afther that, I dunno much how the talk went, or whether I moved over to the widow, or the widow moved hether to me, or the two stools come together of themselves; but by the time the punch was finished I found myself with my arm round Mis. Magrath’s waist, an’ she looking up at me telling me how lonesome she was, especially when she was going to shet up, without anyone she could open her mind to, or turn the key in the doore; an’ what a great look she thought I had of poor Pat about the moosetay-chies.

“Well, I pitied the poor thing so much that I stopped with her consoling her, until the last minute of keeping open, an’”——

“What about the fire shovel, Tom?” inquired one of his friends blandly.

“Yeh! sure we didn’t want it,” replied Tom, with his most artless expression. “What would we want putting down fire at that time of night, an’ I going away? But I tould her again that I wouldn’t be pleased if she’d be always grieving about poor Pat, but to keep up her spirits until sho’d see me again, which would be soon, an’ then I stepped out in airnest for home, without any more delay.

“Well, they used never be waiting up for me when I went in,” continued Tom, “for the sarvint boy slept in the settle in the kitchen, so the doore used to be left upon the latch, an’ the crandle on the clevy, the way I could light it myself, an’ bould the doore, an’ go to bed without disturbing anyone. But, begor, this night, when I dhrew anear the house, what should I see but a light in the windy; an’ when I went in, sure enough the sarvint boy was sound asleep afther his day; but, instead of being the same way in her own nest, my mother was sitting all alone by the fire, an’ she noddin’ over her baid, the poor woman.

“ ‘Yeh! is it there I have you, mother?’ ses I. ‘What’s the matther? Is it anything ails my father?’



" 'Oh! wisha, never welcome you, Tom,' ses she, rousing up when I spoke; 'how late you do be out, wherever you do be! No; there's nothing ails your father, thank God! only I come down to settle the fire-place when Con was in bed, and then I sat here from minit to minit till you come.'

" 'Bedad, there's more than that in it,' says I in my own mind, 'whatever it is; but if it is anyone else wants to marry me to night I'm in dhread I'll never be able to stand it.'

" Howsever, I lit the pipe, an' ses I out loud:

" 'I'll take a smoke, mother, before I go to bed; but sure you needn't wait for me. I suppose you're tired, an' you at the market to-day.'

" 'Why, then, no, Tom,' ses she; 'I'm not tired at all, although I stirred about a good dail. 'Twas very well attended—there was a power of people there entirely.'

" 'Oh! I suppose so,' ses I, quite careless.

" 'Yes, indeed,' ses she, 'an' there wor a dail of matches spoken of there; an' indeed, Tom, one or two of the neighbours wor talking to myself an' your father about you too.'

" 'Oh! we're coming to it now,' ses I to myself; but I said to my mother:

" 'Yeh! what had they to say about me? I never inthefere with anyone's business but my own; an' can't they let me pass?'

" 'Well, indeed they had nothing bad to say of you aither,' ses she, 'an' if they had atself, I suppose 'tisin't to your own father an' mother they'd come to say it; but when all the matchmaking was going on I begin to think what they said was thrue—that you ought to be on the look-out as well as the rest now.'

" Well," said Tom, "when I h'ard my mother inthroducin' the talk about matchmakin', I stopped and considhered myself for a minit, an' then I thought maybe 'twasn't a bad opportunity."

" Opportunity for what, Tom?" asked one of his friends.

" For consulting my mother—what else?" replied Tom.

" What could be more naturall? So, ses I to her, 'Why, then, maybe you're right, mother,' ses I; 'for though you

look as young an' handsome a'most as ever you did, still, as you have no daughther of your own,' ses I, 'it mightn't be any harm to be on the look-out for some nice sweet-tempered girl about seventeen or so that you could taich how to fall into your own ways' "——

"And that would have 'rown eyes, and a sunbeam or two astray among her curls, ch ! Tom ?" said one of his comrades.

But Tom passed over the remark in silence, and repeated:

" ' Taich how to fall into your own ways, and not be mis-thiss before her time over you in your own house.' "

" ' Oh, edad, I'm not afeard of that at all,' ses my mother, settling herself on the stool an' throwing another sod on the fire, ' while I'm there I'm there, an' whin I'm gone, of coorse, everything will be afther me for her to have, whoever she'll be ; but I'm too ould now to have a misthiss over me for the remaindher of my days.' "

" ' Well, that's the very thing I meant whin I spoke,' ses I ; ' to have a nice young craiture that you'd have loving about you, not a stager that would be more up to every-thing than yourself ; for I'd be sorry to be the 'casion of any throuble to you,' ses I, ' or dhrawing any disturbance in the family.' "

" ' I suppose noane of us would like to have a *stager* come in among us,' ses my mother, making answer ; ' but the girl I have in my eye for you is no stager, but a fine likely young womau, an' a great hand entirely at milk an' butther.' "

"Well, 'twas the first time," said Tom, "that my mother showed any wish for me to get married, so I thought 'twould be betther for me humour her in it, an' laive her get used to the notion of it, an' that afterwards I could slip in the right daughther-in-law whin the time would come ; so ses I to her :

" ' Yeh ! mother,' ses I, ' who is she at all that's taking the liking to me, an' I so young and youthful an' tindherly raired ? "

"Laive off your thricks, you schaming thief of the world,' ses my mother, laughing ; ' I'm not saying the girl tuck any liking to you ; but, to make it plain to you, 'twas Dinis Shine—an' a proper honest man he is—that intrroduced a match to-day to your father an' myself, between you an' his niece, the Widow Connor's daughther ; an' your father cot-

toned at wanst to it, and bed me to spaik to you about it an' see what you'd say.'

"Well, I knew in my heart," remarked Tom, "that my poor father never throubled his head one way or another about the business, only whatever my mother put him up to about it; he was too fair an' aisy-going for that; but twouldn't do to say so, an' so I made answer very simple:

"What have I to say about it, mother? Sure I wasn't there at all to know what was going on.'

"Well, Dinis said,' ses my mother, 'that we wor ould neighbours always, and that Mithiss Connor could give her daughther a hundhred pound down on the nail, besides a fair share of stock an' other value; an' bedad, 'Tom,' ses my mother, very confidential like, "'twould be very aisy for you to go farther and fare worse.'

"Well, you know best, mother, of coorse,' ses I; 'an' indeed to have *you* for it is everything; but you know well how shy I am, an' that I know nothing at all about coorting or whatsumever they call it.'

"Well, indeed, 'Tom, you wor never forward that way,' ses my mother, 'but 'twould be a sheepish thing now, an' you going for your three an' twinty, not to know how to pass a joke with a young woman whin you'd fall into company with her.'

"Ah! yes,' ses I; an' I felt it all," added Tom sentimentally, "'but you know well, mother, that marriage is no joke. Sure I'm tould, even if 'twas the way that it turned out contrhary atself, that you'd have to stick to your bargain all through, whether you like it or not; for that, wanst he tied the sthring, all the art of Father MacCarthy himself couldn't loosen it!'

"Yeh! don't be talking like a fool that way, child,' ses my mother. Ah, there's no one like the mother for undherstanding the soart you are," put in 'Tom parenthetically. "'I'll set the thing going for you,' ses she, 'an' you'll soon get into the ways of it. Besides, sure you know Nelly Connor always. I often see you nodding your head to her in the chapel-yard of a Sunday.'

"Oh! 'tis aisy enough to nod my head,' ses I, 'if that was all; but I suppose I'd have to be spaiking to her if the

match wint on, an' what would I do? I wouldn't know from Adam what to be saying to her, I'd be so much ashamed.'

"'Yeh! I declare to the good stick,' ses my mother—for she'd never curse about anything," said Tom—"I declare to the good stick,' ses she, 'but them books you do be always reading are afther making a born *omedhawn* of you. Laive it all to me,' ses she, 'an' I'll make a married man of you before you know where you are. Here, go away to your bed now, you poor slob, an' the blessing o' God on you; an' laive me go to mine; 'tis dhropping with the sleep I am,' ses she, 'an' I having to be up in the morning.'

"'But, mother,' ses I——

"'But, mother,' ses she back again, 'I'll not say another word about the business now until I have it all right; so don't you be fretting about it; an' when everything is settled about the wedding, you'll be tould.'

"An' away she went, an' I hear her laughing to herself down in the room, if you please (for I knew my father was asleep), an' she going to bed, at my being so simple; an' no wondher for her, of coorse; but how could I help it? Sure 'tis the same thing to this present minit; for I'm sure, if it wasn't, tisen't telling my family affairs to a set of bright boys like ye I'd be to-night, an' I the same thing as a helpless orphan in a foreign land."

A loud moan of sympathy passed through the guard-room at these pathetic words, in which Tom himself joined, and then continued:

"Well, egor, I spent a good part of the night awake afther I turned in, thinking and planning what would be best for me to do. 'If I laive my mother go too far with the story about the match I'll get into a scrape with the Connors,' ses I to myself; 'an' whatever way the wind blows I'm not inclined to put a ring on their daughter's finger; for, without any disparagemint to the young woman, although I knew her always I never tuck a notion of her at all.' So, although the girl come of a good family, an' had good manes, an' could get many a betther match than me, I didn't want to have anything to say to her, an' that's the truth all out.

"'Still,' ses I again, 'I'll say noth'ing for a few days

Advent is a good bit off yet, an' between this an' then I can throw cowl'd wather on it some way or another ; an, besides, Father Madden (he was curate at the time, an' I suppose is still) is taking down a power of the boys' names to go out in the Pope's Brigade to be Zouaves, whatsumever soart of soldiers they are, an' if all goes to all I have only to threaten to go with 'em, an' my mother will give me my own way in everything.' An' my mother of coorse meant my father as well, for he was quite in himself, just like his son, an' left her manage everything.

"So I gave myself no more trouble about it, but went to sleep, an' got up in the morning as soon as I found myself aiquil to doing so, and went about much as ushul for the next week or ten days, an' h'ard nothing of the match, only wanst that my father said to me :

" ' Well, Tom, *a bouchal*, so I'm tould you're thinking of bringing home a little girl of your own to us.' "

"But I was that shy that I only mutthered something about my mother, an' sloped off with myself, reddening up to the two ears. Whisht, I tell you," he exclaimed suddenly, as he saw one of the fellows was about to speak— "whisht, I tell you ! 'tis hard enough on me to tell my delicate story as it is, without you confusing me more with your onfeeling and barefaced observations.

"But, as I was saying, 'twas of a Tuesday evening, afther I gave my little rounds to the two places I used to be calling into, that, when I went home, what should I see but everything in confusion about the place—the sarvent boy taking down the pewther and brass candlesticks off of the dhresser ; the sarvent maid polishing 'em for fair fashion ; a strange woman scouring the clevy ; an' my mother up to her eyes in business, regulating everything, an' giving ordhers.

" ' Yeh ! what are ye about ? ses I, casting an eye about me, an' feeling very onaisy in my mind all of a sudden. 'Is it a Station ye're to have this week, that ye're all so hard at work ?' "

" ' Whisht, whisht !' ses me mother, threading on my foot, un' beckoning me down in the room to her, an', when I followed her, shetting the doore on the two of us.

“‘Wisha, won’t you ever have sinse?’ ses she, ‘to be talking that way before the people, laiving ’em into the knowledge that you worn’t at the settling of the marriage, an’ we to have the wedding o’ Thursday night. So I begin to clane up at wanst, an’ I having no time to spare.’

“‘What wedding?’ ses I.

“‘What wedding,’ ses she, ‘but your own an’ Nelly Connor’s to be sure. I left your father there after me while ago, an’ you’re to get’——

“‘I’m to get nothing at all with Nelly Connor,’ ses I, intherrupting her.

“‘What put that in your head?’ ses she; ‘I tell you again they’re snug people.’

“‘Edad, I got such a start that I out with the truth at wanst,’ said Tom; ‘an’ ‘I tell you I’ll never put a ring on her finger,’ ses I, ‘hot or cowl’d, dead or alive, or a-horseback.’

“‘Well, when I said this,’ he went on, ‘she stared up straight at me as if she thought it was mad I was getting, an’ ses she:

“‘Yeh, Tom, *avic machree*,’ ses she, ‘what change come in your mind sence we wor talking the other night, an’ you made no objection to anything, only said you’d laive it all to me?’

“‘There’s no change in my mind, then,’ ses I, very sulky, ‘for I never intended to marry the girl at all.’

“‘What did you mane, then?’ ses she, curling up to me. ‘What did you mane by making a fool of me an’ ef-<sup>of you</sup> your dacint father?’—(an’ indeed I couldn’t contradict her in that,” said Tom; “for he is as dacint a man as there’s going)—‘an’ the dacint people you sint me to on your arrand, av you had no intention of marrying their daughter?’

“‘I didn’t send you to ’em,’ ses I.

“‘What else did you do?’ ses she; ‘didn’t you say you knew nothing at all about coorting, an’ that I was to say nothing more about it to you until the matther was settled.’

“‘’Twas yourself said that,’ ses I; ‘what I said was, if you had a nice innocent young craiture about seventeen or so that you could taich yourself on the flure with’——

“ ‘Yeh ! maybe you have her ready to your hand that you’re able to dayscribe her so well,’ ses she, intherrupting me.

“ ‘Maybe I have, then,’ ses I.

“ ‘If you have, then,’ ses she, in a murdherin’ rage, ‘you may take her to some other flure besides this one ; for whoever she is, if I wint to the gallows for it, she’ll néver come under one roof with me.’

“ ‘If she won’t, then,’ ses I, playing my thrump card at wanst, ‘I’ll go along with the rest of the boys to the Zouaves.’

“ ‘You may go to the devil if you like, you blackguard,’ ses she—‘where you’re going, whether or no, every day you get off your bed.’

“ ‘Well, it tetched my feelings,’ said Tom, with an air of wounded sensibility, “ ‘when she said this ; for I could bear anything but an insinuation again my conduct, an’ what was it but an insinuation again my conduct to say I was goin’ every day to where I won’t make mintion of, an’ I the boy I was ; sō I walkéd sthraight out of the room from her, an’ raytired to my own apartment without spaikin’ another word ; but I h’ard her for anear an hour afther knocking everything about, and scowlding the sarvint girl about everything.

“ ‘When my father came in, howsever, the doore was bouted, an’ some *cugger-mugger* was going on between ’em for a long time—so long, egor, that I thought ’twas up to pay me a visit they’d be coming, an’ I made up my mind, if they did, that cannon balls wouldn’t wake me. Howsever, they postponed the intherview ontill breakfist time in the morning, an’ maybe ’twasn’t then they opeued fire on me in gallant style.

“ ‘To give my father his due, ’twas the first time he showed much curiosity about my motives for anything ; but his intherest in them now was roused up in a most inconvanient manner. Like all quiet people, when he was angry at all he was *outrageous* angry ; an’ the first word he spoke was to ask me, like my mother, what maning I had for my behaviour, or how could he look the dacint people in the face—the studdy proper woman an’ her well raired child—afther mak-

ing a *showboher* of 'em, taking them to the priest, an' laiving all the neighbours into the knowledge of the match.

"He faced my mother, too, an' said she was a dail of the 'casion of it, forcing him to go there, and telling him all was right; though that didn't excuse me, for he didn't know what one of his family ever done that a ruffin like me should be sent among 'em to disgrace 'em.

"An' my mother, cowed by seeing my father in such a passion, could only keep walking up an' down the house, with her apron to her eyes, wondhering what any of *her* family did that I should be sint as a cross to her, for she knew she never deserved it herself.

"Well, at last I made a clane boult of it," said Tom, "an' left my breakfast afther me; but the two of 'em follyed me to the doore, screeching out that they'd see it out with me, an' laive Father MacCarthy know of the way I was using 'em.

"An' indeed I didn't put it beyant 'em either," remarked Tom incidentally, "for they seemed inclined to act very contrhary entirely. An' begor twas very much troubled I was about the mess my being too bashful to do my own coorting brought me into, as I walked along the road towards town, with my hat pulled down over my eyes, an' my two hands in my pockets; for 'twas in a regular quandhary I was by this time.

"I was very anxious, too, to give a call into the circ'lating lib'ry, for I knew the report of the marriage would be flying about the place like wild-fire, an' if anyone tould it to ~~the~~ the child I was afeard 'twas fretting she'd be, thinking she wouldn't be asked to the wedding at all, an' I always promising she would, an' that sure 'twould be no wedding without her; but I was shy of meeting the aunt, for fear she'd be going on with any of her *gachees*.

"Howsever, I put a bould face on myself in the end, and in I went, an' sure enough somebody *was* afther fretting the poor child, for she was as white as a sheet, an' her purty lips thrimbling, an' her little hands shaking while she was weighing something for a customer at the counther.

"When she see me she made all the haste she could tying up the parcel, an' she made no answer when I bed her good



morrow, only went in as fast as she could to the little room, an' shet the doore of it a'most in my face: but I didn't mind that a bit, an' I was jest going to follow her, when I gev an eye inside the counther, an', without any doubt, there was Miss Finerty herself, sitting on a chair anear the windy, with a very nate white pocket-handkercher up to one of her eyes, and she looking like pi'son at me out of the other.

"'So,' says she, when she discovered that I see her, giving herself a jerk up off the chair, an' facing me out as Geoffrey faced the cat—'so,' says she, 'you think because I'm a parientless girl that you can trifle with my feelings—an' to glory in it, Mither Dillon—an' to glory in it?'

"'Egor, then, there was enough of the glory pulled off o' me last night an' this morning,' I began; 'but—'

"'Don't spaik to me, sir,' ses she, very grand all out—'don't spaik to me. I only want you to answer me one kuston. What do you mane, sir, by your behaviour?'

"'Bedad,' says I to myself, 'that's what they all want to know—what do I mane by my behaviour? 'Twould be a dale mfore paicable for me to have no behaviour at all in me, like a great many others, than to be brought to ordher every minit about what I have of it, by everyone that's curious enough to be making inquiries; but I tould her:

"'I dunno what maning you have yourself. What maning do you mane?'

"'I mane,' says she, screeching at me again very spiteful an' voylant, 'that you come hero every evening desaving me with your talk about marriage in the beginnin' of my days; but if Father MacCarthy is within the walls of the parish,' ses she, 'I'll see it out with you before night!'

"'Egor, 'tis all upon one word they are,' ses I in my own mind—'what do I mane by my behaviour, an' they'll see it out with me, an' they'll go to Father MacCarthy; but sure, if it isn't a Turk in disguise he is, he can't ordher me to marry 'em all.' But, anyway. I gev her no answer, only walked away from her when I found I had no way of saying a word or two to little Mary, an' away with me to the widow's.

"Of coorse she'd want to know the maning of my behaviour too, an' she'd see it out with me; but I was that

desperate now I didn't care for anything she'd say or do, only, whatsumever 'twould be, 'twas as good to have it over me.

"Well," continued Tom, "I wasn't long or lazy going down the street, an' when I turned into the shop, who should be standing at the counther before me, an' she wiping her mouth with the corner of her apron, but the woman that used to be claining out the chapel; an' Mrs. Magrath herself at the other side of it, very red in the face, an' a frown on her as black as thundher; an' of coorse I knew then that the news was there before me.

"The chapel woman slipped out when I came in, as if she knew what was coming, an' didn't want to have any more hand in it afther herself rising the war with her talk, an' getting her dlrop of sperits for her information; but the widow didn't give me time to sprik a word when ses she to me:

"'I wish you joy, Misther Dillon,' ses she, 'an' a great dail of joy, both yourself an' the purty girl of the Connors that you're going to make your own of. Yeh! how did you braik the business to your mother at all, an' she so on-willing to part with you?'

"Bedad, I didn't know what to make of her at all," acknowledged Tom—"whether 'twas jokin' or in airnest, or whether 'twas bitther she was when she spoke—I was too simple for her entirely—but ses I, when she paused for a reply, as the orathors say:

"'I dunno what you mane by your behaviour,' says I—for, edad, I thought I'd have the first o' that, anyway—"I dunno what you mane by your behaviour, an' I'm not going to be married to *any* of the Connors.'

"'Oh! you owdacious villain,' ses she, 'that dunno what the thruth is—afther the dacint woman telling she see with her two looking eyes herself both parties of ye together above at the priest's to settle the wedding for to-morrow night! An' is it *my* behaviour you're alludin' to?—*my* behaviour, you desaiver of the world! No one could ever lay a wet finger on *my* charackther, that you'd begin to do do it afther coming here every night talking of marriage to a poor lone widow an' her two orphans, that had no iday of the like, an' her husband in the clay.'

"'Yeh! sure 'twouldn't be a proper thing for me to be spaiking about it to a dacint woman like you,' ses I, 'if he was anywhere else; but 'twas what I said to you,' ses I——

"But she wouldn't listen to another word. She said 'twas in purposely to insult her I come.

"'I wan't no more of your sayin's at the present, anyhow,' ses she, 'but, as sure as my name is Peggy Magrath, I'll put a stop to your doin's before there's another minit over me, for I'll go at wanst an' laive Father MacCarthy into the knowledge of the promise you're on dher to me, an' I'll'——

"'See it out with me,' ses I, finishing it myself; for of coorse I knew what was coming.

"But, my dear," continued Tom with an injured air, "that set her wild altogether. She thought 'twas making game of her I was; an' sure it wasn't"——

"Of coorse not, Tom," cried two or three of his friends together; "you are far too simple for anything of the kind."

"An' sure it wasn't," he repeated, innocently; "only I was so stupid from everyone saying it to me that I didn't know what I was saying only to say it."

"But as soon as ever she h'ard the words I thought 'twas into a fit she got, she was in such a passion; an' over she made to one of the pewther vessels to laive the mark of it on me, but when I see her retching for it I thought 'twas time for me to raytire, as they say in the sarvice, which I did speedy an' in good ordher, laiving her screeching to the girl to come an' stand in the shop while she was rubbing a wet cloth to her face before she went before his reverence to have justice done to herself an' her helpless orphans.

"Well, away with me again," said Tom, "on the fresh, like the Wandhering Jew, bedad, dhruv out everywhere; but I didn't go far this time when I met a boy of the neighbours going to a coorsing match a couple of miles off; an', egor, though my breakfast was a light one, I thought that would only make me the lighter for the running, an' that I'd go too, for the fresh air would do me good, an' maybe things would be quieter again I'd be back in the evening. An' a

splendid day's sport we had," said Tom, warming to the recollection of it, "but that's neither here nor there now. 'Tis about the poor misfortunate hare that fell among the hounds when I came home at nightfall that I have to tell, an' nothin' else; for I was only just walking leisurely up the sthreet, an' I tired an' hungry enough afther the run, whin who should I meet comin' toowards me but Paddy Gorman, the clerk of the chapel, an' he dhressed in a cast shuit of the priest's clothes—hat an' all, my dear, an' a laif to it a quarter of a yard broad if it was an inch—an' his face as cross as two sticks on dher it.

"Why, then, do you think I have nothing else to do but to be lookin' for you?" ses he. "His reverence wants you to go yandher to the house to him at wanst."

"What does he want me for?" ses I. "I was at the coorsing match all day, an' I'm very tired."

"You must take another coorse now, then, up to him," ses he, "if you war as tired agin, for he wants you partickler."

"Yeh! the devil a foot I'll go to him to-night," ses I; "tell him you didn't see me; sure he can wait till morning."

"The devil another hunt, then, I'll have afther you in the morning as I had to-day," ses he, clapping his hands on my shoulder, "so I'll tell no lie to the priest for you; an' av I had to call the neighbours to help me to carry you there, you'll come over to him now."

"Well," said Tom, "I see by the look of him that he'd do it, an', as I was show enough as it was, without dhrawing a crowd about me, I went with him without any more delay."

"When we come to the priest's hall doore, of coorse we rapped, an' the housekeeper—a most respectable woman—indeed a relation of his own—opened it for us. I bed her good evening, to be sure, an' asked her was his revrence inside, an' she said very civil that he was, an' that I was to go into him at wanst. An' in I went accordingly."

"Well, it was dark enough outside at the time, but it was pitch dark in the enthry; for the housekeeper didn't bring a candle with her, an' when she opened the parlour doore to tell that I was there, an' the priest called out very

cheerful-like, 'Let him come in—let him come in—I'm waiting for him'—my eyes worn't used to the light, an' my foot caught in the mat, an' when I did go in, as he tould me to do, egor 'twas head foremost I wint in among a whole roomful of people that wor there before me, an' in a minit they wor all screeching together at me for the bare life.

"'Oh! see the state ho's in an' he coming before his reverence,' ses one.

"'I declare to the law if he have a leg ondher him,' ses another.

"'Av he had a bit of shame at all in him is it dhrinking all day he'd be?' ses some one else.

"'An' sure what harm if I had my breakfast atself in me!' complained Tom, in a tone of sincere self-pity; "but in the middle of it all Father MacCarthy called out:

"'Silence—silence, all of ye!' an' spoke very grand out of his two-arm-chair at the head of the table. An' a fine clever man he is, with a handsome, open face, a head of hair like any silver, an' an eye like a hawk's," remarked Tom, admiringly.

"'Silence!' ses he again. 'Whatever other errors the young man has fallen into, he is perfectly sober, at any rate.'

"'God help us! 'tis hard to say he couldn't desaiive the like of me when he's desaiivin' the priest as he stands,' ses a voice I knew.

"'Ho does not desaiive me so far,' repaited the priest; 'he is perfectly sober;' for, as I said before, he was very sharp, an' he see at wanst how the stumble happened me. Well, I begin to recover myself by degrees, an' to get my eyesight clear again; an' so I begin to look about me, an' to see the whole gethering that was about the table.

"'Mrs. Magrath was in a chair up anear the priest, an' her high-cauled widow's cap upon her; an' her, my dear, rockin' herself to and fro as if 'twas at a wake she was, an' clapping her hands aisy. Miss Finerty was down from her at the lower corner, with the white handkercher in her hand still, as if she never parted with it since morning, an' a new green ribbon about her neck, an' a tumbler of spring water out before her, an' she laining back in her chair as if 'twas going

to faint she was. My father was grinding his teeth at me, you'd think, from the other side over, an' he having a hard grip of his stick by the middle ; an' my mother was rocking herself, an' clapping her hands aisy too, foreinist Mrs. Magrath ; an' Dinis Shine, that, like many another match-maker before him, was feeling very onthankful to himself by this time for his pains, was up anear his sister-in-law, the Widow Connor, at the other side of the priest, an' the two of 'em looking very throubled ; an' Nelly Connor—poor girl !—setting between 'em with the hood of her cloak drawn down over her face, an' she crying very bitter intirely.

"Well, as sure as I'm sitting here talking to you," said Tom, "an' that's enough to say about it, I was very sorry for that poor girl anyway ; for she had nothing at all to say to the business, only to be said an' led by her people ; an' besides," he added sentimentally, "I knew what a good husband she was losing when she was losing me."

"Oh ! indeed she was to be pitied in that respect," declared his friends.

"Yes," assented Tom demurely ; "an' indeed I felt a dail for her disapp'intment. But sich things must be 'tish't every girl is born to get a good companion ; but, howsever, ses the priest to me then :

"'Sit down, Dillon,' ses he, 'there's a chair behind you, an' dhraw in to the table. I want to ask you a few kuestions about this diffyculity you seem to have got into,' ses he.

"Well, egor," continued Tom, "I did sit down as his reverence tould me to, but it was on the bare edge of the chair I sot, anear the doore ; for, as ushul, I was rather shy in myself, an' I didn't feel aiquil to making one among 'em at the table.

"'Well,' ses the priest, spaiking very reasonable to me indeed, 'Well, Tom,' ses he, 'don't mind twisting the laif of your hat for the presint, but tell me is it thrue that you're thrying to introduce Mormon practices into the parish by wanting to marry three or four wives at wanst. For if it is the case,' ses he, 'it wouldn't be possible for me to sanction it.'

"'Wisha, Father John,' ses I, 'have some compasshin on me'—for I see by the corners of his mouth that 'twas as

much as he could do to keep from laughing, an' that gev me courage to spaik—'have some compassshin on me, your reverence, for 'tis always aisy to make me ashamed, an' 'twas through the manes of being too bashful in regard to match-making that I got into this little bit of throuble at all.'

"Yeh! my dear, the words weren't hardly out of my mouth when I thought 'twas in Bedlam I was. Miss Finerty—Mrs. Magrath—my father—Dinis Shine—the Widow Connor—my mother—all riz up together at me. I wasn't too bashful to dhrink their tay, or to aut their cake, or to dhrink their punch, or to promise to marry 'em, or to send my paricnts to 'em, or to say I'd be a father to their orphans, or to make a fool of a dacint family, or to make a laughing stock of my father, to say nothing of sending my mother with her heart broke to the grave. An' bedad, when they had all they could think of, an' more along with it, said to me, taking advantage of my being too shy to make 'em an answer, what did they do but begin at aitch other? My mother screeched out above board that *she* wanted no deserted-looking ould maid, as ould as herself, if it wint to that, for a daughther-in-law: an', beyant that again, no desaiwer of a widow, with two *gorlocks* to do for, to be coaxing her child from her, an' she having his own aiquils ready for him.

"But poor Nelly said, as well as she could spaik with the crying, if it was her she meant she was never ready for him, for 'twas agan her will she was there at all; an' Dinis Shine, an' Mrs. Connor, both of 'em together, as good as tuck their oath that the match was broke at their side, for if it was rowling in goold I was, an' of the best of charackthers, let alone to be the ruffin I was, no one belonging to them should have any call to me now.

"An' whin I see the priest houlding back Mrs. Magrath from making over to my mother to tear her, an' Miss Finerty flinging the tumbler of spring wather she had out before her in among the Connors, an' my father making toowards myself with the stick, egonneys, 'twas out the doore I made, an' down the sthreet, as if 'twas the Ould Boy was afther me, an' my intencion settled ferrum that I'd retire into private life for the present anyway, an' take a turn out of the Zouaves, whatever would be the ind of it

"An' so I did," concluded Tom, "as you may persuaive by my presence here among you this evening—this evening, which I look on as the proudest minit of my life—as the gentlemen say at the election dinners, when they're done aiting an' the dhrink is put before 'em."

"Oh, but, Tom," called out one of the fellows, "you haven't told us how you got away. Surely you didn't run straight to the train from the priest's house, without any preparation, or speaking a word to the child."

"Why, then, sure enough," confessed Tom, "I *did* see her for a minit or two when I was running home, between life an' death, for fear 'twas in on me they'd be, for a few things an' a thrifle of change I wanted. Howsever, I was in Cork the next day, without being saized on by any of the parties in purshuit of me, an' on the salt says a couple of days ather in company with some more that are listening to me now, an' can tell, if they like, how murnful an' agitated I was when they see me first."

A hearty burst of laughter was the response to this appeal, and at its close, Tom was asked by one of the laughers if he had heard from home since he left it.

"Oh! dear, yis," he replied. "My 'crewil parients,' as the song calls such relatives, repinted very soon of their on-dutiful conduct toowards me, an' I got a letter from 'em askin' me to forgive 'em an' to come home an' marry whosomever I'd like."

"They tould me, too, that Mrs. Magrath was married last Sheroff to a very dacint man, a cattle-dailer, that used resoart her house ather I left; but that Miss Finerty is on the look-out still—the last man she put her eye in bein' a tall foxy young man with a waist a'most as slindher as her own, that comes about selling threads an' tapes an' writing matarials."

"I hope he doesn't occasionally help the child to bake the cake," said one of his friends.

"No, he don't, then, help the child to bake the cake," said Tom, very shortly. "Shc's gettin' a big girl now, an' don't rayquire it; but Miss Finerty, I'm tould, is sure he's going to marry her, although there's nobody else sure of it but herself. An' Nelly Connor is settled very comfortable too, I h'ard



tell, with a boy she had a likin' for always. So I'm glad I didn't spile her market, any way."

"And when do you intend to go home and fall into the same rank yourself, Tom?" asked a comrade.

"When the Holy Father—God bless him!—tells me he has no farther use of my services," replied Tom, reverently and gravely, as he lifted his cup, "not an hour sooner. Then, indeed," he added in his usual manner, "I'll return to my native island, generously forgive my parents, congratulate my mimics, an'—"

"Marry the child," they all cried out in chorus.

"Yes," assented Tom, putting his head aside and glancing bashfully at them—"I was very shy of confessing it, but I'll not deny it any longer of ye, comrades, if the poor little thing will have me—an' I don't say but she will—I'll marry the child."

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### Poor Little Jemmy.

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BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

Poor little Jemmy was small and slight,  
His hands were thin and his face was white,  
His back was bent since one luckless day  
He fell from a height he had climbed at play;  
And care or skill could never restore  
His youthful bloom or his beauty more.

It was sad for the child when he first came to know  
He was stricken for life by so cruel a woe;  
It was sad for the boy when in time he could see  
Little playmates and friends, that were younger than he,  
Shoot up with a growth like twigs in Spring,  
And leave him below, a poor misshapen thing.  
But brothers and sisters, neighbours and all,  
Loved poor little Jemmy, so slight and small.

Bright little girls, soft hearted and kind,  
Getting anything good, would bear Jemmy in mind,  
Give him shares of their sweets, of their fruits, and their flow'rs,  
Give him all their new toys, and not ask them for hours ;  
And often the boys that were hearty and strong  
Took him up on their backs, and would bear him along  
To some spot by the roadside, or seat in the glade,  
Where he might look on at the games they played ;  
And if ever he ventured to join in the fun,  
They handled him tenderly, every one,  
For it touched their hearts with a thrill of delight  
To give joy to poor Jemmy, so small and slight.

But time for play is not long to last,  
And careless years fly rapidly past ;  
And poor men's children must soon begin  
The toils of this world of care and sin.  
And Jemmy's young friends soon were scattered around—  
Some tending in farmsteads, some tilling the ground,  
Some plying the shuttle, some pulling the oar,  
Some duly apprenticed in workshop and store ;  
But the father and mother of poor little Jim  
Decided on making a scholar of him ;  
For although he was feeble, and puny, and slight,  
The spirit within was unclouded and bright.  
So they kept him to school ; and whatever the cost,  
None could say that the time or the money was lost.  
For he read and he learned, and what went to his brain  
Remained there, and never went from it again.  
And soon to his parents and friends 'twas a joy  
In the calm Summer evenings to sit with the boy,  
And hear him discourse on the news of the day,  
Or the glories of Ireland in times passed away ;  
Or, grouped by the fireside on long Winter nights,  
Hear him speak of her prospects, her wrongs, and her rights.  
For he knew how his nation was plundered and gored—  
Was oppressed by the law and cut down by the sword ;  
And he knew there were men in the land even then  
Who were plotting and planning to raise her again :  
Tone, Russell, Fitzgerald—yet 'twas not to all  
That a hint of their names or their work he'd let fall ;  
But many a night might the youngster be found  
In the house of a friend, with strong men gathered round ;  
On a table before him two dim burning tapers,  
And near him long lists, and account-books, and papers ;  
And if one could listen, at times they might hear

The fierce hopeful talk of a day drawing near,  
The strong cry for vengeance, the oath wildly sworn,  
That the deeds of the "Yeos" could no longer be borne,  
That 'twas better die fighting with arms in their hands,  
Than be butchered like sheep by those merciless bands,  
Than see outrage and wrong on their own cabin floors,  
Than be burned in their beds, or be shot at their doors.  
At times little Jemmy would join them, and pray  
That Heaven would soon send them the long-wished-for day,  
For he, too, grew weary of living a slave,  
And would rather meet death in the ranks of the brave.  
Then the strong men would smile as they thought of the might  
That poor little Jemmy could bring to the fight,  
And they'd clasp him in tender and loving embrace,  
Or they'd stoop down and kiss his white delicate face ;  
And "Jemmy asthore," some stout fellow would say,  
"Leave the fighting to us, for that lies in *our* way ;  
Be it yours to spread round you with tongue and with pen  
The high noble thoughts that make heroes of men ;  
Let *your* foemen be those who would slander our cause,  
And would bid us bow down to the foreigner's laws.  
We war<sup>t</sup> you to answer the lies that they spread  
Of the true men of Ireland, both living and dead ;  
To teach some good fellows who need to be told  
How Ireland is drained of her blood and her gold,  
How it comes that her sons are scourged, trampled, and banned,  
And the Sassenagh breed have the fat of our land ;  
Then to say by what means may her wrongs be undone,  
May her freedom be gained, and be kept when 'tis won."  
But, argue and settle the point as they might,  
Little Jim seemed to think his own notion was right ;  
That, although he was weak, there was work he might do  
In the camp or the ranks of the good men and true,  
And that thinkers and toilers should all take the sword  
When the word went out—"Strike, in the name of the Lord."

The time came at last, and the word was sent round,  
And brave men leaped forth as if sprung from the ground,  
And they clustered, and marshalled, and rushed on their foes,  
And often their wild shout of triumph arose ;  
And if in some daring endeavour they failed,  
Yet, as victors or vanquished, their hearts never quailed,  
For death has no terrors to loom on the sight  
Of brave men who battle for God and their right.

One day when the fierce rush of conflict was o'er,  
And many a stoop<sup>y</sup> peasant lay stark in his gore,

Kind hands came to bear the dear relics away,  
 And to make their calm graves deep in consecrate clay ;  
 'Midst the bodies they raised from the blood-sodden ground,  
 One slighter and smaller than any, they found ;  
 'Twas a poor fragile frame, and misshapen beside,  
 Yet the dead face showed plain 'twas a hero that died.  
 He had fought in the van, and had sunk to his rest  
 With the green flag of Ireland clutched close to his breast.  
 His heart's blood had oozed through each firmly held fold,  
 It had flowed through his hands, and cemented their hold :  
 No foeman could tear it from thence, and no friend  
 Could the grasp of those thin rigid fingers unbend.  
 So they buried the corse of the patriot brave  
 With the green banner clasped to his heart in the grave.

It was poor little Jemmy, so small and so slight,  
 Whose hands were so thin and whose face was so white,  
 And who, true to his plight, grasped the patriot's sword  
 When the word went out—"Strike, in the name of the Lord !"

### A Shamrock from the Irish Shore.

(On receiving a Shamrock in a Letter from Ireland.)

BY DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY, M.R.I.A.

O postman ! speed thy tardy gait—  
 Go quicker round from door to door ;  
 For thee I watch, for thee I wait,  
 Like many a weary wanderer more.  
 Thou bringest news of bale and bliss—  
 Some life begun, some life well o'er.  
 He stops—he rings !—O Heaven ! what's this ?  
 A Shamrock from the Irish shore !

Dear emblem of my native land,  
 By fresh, fond words kept fresh and green ;  
 The pressure of an unfelt hand—  
 The kisses of a lip unseen—

A throb from my dead mother's heart—  
 My father's smile revived once more—  
 Oh ! youth—oh ! love—oh ! hope thou art,  
 Sweet Shamrock from the Irish shore !

Enchanter, with thy wand of power,  
 Thou mak'st the past be present still :  
 The emerald lawn—the lime leaved bower—  
 The circling shore—the sunlit hill—  
 The grass, in Winter's wintriest hours  
 By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,  
 Half hiding 'neath their trembling flowers  
 The Shamrock of the Irish shore !

And thus where'er my footsteps strayed,  
 By queenly Florence, kingly Rome—  
 By Padua's long and lone arcade—  
 By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam—  
 By Spezzia's fatal waves, that kissed  
 My poet sailing calmly o'er—  
 By all, by each, I mourned and missed  
 The Shamrock of the Irish shore !

I saw the palm-tree stand aloof,  
 Irresolute 'twixt the sand and sea ;  
 I saw upon the trellised roof  
 Outspread the wine that was to be ;  
 A giant-flowered and glorious tree,  
 I saw the tall magnolia soar ;  
 But there, even there, I longed for thee,  
 Poor Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Now on the ramparts of Boulogne,  
 As lately by the lonely Rance,  
 At evening, as I watch the sun,  
 I look ! I dream ! Can this be France ?  
 Not Albion's cliffs, how near they be,  
 He seems to love to linger o'er,  
 But gilds, by a remoter sea,  
 The Shamrock of the Irish shore !

I'm with him in that wholesome clime—  
 That fruitful soil—that verdurous sod—  
 Where hearts, unstained by vulgar crime,  
 Have still a simple faith in God—

Hearts that in pleasure and in pain  
 The more they're trod rebound the more,  
 Lik thee when we wi h heaven's own rain,  
 O Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Memorial of my native land,  
 True emblem of my land and race,  
 Thy small and tender leaves expand  
 But only in thy native place ,  
 Thou needest for thyself and seed  
 Soft dews around, kind sunshine o'er ;  
 Transplanted, thou'rt the merest weed,  
 O Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Here on the tawny fields of France,  
 Or in the rank, red English clay,  
 Thou showest a stronger form, perch'ance—  
 A bolder front thou may'st display—  
 More able to resist the scythe,  
 That cut so keen, so sharp before ;  
 But then thou art no more the blithe,  
 Bright Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Ah, me ! to think thy scorns, thy slights,  
 Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave  
 On Fredericksburg's ensanguined heights  
 Or by Potomac's purple wave !  
 Ah, me ! to think that power malign  
 Thus turns thy sweet green sap to gore,  
 And what calm rapture might be thine,  
 Sweet Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,  
 True type of trustful love thou art ;  
 Thou liest the whole year at my feet,  
 To live but one day at my heart.  
 One day of festal pride to lie  
 Upon the loved one's heart—what more ?  
 Upon the loved one's heart to die,  
 O Shamrock of the Irish shore !

A shall I not return thy love ?  
 And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst, be  
 Placed on thy son's proud heart above  
 The red rose or the fleur-de-lis ?

Yes, from these heights the waters beat,  
I vow to press thy cheek once more,  
And lie for ever at thy feet,  
O Shamrock of the Irish shore !

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## The Character of Oliver Goldsmith.

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FROM A LECTURE BY HENRY GILES.

The lectures on Irish subjects delivered by our countryman, Henry Giles, in various parts of America, are much, and deservedly, admired in that country. They have been collected and published in a volume which has obtained a large degree of popularity. We have already quoted from them some passages descriptive of the oratory of O'Connell ; the following, from his lecture on Goldsmith, is also justly conceived and eloquently expressed :—

THE character of Goldsmith is one which does not tax analysis ; it is felt by instinct ; and that happy phrase, "good-natured," defines it with a singular accuracy. Goldsmith's good nature, though it exhausted his purse, did not exhaust itself. It was an unfailing well-spring ; it was ever pure and fresh, bubbling from a copious fountain of kindness, and refreshing life around him with streams of gaiety, of fondness, and of pity. There was a benignity in him which gave his heart an interest in the humblest creature. Early in life, in writing home, he says, "If there be a favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to him." His attachment to children was as strong as it was amiable. The younger Colman speaks in rapture of his acquaintance with Goldsmith, when in infant insolence he used to tweak the poet's nose ; and the poet, in return, played thimble-rig with the child. Nor was this merely deference to the son of a rich man and a critic. Goldsmith was an idol, also, to the children of the poor ; it was his common practice to go among them with pockets full of gingerbread, and to set them dancing to the sound of his flute. His, in every scene, was a simple nature, and he, around whom rustics pranced on

the banks of the Loire, was the same around whom ragged innocents gabbled and rejoiced in the garrets of Old Bailey. Goldsmith's humanity to the poor, generally, was most courteous and most bountiful. His charity would often have been sublime if the improvidence of his temper did not drive him to contrivances to supply it, which gave it the air of the ludicrous. One morning, towards the close of his college course, a cousin and fellow-student of his knocked at the door of his chamber. No reply. He knocked again. Still no reply. He then broke it open. Goldsmith was in bed, literally in it, for he was stuck bodily into the feathers. Some poor woman had told him a tragical story; he was out of money, so he brought her to the college and gave her his blankets.

Let me take another instance from his later life—an instance which, as I think, is most characteristic of the author and the man. Suppose ourselves gazing into an humble chamber, in the humblest part of London. A ragged bed is in one corner, a broken wash-stand is in another. A crazy table is placed near a small dusty window, and a man sits by this table on the only chair which the room contains. The stature of the man is short, and his face is pale; his position has an air of thought, and his look the glow of fancy. This man, whose forehead bulges out with sentiments and ideas so as to defy all rules of sculpture, is ugly; but he is ugly only to those who cannot see the light of the spirit through the shrine of the countenance. To those who know the touch of nature that makes all men akin, he is inexpressibly dear; they love to gaze on his homely portrait, as if it were lovely as ever dawned upon a sculptor's dream. The man is Oliver Goldsmith, and, as we now describe him, he is engaged in writing his *Essay on the State of Polite Learning in Europe*. A knock at his lonely door arouses him, and a visitor enters. The visitor is Bishop Percy, the admirable collector of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Goldsmith courteously gives the prelate his only chair, and takes himself a seat on the window-sill. They are engaged in an earnest conversation on *belle-lettres* and the fine arts, when a ragged but decent little girl comes into the room, and, with a respectful obeisance to Goldsmith, says, "My mamma sends



her compliments, sir, and begs the favour of you to lend her a pot of coals."

As Goldsmith's fortunes increased, so did his gifts; and food was added to fuel. After he had entertained a large party at breakfast, he distributed the fragments among a few poor women whom he had kept waiting for the purpose. A vulgar guest remarked that he must be very rich to afford such bounty. "It is not wealth, my dear sir," said Goldsmith, "it is inclination; I have only to suppose that a few more friends have been of the party, and then it amounts to the same thing." He was, besides, always surrounded by a circle of needy writers, whom he had not the firmness to refuse, nor the prudence to discharge. He was also beset by destitute countrymen, who found a ready way to his last shilling through his compassion and his patriotism. To such people, bounty was no virtue; but with Goldsmith, pity gave ore charity began, and charity had always the start of wisdom. Much as there was in such actions which implied want of purpose and want of thought, there was goodness, too, upon which no tone of distress ever fell in vain. "He has been known," says Prior, the most genial of his biographers, "to quit his bed at night, and even labouring under indisposition, in order to relieve the miserable; and when money was scarce, or to be procured with difficulty by borrowing, he has, nevertheless, shared it with such as presented any claims to charity."

This generosity of temper, united with keen observation, enabled Goldsmith to pierce readily through the disguises of selfishness; so that with his comic sagacity, and his genial perception of the ludicrous, no writer can give more amusing pictures than he does of sordid follies. Even in his very youth, we have the narrative of an adventure which promises all the thoughtful drollery that he afterwards exhibited. He had gone in a freak to Cork, mounted on a noble horse, and with thirty pounds in his pockets. It was not long ere he was returning, with merely five shillings, and mounted on an animal which he called Fiddle-back. He was, however, blithe and careless, for near to the city there was a college friend who had often pressed him to a visit. "We shall enjoy," he would say, "both the city

and the country ; and you shall command my stable and my purse."

Going towards his friend's house, he divided his five shillings with a destitute woman, and on his arrival he found his friend an invalid ; but so cordial was his reception, that remorse struck him for not having given the whole five shillings to his needy sister. He stated his case, and opened his heart to his friend. His friend walked to and fro, rubbed his hands, and Goldsmith attributed this to the force of his compassion, which required motion, and to the delicacy of his sentiments, which commanded silence. The hour was growing late, and Goldsmith's appetite had been long at craving point. "At length an old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid on the table. This appearance," says Goldsmith, "without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with one bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese. My friend," continues the poet, "apologised, that his illness obliged him to live on sops, and that better fare was not in the house ; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful. At eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that, for his part, he would lie down with the lamb, and rise with the lark. My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without that refreshment."

Next morning Goldsmith spoke of his departure. "To be sure," said this munificent friend, "the longer you stay away from your mother, the more you will grieve her, and your other relatives ; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made." Goldsmith, then, reminding him of former good turns, tried to borrow a guinea from him. "Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith," said Solomon the younger, "I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you. Sell your horse, and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on." I readily, said Goldsmith, grasped at this proposal, and begged to

see the nag ; on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed pulled out a stout oak stick. "Here," said he, "take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride." Goldsmith was about to lay it on his back, but a casual visitor coming on, his generous friend introduced him with eulogium and with enthusiasm. Both of them had an invitation to dinner—for which Goldsmith was quite prepared ; and it seemed not less acceptable to the amiable invalid. At the close of the evening, the entertainer offered Goldsmith a bed, who then told his former host to go home and take care of his excellent horse, but that he would never enter his house again.

I have confined my remarks chiefly to a distinctive quality in the character of Goldsmith, universally conceded ; but his whole worth was by no means confined to this. No gross vices are recorded against him ; his general habits appear to have been comparatively unstained ; his general tastes were simple ; he was temperate almost to abstinence ; and excess he regarded with abhorrence. To speak thus is to speak negatively ; but these negatives, connected with Goldsmith's position and his times, have a value that is positive. But one virtue eminently positive belongs to Goldsmith, and that is his exceeding literary purity ; the sacred independence with which he used his talents, and the sacred purposes to which he applied them. Follies were his, which gathered afflictions about his lot, which not all his innocent hilarity could throw off. Carelessness brought misfortunes upon him, which broke at last his elastic capacity of endurance ; but no destitution was ever a temptation to his literary conscience, and no pressure ever bent its rectitude. From the beginning, Goldsmith eschewed patrons ; he acted, from the first, on the manly resolution of seeking support in the honest exertion of his own powers. The Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, offered him assistance ; Goldsmith declined for himself, but requested protection for his brother, a worthy pastor and a worthy man. Sir John Hawkins calls him a fool ; but his own words show he was as wise as he was conscientious : "I have," said he, "no dependence on the promises of great

men. I look to the booksellers for support ; they are my best friends."

It is true that Goldsmith could not always have an end equal to his genius ; but he never perjured his convictions, nor bartered his soul. It is true that his main object was often merely to do a certain quantity of work, and receive a certain sum of wages, and of this he sometimes complains with a sort of melancholy pleasantry. He says, in reference to his "History of England" : "I have been a good deal abused lately in the newspapers for betraying the liberty of the people. God knows, I had no thought for or against liberty in my head ; my whole aim being to make a book of a decent size, that, as Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody." But, though Goldsmith had often to think more of sustenance than fame, he merely wrote rapidly, he did not write falsely. Living in an age when a name sold a book, and when patrons made a name, and when dedications earned patrons, Goldsmith passed over titles and gratified his affections. The first of his poems he inscribed to an indigent brother, and the others he inscribed to his immediate friends.

He was ever perplexed with debts and surrounded with difficulties. His heart always craving for money to give, and his supply always far behind his craving, yet he could reject propositions which men who have secured a reputation for more austere virtue than Goldsmith, would have found elegant excuses for accepting. The British Cabinet, by a confidential agent, intimated a munificent remuneration for his pen. The poet occupied sordid chambers, and laboured like a slave ; but here was his answer : "I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party ; the assistance, therefore, which you offer is unnecessary to me."

Can you think of a much stronger temptation among earthly struggles, than the offer of a rich Government to a poor writer ? Judge Goldsmith, then, by the severity of his trial, and give him the credit of his victory. But he was honest with the public as he was with patrons. Needy though he was, he sought the suffrage of men only by means which tended to make them wiser, and to make them better ; and of those compositions which mul-

titudes seek as much as they should shun them, and which it as easy as it is dishonourable to produce, not one can be laid to the charge of Goldsmith. The spirit of his works is as chaste as their style is classical; and to him belongs the glory of having purified expression, when the phrascology even of women was coarse; and of having consecrated the novel to virtue, when the pen of fiction was dipped in the offscourings of passion.

Goldsmith is one of those whom we cannot help liking, and whom we cannot criticise; yet he is one that should be praised with caution, if in our age there was much danger of his being imitated. We are too busy for meditative vagrancy; we are too practical for the delusions of scholarship; even with the felicitous genius of Oliver Goldsmith, the literary profession would now be an insecure basis for subsistence, and none at all for prodigality. Extent of competition, the rigour of criticism, the difficulty of acting on an immensely reading public, repress the efforts of vanity; yet, except in a few instances, they do not compensate the efforts of power; the vain are driven to obscurity, but the powerful have little more than their fame. And though we possessed the abilities of Goldsmith, and were tempted to his follies, his life is before us for a memento, and his experience is sufficient for a warning. Yet it is agreeable to lay aside our prudence for a little, and enjoy with him, in fancy at least, the advantage of the hour; to participate in his thoughtless good nature, and to enter into his careless gaiety; to sit with him in some lonely Swiss gleu; or to listen to his flute among the peasantry of France; or to hear him debate logical puzzles in monastic Latin; to share the pride of his new purple coat, which Johnson would not praise, and which Boswell could not admire. More grateful still is the relief which we derive from the perusal of his works; for in these we have the beauty of his mind, and no shade upon its wisdom; the sweetness of humanity, and its dignity also.

We need the mental refreshment which writers like Goldsmith afford. Our active and our thoughtful powers are all on the stretch; and such, unless it has appropriate relaxations, is not a state of nature or a state of health. From the troubles of business, which absorb the attention or ex-

haust it ; from the acclivities of society, which exemplify, in the same degree, the force of mechanism and the force of will ; from the clamour of politics, from the asperity of religious discussions, we turn to philosophy and literature for less fatiguing or less disquieting interests. But our philosophy, when not dealing with matter, is one which, in seeking the limits of reason, carries it over into the infinite and obscure ; our literature is one which, in its genuine forms, has equal intensity of passion and intensity of expression—which, in its spurious forms, mistakes extravagance for the one, and bombast for the other. Our genuine literature is the production of natural causes, and has its peculiar excellence. But from the excitement of our present literature, whether genuine or spurious, it is a pleasant change to take up the tranquil pages of Goldsmith ; to feel the sunny glow of his thoughts upon our hearts, and on our fancies the gentle music of his words. In laying down his writings we are tempted to exclaim, “ Oh that the author of ‘ The Deserted Village ’ had written more poetry ! Oh that the author of ‘ The Vicar of Wakefield ’ had written more novels ! ”

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### God Bless the Brave !

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One of the Irish-American regiments serving in the civil war erected a handsome marble monument over the grave of Richard Dalton Williams in the cemetery of Thibodeaux, Louisiana. Their kindly deed was made the subject of the following graceful poem by T. D. M'Gee :—

God bless the brave ! the brave alone  
 Were worthy to have done the deed ;  
 A soldier's hand has raised the stone,  
 Another traced the lines men read,  
 Another set the guardian rail  
 Above thy minstrel, Innisfail !

A thousand years ago—ah ! then  
 Had such a harp in Erin ceased,

His cairn had met the eyes of men,  
By every passing hand increased.  
God bless the brave ! not yet the race  
Could coldly pass his resting place.

True have ye writ, ye fond and leal,  
And, if the lines would stand so long,  
Until the archangel's trumpet peal  
Should wake the silent son of song,  
Broad on his breast he still might wear  
The praises ye have planted there !

Let it be told to old and young,  
At home, abroad, at fire, at fair,  
Let it be written, spoken, sung,  
Let it be sculptured, pictured fair,  
How the young braves stood, weeping, round  
Their exiled poet's ransomed mound !

How lowly knelt, and humbly prayed,  
The lion-hearted brother band,  
Around the monument they made  
For him who sang the Fatherland !  
A scene of scenes, where glory's shed  
Both on the living and the dead !

Sing on, ye gifted ! never yet  
Has such a spirit sung in vain ;  
No change can teach us to forget  
The burthen of that deathless strain.  
Be true, like him, and to your graves  
Time yet shall lead his youthful braves !

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A WISE AND PATRIOTIC DECLARATION.—The following resolution was passed unanimously at a meeting of the Protestant Repeal Association held in the Music Hall, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin, on June 27th, 1848 :—"Resolved—That national prosperity is grounded upon social confidence ; and that social confidence cannot be expected to exist in Ireland so long as the laws are made and the government is administered by strangers to the Irish people."

## The Question.

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BY JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

You asked me, twice, in anxious mood,  
What good can Ireland win, achieve,  
By boasting of the right of blood—  
What sullen day can she retrieve?  
I answer: For the common good,  
Let her be hopeful, and believe.

If destined to be conquered—slain—  
By native foe or foreign fate,  
Of Ireland solely would remain  
A memory void of space or date—  
A dim tradition of the main—  
A leper by the city gate.

But Ireland wears no lepers' sores:  
Her eye is clear, her stature strong!  
Through her strong veins the life-tide pours  
In mighty tides of speech and song;  
She watches, by the echoing shores,  
The birth of Right, the death of Wrong.

Poor toilers we, with sword and brain,  
We help her with our utmost power;  
We write her name on rath and plain—  
Her banner plant on fosse and tower;  
We watch the seedling in the rain,  
And wait till Heaven shall give it flower.

Greece fought; at last, her great heart burst;  
Her spirit quailed before the foe;  
Poland, the mightiest and the first,  
Surrendered at the triple blow;  
But Ireland ten times dared the worst,  
And England never laid her low.

Persistent in her hidden strength,  
And wakeful in her vigil's dream,



Confiding, surely, that at length  
The issue of the years would seem,  
Not the poised torch and amaranth,  
But Freedom and the sun abeam.

It has not come ; a hundred cells  
Hold fast our bravest and our best ;  
They sing in pain the air that dwells  
In every movement of unrest ;  
The anthem of the heart that tells  
How man is cursed and God is blessed.

Again you turn to me and say :  
" But why such gallant sacrifice ?  
The peaceful land before them lay,  
They needed no avenging cries ;  
They might have clearly said their say,  
And spared the tears of women's eyes."

And answer thus I freely give :  
Suppose them happy, self-content—  
Suppose them cursed and fugitive—  
Their natures took their natural bent :  
They knew the nation could not live,  
By fraud and foul oppression rent.

They saw this Ireland trampled down ;  
They hoped no mercy from the foe ;  
In wasted field and ruined town,  
Altar and hovel tumbled low ;  
And by the Harp that wears no Crown,  
They swore to lay the Saxon low.

They failed, I grant you—Klapki failed—  
But not the cause for which he bled ;  
Disaster, blood, and tears entailed,  
Till beaten Hungary ran red,  
And Europe howled and Europe railed  
Above the victors and the dead.

But still the mighty Magyar race,  
Persisting, won the doubtful day ;  
The empire, charmed to sudden grace,  
Achieved its mission—forced its way ;  
The nation's sons got breathing space,  
Its heart resumed its pulse and away.

Are we unworthy less renown ?  
Are we unworthy less reward ?  
We who, despite our masters' frown,  
Cling to tradition of the sword,  
And prize the axe that strikes us down,  
More precious than the spiteful word.

I say—let history answer this—  
For us, we freely risk the chance,  
And, meanwhile, be it joy or bliss,  
Our constant motto is : Advance.  
To ladies, whispered voice and kiss ;  
For freemen, rifle, sword, and lance.

You see our corpses strew the field ;  
You see our standard in the dust ;  
You see our legions backward reeled  
Before the foes' imperious thrust.  
We'll dare all that before we yield—  
The cause is good, and God is just.

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## Personal Recollections of the Galway Election.

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BY T. F. MEAGHER.

In February, 1846, there was a vacancy in the representation of Galway : the seat was contested by Mr. Anthony O'Flaherty, in the Repeal interest, and by Mr. James Henry Monahan, then Solicitor-General (afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas), in the interest of the Government. The " Young Irelanders" and the " Old Irelanders" and the Catholic clergy worked heartily together, but the Whig landlords, by dint of most unscrupulous and flagrant coercion of their tenants, carried the election of the Government candidates by the narrow majority of seven. Some of the scenes which occurred in the course of the contest form the subject of the following racy sketch from the pen of T. F. Meagher, who with other members of the Repeal Association went down from Dublin to render what assistance they could to the national candidate.

It was a fierce contest. Night and day the combatants were at work. For more than a week they fought. From dawn to sundown, the battle surged and thundered within

the courthouse. From sundown to dawn the theatre, the lanes, the streets, some of the oldest houses in the city, the suburbs, the roads all round, were scenes of furious action.

The theatre was a ridiculous old building. The walls inside were salmon-coloured. The paint, here and there and everywhere, had been rubbed off. Occasionally some gashes appeared. The white underground shone through these. Monstrous noses, boldly delineated with burnt stick, revealed themselves in swelling curves upon the walls. Cobwebs were plentiful. They were there by the yard, the perch, the mile. They were there in pocket-book editions and the folio size. They were there as small as a snuff-box and as huge as a bale. It was a warehouse of cobwebs.

Two or three of the side scenes were standing. One was a stricken oak. Another a dingy pilaster with an Ionic volute. A third represented an abutment of sandstone, with an iron ring hanging out of it—a large black pudding describing a circle on the door of a kitchen. The gas foot-lights seemed ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> little better off than the rest of the furniture. They were dismally out of repair. Most of them were no better than rush-lights. A few of them did too much. Extravagant beyond control, they went literally to blazes. The rest of them, choked with dust, and otherwise incapacitated, were not a spark of use.

Nothing more favourable can be said of the stage. Full of holes; with a trap-door now and then giving way; with a scene-roller at intervals breaking loose from the ropes, or the ropes snapping; with the scantiest allowance of light bare wall on either side, and a bare wall in the rear; it was the most disreputable platform any patriot could have the infatuation to stand on. For years no tragic step had made it creak. For years no ghost had risen through the shifting apertures from the musty regions underneath. For years no death by bowl or dagger had provoked the approving thunders of the soapless gods.

Seven o'clock, every evening of the contest, saw that paintless, lustreless, dishevelled temple of the drama in possession of the stormiest crowd. Pit, boxes, galleries, every seat, every standing-place, from floor to ceiling, were black with

people. The orchestra didn't escape. The first into the theatre, the moment the front door opened, had that. Instead of trombones and fiddles, bassoons and kettle-drums, we had devoted Repealers who beat time with their heels, and, previously to the chair being taken, enthusiastically whistled "Garryowen" with variations. One of these performers was a man of huge limbs, upwards of six feet in height. His shoulders were broad enough to carry a dray, whilst the girth and shape of his arm realised what has been told us of the colossal pugilist of Crotona. This famous Italian carried a young bullock over forty yards, and then killed it with one blow of his fist. Our friend in the orchestra might easily have accomplished a similar feat. He was the image of Hugh in the story of "Barnaby Rudge." Every inch as sinewy and large, he was as wild and shaggy in appearance, and almost as desperate in his onslaughts. During the election his exploits were terrific. In the courthouse, the day of the nomination, he seized four men round the neck with his right arm, and crushed them together as if they were walnuts and he himself was a nutcracker. Another time he pulled a big sergeant of hussars clean off his horse—saddle, saddle-cloth, and all—with one jerk at the spurred heel of the trooper.

About twelve o'clock one night he called on one of the Confederates. Creeping inch by inch softly into the room on tiptoe, he stood—with his broken hat in his hand, his brown mass of hair strewed about his face and shoulders, and his coarse shirt, spattered with mud, torn open from the throat—the very picture of a Rapparee outlaw.

"I'm done for," says Mullin.

"How so—what's the matter now?"

"Done for," says Mullin.

"Let us know how."

"It's up with me entirely," says he.

"But what's the matter?" asks his friend the Confederate.

Mullin straightens himself up, twirls his hat twice, throws back with his left hand a dozen brown flakes off his face, and leaning over towards the table where his confidential adviser was sitting, in a dismal whisper informs him that he's had no less than eleven petty sessions notices served on him for assault and battery since morning.

"Now, what's to be done?" said he.

"Make them a dozen," was the prompt reply of his counsel.

Mullin, without saying a word, but with a comical shrug of one shoulder, walked out. Slowly and heavily he descended the stairs, plaintively whistling as he went, but making up his mind to make it the dozen. He did so.

Mullin was the terror of Monahan. He was the terror of every man of the Government party. The latter would have been beaten to rags were it not for the sabres of the hussars and the bayonets of the police. Mullin would have done it. Alone he'd have fluttered the Volsces in Corioli.

A little after seven the chair in the theatre was usually taken. The chair was a picturesque piece of stage furniture. Made entirely of the plainest wood, with a high arched back, and no openings between the legs, it was painted to harmonise with the colour of the walls. It had been the judgment-seat of the Doge in the "Merchant of Venice," had also supported in their dying moments several dynasties of kings and queens, and, with its back to the audience, and the help of a little black and white canvas, had served for the rostrum from which Mark Antony, more than once, poured out his eloquent sorrows over the senseless body of Caesar. It was all that was left of the gorgeous palaces, temples, villas, banquet halls, and solemn courts of justice, which had collapsed and withered into cobwebs.

One evening the orators and committee were half an hour late. The people, grown utterly impatient, and despairing of the usual performance, resolved on having something by way of a change.

It was very near eight o'clock, when a few of us entered the green-room. From the door opening on to the stage, we beheld the chair planted close to the foot-lights, and a number of legs and arms, with a head and a pretty big stick, flashing from it on all sides. They were evidently keeping time to a rollicking song.

"I'm a ranting roving blade,  
Of never a thing was I ever afraid;  
I'm a gentleman born, I scorn a trade,  
And I'd be a rich man if my debts were paid.  
Right fal lal de lal lal."

This was the sentiment of the singer, and in this sentiment, in ranting roving chorus, the tumultuous theatre seemed to concur. They had voted some frolicsome vagabond into the chair, and this bright lad, with his hat tipped on three hairs, and the wrists of his coat turned up, was flourishing a beautiful knobby bit of blackthorn in the handsomest style, striking out with his elbows and fists, and handling his legs with bewildering ease and rapidity. Now and then, when he chanced to do something perfectly marvellous—when the blackthorn gave an extra twist or twirl, or his elbows and toes seemed to strike one another and knock fresh music out of his throat—there was a roar of applause, during which the shillelagh and legs worked away as if the boy were possessed.

The committee having arrived, we moved towards the vocalist. A shout, lusty enough to sweep every cobweb, the toughest and blackest, from the walls, greeted our entrance on the stage. Again and again and again it broke out. The ranting roving blade, carried away with the enthusiasm of his art, infatuated with the belief that it was all meant for him, redoubled his efforts and continued his song. We came closer. The shouts grew louder. The blackthorn frantically swept the air, the elbows shot out right and left, the legs fairly flew asunder. Closer still. Up to the chair. Deafening shouts! The roving blade was one blaze of musical and gymnastic insanity!

In the midst of the next chorus he saw it all. One sudden glance to the left disclosed to him the committee and Dublin deputations, Tom Steele at their head. The stick fell from his grasp. His head fell back. His hat fell off. His legs shot out, and quivered at full length. 'Twas all over with him. The thought stunned him. Recovering a little, he leaped headlong from the salmon-coloured chair into the densely packed orchestra, and disappeared for the rest of the contest. I never saw him after that night. I never heard that anyone else did. Indeed, I never heard that he was seen in Galway again. His hat and favourite blackthorn, left behind on the surface as he vanished with a plunge, were charitably fished up by the treasurer of the committee, carried away as trophies, and deposited in the library of that gentleman.

The speeches in the theatre can be easily imagined. They were philippics against the Whigs. They were panegyrics on Repeal. The servility of the landlords—the Marquis of Clanricarde especially—swelled many an indignant period. From the graves with which the famine had crowded the land, flowers of the darkest hue sprang up. With the hard, stern facts which years of vicious government had set one upon another these flowers were woven. It was the ruin and the ivy. Both had their roots in the soil strewn with wreck and consecrated to the dead. The history of the Whigs, in connexion with the popular party in Ireland, was laid open with the boldest hand. Tom Steele denounced them as the deadliest enemies of Repeal. The Rev. Mr. Roche spoke with a thrilling emphasis of the “cruel and criminal policy of the Whig Government.” That the people were reduced to starvation; that all the corn and Indian meal stored in Galway was permitted to rot; that the gain of the English merchants was preferred to the very lives of the people; that coroner’s inquests daily and hourly took place, whilst the storehouses and granaries were overflowing; these, he said, and many other evils, were the rank fruit of the policy maintained by that heartless Government. Richard O’Gorman, Michael Joseph Barry, and Michael Doheny, shook that old building with an eloquence which would have saved Galway the disgrace of being beaten by the public prosecutor of the British Government, if eloquence could have prevailed against the power of a corrupt Government, backed by a servile aristocracy, and hundreds of tenants reduced to serfdom.

There were many of the voters just as corrupt as the Government themselves. There were some who laid out their votes for sale just as openly as an apple-woman does her Golden Russetens and Sweet Williams. They asked high prices, too. One old thief was exorbitant. A pawnbroker by profession, he was a politician by trade. Inhabiting two rooms on the third floor of a gloomy gaunt Spanish house, there was a quaint picturesqueness surrounding him which would have made, and may still render him, an attractive figure in Irish romance.

The house was very large. A dark low passage led to a

still darker staircase, up which one groped to the duskiest lobbies, which again opened into the gloomiest chambers. These chambers were wide and lofty, but it was somehow a very subdued light which their four walls imprisoned. Imprisoned is the word, for the light never played in them. It was dull—it was stagnant. It seemed to have been shut up in those big coffins of masonry, and to have grown stale and decayed. The windows were square. Massive stone mullions gave them a deep, thick-set frown on the outside. The staunch stonework in which the small, diamond-shaped panes of greenish glass flickered, and the lead sashes in which these pieces of mournful crystal were set, deepened the gloom inside. Everything in and out of those Andalusian houses wore a frown. The protruding parapet up there, seven storeys above the rough pavement, was a petrified frown. The stone carvings under the parapet were ever so many gray frowns. The doorway was an arch frown. The whole front of the house was a ponderous frown. Within, as I have hinted, it wasn't a whit better.

In such a house lived the corrupt pawnbroker. Reported to be wealthy, he sluggishly spun out on crumbs his existence in rags. One of the two rooms he rented served as a kitchen, a nursery, an audience chamber for his distressed friends, and a refectory where he picked his occasional meal. Lumberly as a sloth, he was as sly as a fox. The moment the election began he slipped off his clothes and slipped into bed. He was determined to be bought—was determined to be bought at the highest possible price. With this determination he got into bed, and gave out that he was sick. The greater the difficulties the buyer had in getting him to market, the greater the inducement to his walking that way the considerate contractors were likely to offer. The difficulty of finding them enhances the value of the emeralds of Granada. The pawnbroker knew this. The difficulty of gathering it infuses a fresh lustre into the sapphire. This, too, the pawnbroker knew. His logic was perfect.

For the first five days of the election no one took notice of him. No one mentioned him. No one thought of him even. He might have been dead—stone dead—instead of pretending to be a little indisposed. He must have grown



weary of his speculation. The time must have been heavy with him in his blankets. There was no one to visit him.

Drawing close to the last day of the contest every vote was of consequence. It was now a neck-and-neck race. The registry book was anxiously scrutinised. It was sharply scrutinised. It was scrutinised with the eye of a proof reader, or that of a London detective. Not a voter's name appeared on the ruled sheets but was studied, sifted, hunted, as it were, into its remotest recesses. Even the voters reported to be dead, reported to be at sea, reported to be off in some Terra del Fuego or Sandwich Islands, became the subjects of inquiry, anxious, profound, and persevering. After which search and exploration, it's no wonder that the poor invalid pawnbroker was found out. An active agent of O'Flaherty's committee asked me to accompany him on a visit to the patient. I consented to do so. Indeed, urged by curiosity, I cheerfully assented.

"Come in."

This came from a very weak voice. We had heard that the inmate of the room at which we knocked was laid up—the whole town had suddenly heard of it and wakened up sympathetically to the disconsolate fact—and the tenderness of the tones in which we were desired to come in confirmed the report. Gently, noiselessly, stealthily we opened the door.

"Come in," said the sick man, coughing harshly but weakly, and drawing up the quilt.

"Mr. Cassidy," said my friend, in the sweetest notes possible, and bending towards him with all the affection of a family physician, "we've heard of your illness, and have called in to see you."

"Thank you, gentlemen, thank you," coughed out spasmodically the prostrate poor pawnbroker.

"You're aware, sir," continued the eloquent and active Repealer, "you're aware, sir"—

"I'm aware of nothing," hastily interposed the consumptive man, with a spit and a spasm, and some minutes' coughing.

"Most probably not, sir," resumed the Repealer; "for having been for so many days, so many months, a victim to neuralgia"—

"It's not neuralgia," shouted the pawnbroker, with a jerk, kicking the quilt violently up at the foot of the bed.

"Well, then, sir," the patriotic agent calmly resumed, "not being professionally cognizant of your disease, I may have innocently erred in the few preliminary words which have fallen from me, and which courtesy, as well as a deep sympathy with your present condition"—

"Never mind my condition," was the gruff injunction which came from the blankets.

"Which," the eloquent and courteous gentleman continued, never minding the interruption, "your present condition inspired."

A toss of the blankets, a restless cough, a snuffle or two, and a flap of the patient's hand on the pillow.

"But I've come," said the kindly Samaritan, "principally to see you on business."

The sick man rose up in the bed, straightened his spectacles, looked keenly and piercingly through them, coughed heartily—just for a second or two—then clapping the sheets spread down before him with the palm of his hand, somewhat effectively exclaimed—too much so, indeed, for a man dropping off with consumption :

"Well, then, to business, if that's what you're on."

The spectacles were cracked. They were cracked in the shape of a star, or a sun-fish with an extra allowance of legs. They were cracked as a smooth clear sheet of ice happens occasionally to be, when a gentleman in broad pantaloons, being swept clean off his heels, falls plump backward upon it. Set in the palest silver, they blended fearfully with Mr. Cassidy's complexion. 'Twas a ghoul in a night-shirt that sat there before us. A copy of the *World* newspaper lay crumpled amongst the hillocks and furrows of the quilt, close to the wall. The quilt was of patchwork. A dingy brown colour prevailed. The smell of stale mustard was strong.

"Mr. Cassidy," said the stranger who first addressed him, "the exciting circumstances of this moment may at once suggest to you the purport of our visit."

"Ever read the *World*?" was Mr. Cassidy's pleasant interruption.

"You're aware, sir," said the diplomatist with the airiest benignity, taking no heed of the question the pawnbroker propounded, "that a great—a serious—a vital question, in short, is now being decided in your town. An election—a furious and deadly election—is raging. On the one hand we have, sir, the nominee of a foreign Government."

The pawnbroker, during the first part of the foregoing sentence, had turned his back on the speaker, and busied himself violently, rummaging under the bolster and mattress for something. Wheeling suddenly, with a stern movement, into his former position, he faced his visitors, with a flute under his lip, his fingers upon the keys, and his nightcap thrown back from his forehead. The nightcap looked as if it were made of cobwebs. It looked as if peopled with spiders. It looked as if the spiders were frantic, and were twisting and jerking it (holding on by the tassel) back from the pawnbroker's head. The flute was a German one, made of dark cocoa wood, mounted in ivory and silver. The ivory was cracked. The cocoa wood was cracked. So was the pawnbroker. The silver had the distemper. It was the colour of soot, with a slight infusion of whitewash.

"Ever hear 'Away with Melancholy'?" the musician inquired.

"Seldom under such circumstances," was the temperate reply.

It was gracefully tendered. My friend rose with the occasion. His sweetness increased as the difficulties of the patriotic diplomacy grew to be more close and entangled. The eccentricities of the miserable elector in bed were enough to exasperate the blindest of spirits. The impediments his capricious intellect, movements, and tastes threw in the way of a prompt settlement of the question in point, were more than enough to repel the hardest of hearts.

Diplomacy, after all, is the superlative of art. In no other business does heart or brain, physical endurance, or Christian patience undergo such excruciating tests. In no other business do they so wonderfully demonstrate their elasticity. In no other business do they so exquisitely harmonise theft with honesty, and the turmoil of Erebus with the placidity of Elysium. It is the Andean altitude of art. There is no ascension on this earth beyond it.

My friend was master of it. The scene in which he proved himself on this occasion was confined. The issue of his controversy was insignificant. But in the classic days, we are told, one made himself famous for his physical achievements—famous for carrying with the jauntiest air and ease the weightiest loads—having begun with carrying a calf, and continuing to carry it until it became a ponderous ox. It grew on his back, and he strengthened with its strength. So, too, the Irish gamekeeper became the first of shots in his neighbourhood, and for miles and miles round. The gun he used, he knew it, he said, ever since it had been a pistol. And so, too, my friend in the Galway election practised on small things in the narrowest spheres. But in the obscure practice he disclosed an exhaustless wealth of temper, genius, language, urbanity, ingenuity, duplicity, and delicacy, which set in motion on a loftier stage—set to control the ambition of princes—set to upset the schemes of Metternichs or Talleyrands—would have immortalised him in the pages of Macaulays and Machiavellis of a century greater than the nineteenth. Had Ireland been a nation, he should have had the mission to Japan.

Mr. Cassidy poured his dull soul into the cracked cocowood, and, looking over his spectacles, burnt his blood-shot eyes, as if with a pair of red-hot knitting-needles, into his audience. A grotesque and imaginative thief, there was method in his madness.

"He's as mad as a hatter," whispered the Repealer to me, winking one eye to flatter the maniac, and the other to intimate he understood it completely. The maniac was partly misled. Partly. For a look through the spectacles fiercer than usual gave notice he was watching us sharply. Mr. Cassidy evidently, in the depth of his own mind, determined to have the best of the joke. He came to the conclusion he could tire us out, with his comical tricks, into his own way of thinking. Some men close up a bargain considerably to their disadvantage, to get rid of the trouble and vexation the huxtering discussion entails. Cassidy, who knew the value of the emeralds of New Granada from the labour their discovery necessitates, was well aware of this weakness. He inwardly resolved to be obstinate. His ec-

centricities and pranks were but the expression of his secret oath to achieve the highest price for his vote.

My friend's name has not been as yet mentioned. I felt some delicacy in giving it. In the course of the story I have warmed (as one does with rich wine, briskly sent round), and, becoming confidential, disclose it. James O'Hea is the name. An attorney by necessity and profession, had he the fine linen and full purse to sport, his tastes would have secured him into the more glittering regions of government, and been satisfied exuberantly with the knee breeches and small sword of the mission to Naples. Providence unequally dispenses the gifts of the world. Stupidity and proud flesh are paramount, while genius huddles itself away from the blaze of diamonds, and the flaunting of sky-blue Garter, and the cloudy grandeur of Golden Fleece honours, into a dim cell with a broken bedstead and window, where with the stump of a pen, as with a Prospero wand, it gives to the world "The Vicar of Wakefield" or "Gisippus"—a tragedy which covers the grave of the author as with the towering and arching magnificences of a cosmopolitan Pantheon. Instead of bamboozling a Bourbon at the foot of Vesuvius, James O'Hea, a Carrickfergus attorney, was doing his best to outwit an obscure pawnbroker of Galway. It was not a throne, but a vote, that was at stake. Such are the mistakes of Fortune. Such, it appears to me, are the infelicities which humiliate genius and impoverish mankind, being the main cause of the ugliest quarrels between nations, and all the evils which, like toads and lizards from an overturned fountain, in the slimiest abundance issue therefrom.

"Admirable!" the gentle attorney exclaimed, as Mr. Cassidy solemnly dwelt on the last notes of the piece he had selected, and unfolding his eyelids to the tattered roof of the bedstead, expanding his shirt bosom, and fainting back on the bolster, blew the most solemn and sorrowful wind through the dark tunnel which forwarded to the wall the varying moods of his soul.

"Beautiful!" I plaintively murmured, ravenously wishing for the death of the comical rascal, or that his flute and himself might be blowed.

Mr. Cassidy laughed as he took down his flute, and smoothly shoved it in under the blankets and quilt. It was like sheathing a rapier in velvet. The sensation produced by it was perfectly delicious. When buried completely, Mr. Cassidy, slipping himself after it, and leaving nothing but his teeth, cracked spectacles, and nightcaps of cobwebs in sight, for a second time laughed. 'Twas the laugh of a hyena. Had it come from the mouldiest vault in which dead people were stored, it could not have sounded more horrible.

"Oh! let's go," I emphatically said; "he's a frightful old scoundrel."

"To beguile the time, look like the time—bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your lip"—

Mr. O'Hea went on in the sweetest style with the quotation, waving and curving his right hand to the silent musician, who with his keen red-hot knitting needles of eyes pierced him through and through almost, until he came to the end of it, when the diplomatist turned to me, impressively repeating the words—

"Look like the flower, but be the serpent under it."

"I'm sick," said the flutist, wriggling under the quilt, working his spectacles up and down his nose, from eyebrows to nostrils, digging the flute deeper into the blankets at the foot of the bed, so as to make the keys very audibly shake, and then seizing the *World* with his left hand, crumpling it savagely, working it spasmodically with his fingers into a huge wrinkled ball, waving it furiously in the air, and finally pitching it against the window, from which it rebounded, falling into a basin of suds, which had been lying in a sickly white frame under the shadowy window for more than a week. Mr. O'Hea was nowise dismayed. Not the least. He was confident of his strength, ingenuity, and patience. He knew that Cassidy was anxious to be bought. Knowing this, he knew Mr. Cassidy's weakness. Knowing his weakness, he knew how to manage him. He had the secret to his success. Determined to tire him out, he was resolved to be patient. In fact, with the consciousness of his own strength, the weakness of his victim, and the certainty of conquest, it cost him nothing to be calm, complacent, affable, and abiding.

Thus it is that the largest salmon are sloped quietly ashore. Thus it is that even the sternest rock will become a sponge.

"The flute must be a great comfort to you," the gentleman all the way from Carrickfergus observed.

"Nothing to you," growled Cassidy, slipping deeper under the bed-clothes, and snuffling, as if suffocating, as the tip of his nose went under.

"Come, now, Mr. Cassidy."

"Never mind Mr. Cassidy."

"Like a good fellow."

"You're mighty soft—aren't ye?"

"But you know"——

"But I don't."

"There's nothing like a man having a little money beside him."

Mr. Cassidy came up, drawing the flute after him. It was exposed to the third joint. The patient himself was visible to the wrist. A smile was perceptible. It filled up the holes left by the small-pox, and played through the cracks of the spectacles. Then there was a rubbing of hands, and another laugh from the hyena, as if the hyena had just made a good match, and had a great fortune secured him. I was thoroughly tired all this time, and several times implored my friend to drop the Three Balls, or else excuse me for going alone. He was not to be touched. Stick to him I should. See it out, he appealed to me by the loftiest considerations to do. I felt bound to him by links of iron. But the links were covered with honey, and gradually his wit and suavity were transforming the sick reprobate into an interesting case, from the contemplation of which I felt myself every moment less and less disposed to tear myself away. It was Titania in love with poor Bottom.

Bottom lay in bed, enchanted partly by his own conceit (he was sure he'd win his own terms), and partly by the attorney of Oberon, who even by this time had so played upon his delicate imagination that the bed-posts glittered like thick sticks of gold, and the whitewash on the walls melted into golden showers, and the cobwebs in the corner of the window-frame tightened themselves into stiff netting

of fine gold. The illusion became so beautiful, the pawnbroker felt his nightcap hardened into a crown of precious metal. He was in ecstasies.

"You're a good fellow," he cried out—"a right good fellow—the best fellow I've met this many a day"—he shouted, slapping the quilt with the flute, which he had pulled out the full length from its scabbard—"good luck to the girls, and three cheers for Cassidy!"

His delight became riotous. He jerked off his night-cap, pitched the flute over the footboard of his bed, threw up his spectacles, launched the bolster out on the floor, whirled one of the pillows over his red head, kicking up his toes, and beating the mattress and sheets with his heels, as if swimming for life and death in a horsepond on the broad of his back. But the fit didn't last long.

"That's right, Mr. Cassidy," said Mr. O'Hea, patting him confidentially on his left shoulder, and whispering to him that all should be right.

"Where is it?" asked Cassidy.

"You'll have it the moment you're up," whispered O'Hea.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," the pawnbroker observed with a frown, a cough, a scornful twitch of his lip and left shoulder, and his whole manner subdued.

"Oh! get up, Mr. Cassidy—get up, if you please—we're in a hurry, you know."

This request was urged with the sweetest earnestness of gesture and voice. It was not half through, when the bedclothes became perfectly still. Nothing but a dull waste lay flat and noiseless between the four posts of the bed. Nothing was visible but the brown quilt, and the quilt was unruflled. The pawnbroker was below. He had disappeared—like his flute on a former occasion.

"Mr. Cassidy!"

Not a word, not a stir, not a ripple on the surface.

"Mr. Cassidy!"

The name was called in a louder tone this time, but to no purpose. It might have been a corpse was under the quilt.

"Mr. Cassidy, here's what you want."

Mr. O'Hea had forced his hand deep into his trousers'



pocket, and drawn from out there a handful of crispy bank-notes. He squeezed them. They rustled. He took one, holding it up to the light, and rattled it sharply and cunningly. It rattled like the newest and brightest of tin-foil. It gave out, like a chorus of crickets, the loveliest of notes. It was brisk enough to have started a miser a hundred years dead from his shroud. Cassidy awoke.

"Now, won't you come?" said the tempter.

"Would you like any beef?" asked the pawnbroker, half with a smile and half with a leer.

Mr. Cassidy got on the floor. His movement in doing so was rapid. It was a wild slide and descent. Lightly clad in his loose cotton tunic, he threw himself on his knees in front of a green box, which stood near the window, close to the foot of his bed. Inserting a key and twisting it in the lock, with a grin and a squint at his visitors, he lifted the lid, looked into the box eagerly, gave a cough and a snuffle, smelt about for a second or two, laughed like a hyena, shook his head sharply, laughed again, grinned and squinted again at his guests, and then shut down the lid. Quickly retracing his steps to the head of the bed, he tossed up the blanket and quilt in search of his spectacles. The search was productive of many queer treasures. First of all he drew up an old pamphlet; an embroidered waistcoat, very much worn and stained, next came to the top; a razor strop followed; then a japanned toasting-fork, a case of surgical instruments, a pair of middling-sized tin scales, two or three blue worsted stockings, nail-brushes and boot-hooks, a teapot, a sugar-bowl, a bundle of tea-spoons, and two old-fashioned egg-cups of silver. Every article was set down on the floor with a laugh, a squint, and a grin. A shout or shriek, with a brief dance in the short tunic, varied occasionally the monotonous process. It was, on the whole, a grim exhumation of forfeited deposits.

"That," he cried out, holding up an electrotyped teapot and rattling it, "has belonged to one of the Blakes."

His explorations went on. By-and-by he came to a razor. Opening it carefully, he passed it up and down the ball of his left thumb.

"Good!" says he, with a wink like that of a fiend, "one of the Frenches owned that."

An ivory enamelled card-case made its appearance on the dish of a brass candlestick. The dish was discoloured and foul. It was as green and as damp as a grave in the churchyard of Kilbarry. The last treasure exhumed was a piece of stale corn beef, as tough as an ash root, about the size of a brick. A thick rag of fat clung around it, and a broken bone forced its way through it. The bone was decayed. Spotted with something like verdigris, it was punctured all over.

"Take a bit," said Mr. Cassidy, with the most winning voice, smiling at his guests, holding the beef in one hand, and with the razor, which belonged to one of the Frenches, slicing the meat dexterously.

After this, I concluded we were done for. I gave up the game in despair. Cassidy couldn't be wheedled. 'Twas no use in trying. He was obstinate, dogged, incorrigible. Nothing could coax him. Nothing could bend him. Nothing could reason or tempt him out of his pretended insanity. He was determined to beat us. We should have to conclude with him on his own full terms, or we might go home. That was his determination. The variety of his treasures—those countless forfeited goods—boot-hooks, teapots, saucepans, and razors—above all, the package of beef—enabled him, with considerable relish to himself, to prolong the experiment. I couldn't stand it any longer. Mr. O'Hea was still patient and hopeful.

"Good day, Mr. Cassidy."

"Good day," he laughed out—"won't you have a bit?"

And as I drew the door after me, I saw the pawnbroker, staring fiercely at me through the cracks of his spectacles, stretching the boiled beef in his skinny hand towards me, and with his yellow teeth set and his stump of a nose curved in a grin, inviting me to take a bit, if it were ever so small.

[CONCLUDED IN VOL. III., PAGE 3.]

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ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY, IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.—When England conquered, Ireland was coerced; when she was defeated, Ireland was relieved.—*Grattan*.

## Oscar and Eva.

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BY THOMAS IRWIN.

Mistily, oh ! mistily, ye starless clouds, awhile  
Float around yon castle lands that forest-skirt the isle ;  
Muffle up the lovers as they tread the path to shore,  
But thickest hang between them and the tower that looks it o'er.

Distantly, oh ! distantly, thou heavy rounded sun,  
Pause beneath the tides until their swinging bark is won ;  
Daintily, a little while, ye billows, wash the strand  
Ere yet ye kiss that tiny coying footstep off the sand.

Sink awhile thy thunder surges, surfy rolling swell !  
Drink not up that little bark that tops thy hills so well ;  
Shake no more with thy rude mirth that beating heart this  
hour,  
But o'er thee let it float in peace, like thy blue little flow'r.

Spring aloft now when thou wilt, O cheerful morning light !  
Make the sea floor spreading off to yonder islet bright ;  
Tenderly and steadily sweep on, thou sunny gale,  
And fan her cheek, and keep a stretch the full-blown eager sail.

Now yonder on the yellow beach an evening group appears,  
Gazing toward that dipping barque and blessing him that  
steers—

Oh, hush thee, good sea wind ! till she who looks through fright-  
ened tears

Can hear the song of yonder maidens floating to her ears.

Sink again thy thunder surges, surfy rolling swell !  
Drink not up that little barque that tops thy waves so well ;  
Daintily, a little while, ye billows, wash the strand  
Ere yet ye kiss that tiny coying footstep off the sand.

And thou, their fellow traveller, now red and rounding dim,  
Oh, rest a little longer on the moorland's rushy rim,  
And through the window on the stair of Oscar's towered home,  
Where Eva treads, with one last smile of welcome shining come.

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## Innishowen.

BY MICHAEL SCANLAN.

No wonder I do weep and sigh  
As here alone  
I sadly stray through forests gray,  
Unloved, unknown.  
Oh for the rays of boyhood's days,  
Bright days long flown,  
The waving woods and the rushing floods  
Of Innishow'n !

The woe and tears of dreary years  
Have worn away  
That sterner part which round my heart  
Through manhood lay,  
And, like a child that's roamed the wild  
And tired grown,  
I sit and sigh for days gone by  
In Innishow'n.

The mountain streams dance through my dreams  
In silver song—  
As leaping light the liquid bright  
Laughs down among  
The dark glens wild where oft, a child,  
I've wandered through,  
Ere sorrow gave her poisoned wave  
For Summer dew.

From hill and vale the Clan na Gael  
Have sadly fled ;  
The cold footfall of Saxon Gall  
Disturbs the dead.  
How must they feel 'neath Saxon heel ?  
Ochone ! ochone !  
The rook finds rest in the eagle's nest  
In Innishow'n.

Should Cahir come from his moss-grown tomb  
    To Couldah's side,  
And from the height look down beneath  
    Where true men died,  
How would he sigh as days gone by  
    Came rushing on,  
To find how slaves can tread the graves  
    Of lions gone !

O Liberty ! when shall we see  
    Thy smiles again ?  
Both night and day we watch and pray,  
    And look in vain.  
How many years, through woe and tears,  
    We've braved the storm,  
In heart and mind we've kept enshrined  
    Thy sacred form !

'Tis true that we were false to thee  
    And to the dead,  
Else from where first thy youth was nursed  
    Thou 'dst never fled—  
That, whilst we slept, foul tyrants crept  
    And bound the chains  
Which tinged the flood of Gaelic blood  
    Within our veins.

But, Liberty, when Tyranny  
    Was on thy track,  
The blood and bone of Innishow'n  
    Were at thy back ;  
From mount and glen came stalwart men,  
    Each heart thine own ;  
What foe would dare the wolf-dog's lair  
    In Innishow'n ?

Those were the times when clashing chimes  
    From hungry swords  
Fell on the ears of mountaineers  
    Like sweetest words ;  
Where Freedom found her native ground  
    Was on the heath,  
Where men grown bold through legions old  
    Did play with death.

But long ago by want and woe  
Fond ties were riven ;  
A scattered host, on every coast  
They're tempest-driven ;  
But still they bear through toil and care  
The stamp and tone  
That freemen bore in days of yore  
Through Innishow'n.

Green Innisfail ! one of the Gael  
That ne'er may see  
The golden days when thou shalt raise  
Thy proud head free,  
Stands by the shore, and gazing o'er  
The deep, wide sea,  
Thus fills the cup of true love up,  
And drinks to thee !

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### Meagher's Personal Recollections.

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#### DAN CALLAGHAN AND GANSEY—THE KILLARNEY PIPER AND THE MEMBER FOR CORK.

IN our last number we left the member for Cork sitting at that jovial table, in Finn's Hotel, Killarney, with Gansey, the blind *chanteur*, close to his elbow. The cloth had been removed, the fruit laid, the port and claret circulated; the mellow, genial old whiskey—Wyse's oldest—had been passed from hand to hand, and, under another combination, from mouth to mouth. Cigars, too, had been lit. The dining room was full of aromatic smoke and exhilarating steam. The festive sea was at its highest tide. Not a bare or barren spot could be descried. The sparkling, bounding waves rolled over the broad space; swept the brown, glistening strand from end to end; dashed up to the sulkiest rocks that thought to frown or look stiff upon them; broke in flashes

through many a lowering crevice ; and flinging up pearls, and shells, or flowers of daintiest fibre and countless shapes and hues, while many a white-winged wild bird swept down to and up from them, made earth, if not heaven, rejoice.

As if there were Naiads and Tritons gambolling in that flashing sea, there was a white-bearded Neptune presiding there, and with a potent silver ladle, instead of 'Trident, ruling the revelry and benignly keeping down its storms. This was easy for him ; Æolus, with the winds in his leather cave, being close to the elbow, and under the thumb, of the aqueous old god.

There was a pause in the tinkling of glasses, the shoving of sugar bowls, the hubbub of voices. The member for Cork had finished his fifth glass of port with a smack. He had straightened himself in his chair and bent forward a little. His fishy little eyes gleamed out like glow-worm, on the eve of exhaustion, from the depths of their caverns. The faint speck of light had to pierce its way through a bog of soft flesh before it could flicker on the moist surface ; and when it succeeded, it gave signs of the struggle. It was a gelatinous lustre. It could not have illuminated a globe the girth of a pen.

Drawing the napkin across his lips, smiling with ponderous composure, revolving his head a little to one side, then nudging the piper with the broad tip of his elbow, his slim, half-suffocated little voice squeaked out—"Now for it, Gansey !"

What a cheer ! What a ringing *hear, hear !* What a furious *tattoo* of spoons and nut-crackers down both sides of the table ! What a lifting, and clanking, and draining of glasses ! How rapturously and wildly they sprang to their legs, and waving decanters, and tumblers, and candlesticks, and dessert knives, and finger bowls, above their heads, and across the table, gave *three times three* for the glorious blind Minstrel of the Lakes ! Callaghan, all the while, during all the tumult, in the fiercest of it, sitting with a radiant complacency in his cushioned chair, his napkin replaced, his small eyes voluptuously glistening, his snowy waistcoat dilating with the glowing atmosphere of the scene, his old face reddening and cracking and oozing like a leg of mutton

upon the spit, his elbow working impatiently at the piper, and the small, half-stifled voice still squeaking—"Now, Gansey, now for it."

"Very well, your honour," says Gansey, and he turns his aged noble head slightly towards the master of the feast. Then throwing himself back a little; turning up the left leg across the right, so that the ankle of the former might rest the least bit above the bent knee of the latter; fixing the bag under one arm and the bellows under the other; fixing them nice and tidy, so that not a breath might be lost, nor a note of the smallest dimension escape; and then hurriedly patting the keys up and down, behind and before, to make sure they were there and good for the night, the glorious old fellow bent himself to it, and, with all its wild witchery, gave us the "Foxhunters' Jig."

When I forget Ireland, I shall forget that scene. It is before me now, as distinct, as glowing, as full of life, as though I came away from it last night only, and were still within speaking distance of the echoes of Dunloe. The long, bright table, so richly furnished with fruit and wines; the few wax lights, placed at long intervals apart, throwing over the principal figures and features of the picture a faint, lemon-hued, delicately mellowed gilding, and leaving the entire room, except where the narrow isthmus of wine-flowing and fruit-bearing mahogany extended, in deep darkness; the multitude of faces all animated, most of them gay, none serious, many flashing with fun; here and there an odd one clouding up suddenly, and as suddenly breaking into lightnings, as that quaint, grand music woke memories of the martial days of the island; and all turned with an earnestness more or less vivid—more or less marked by the eye, the mouth, the protruding chin, the elbow on the table, and the arm with clenched hand pressed against the head—all turned towards old Gansey, watching with an intent delight and wonder the ecstatic movements of his fingers, thumbs, arms, backbone, sole of the foot, and knee-joint. But it was the outward play of the soul on the blind features—the sunshine, the storm, the rush of the red leaves before the wind, the scudding clouds above the sleeping lake, the starlight in the Black Valley—it was this which made



him glorious. It was this which perfected the magic of that wild minstrelsy. It was this which gave to it the cry of the hounds, the scream of the startled eagle, the echoes of the mountains, the splash and gurgle of the brook, the moan of the woods in the midnight, the tramp of the chasing hoofs, the rapture of the sport!

As the last note died with a gasp in the glorious pipes, and the old man loosened his limbs, lifted his noble grey head, and took a breath of fresh air higher up, he was greeted as when he commenced. Again the revellers rose; again flashed cup and bowl and silvered knife amongst the fragrant clouds; again broke out the *hip, hip, hurrah*; again the windows rattled; again the loud jovial peals went rolling through stone wall and oaken door, upstairs, along the slumbering corridors, to the rafters of the garret, and through the skylights out upon the lake. Gansey rose from his seat in the midst of it, sweetly smiled, bowed, and sat down.

Unruffled in the midst of it, Callaghan remained enthroned on his green cushion, the napkin still flowing from beneath his waistcoat, his little eyes still winking and glistening through the chinks still left them in their dungeon depths of fat, his white head looking whiter through the smoke than ever, his old face exuberantly blossoming and blazing with unctuous delight and the best of whiskey.

The cheers subsided. Everyone sat down. Everyone filled up.

"Gansey, what will you have?" said the member for Cork to the piper, turning his head almost imperceptibly in the direction of the latter, at the same time giving him a social wink, as it were, with the tip of his elbow.

"Your honour, there's nothing better than the owld stuff," says Gansey.

"Right, Gansey," says Callaghan, "devilishly right."

"How will you have it, Gansey—hot or cold, Gansey—which, Gansey, will you have?"

"I have a preference for the cowl'd, your honour," says Gansey.

"Right again, Gansey," says Callaghan, "devilishly right."

With such confirmatory words, the member for Cork fills up a large tumbler of grog for the Minstrel of the Lakes,

which the latter takes at a breath, handing the vacant tumbler back to the member, who, delighted with the excuse, fills himself onc, smiles, winks, gives Gansey a nudge, and absorbs the whole.

Then the performance begins again. Gansey braces himself up for a second achievement. Tightens the bag again under his left arm. Tightens the bellows again under his right. Crosses one leg over the other. Slips his fingers, up and down, over the keys. Bends to it lovingly, and gives us the "Devil's Gallop round the Hob." And again there's the same quaint, wild, rude, graud, descriptive music; again does the old man's bleak face light up and flash, and show like a landscape in a changeful season of rain and sunbeam; and again does the cheer break out, and the glasses ring, and the delighted faces flash their grateful joyousness upon the blind musician; and again does the member for the beautiful city of Cork sit there, in snowy vastness of waistcoat, napkin, head, and whiskers, with corpulent complacency drinking in the mirth of the music, the enthusiasm, and something yet more grateful to his unfathomable soul, silent, smiling, radiant, massive, and immutable. A Neptune, if you will, among the Naiads and Tritons—but a Neptune with the leer and paunch of Bacchus.

As the last note dies, for the second time, with a gasp in those glorious pipes, and the old man loosens himself, lifts his gray head, and takes a breath of fresh air higher up, Dan Callaghan, motioning his head in the direction of the pipes, finishing his own tumbler, faintly smacking his lips, and trying to give Gansey a nudge, says:

"Gansey, what will you have—brandy or spirits, Gansey—which will you have?"

"Your honour, we'd better stick to the owld thing—we're not tired with it yet."

"Right, Gansey," says Callaghan, "devilishly right, and devilishly good."

"How will you have it—hot or cold, Gansey—how will you have it?"

"My preference," says Gansey, "is for the cowl—it warms one better than the hot."

"Right!" exclaims Callaghan, trying to slap his thigh with

his fin—for he was built like a turtle ; “ right, Gansey, devilishly right ! ”

Close upon which there was another, and, for the fifth time, a tremendous cheer, amid the ringing of glasses, the battering of spoons, the shaking of windows, the flashing of fruit-knives, and countless other expressions of convivial enthusiasm.

Until long past midnight did this continue. Until long past midnight did this feasting, drinking, cheering, carousing, music, wild merriment, enthusiasm, uproar, roll on and roar. For the third, and the fourth, and the sixth, and the seventh, and the eighth, and the ninth time, did Gansey tighten and bend to the tune ; did the *hip, hip, hurrah*, ring out ; did the pipes carry us to the hunt, or a charge, the camp, or a wake ; did the pipes gasp out their last hoarse note ; did the tumult of thanks break out ; did the gray head bow in kindly acknowledgment, the old man rising sweetly smiling, as most blind people do ; and for the third, the fourth, and the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth time, did Dan Callaghan, immovable in that capacious chair, turn almost imperceptibly in the direction of the pipes, and ask :

“ Gansey, what will you have—brandy or spirits, Gansey—which will you have ? ”

And each and every time did Gansey meekly but incorrigibly reply :

“ Your honour, we’d better stick to the owld thing.”

And every time that Gansey made this answer, did Callaghan, more or less vivaciously, exclaim :

“ Right, Gansey, dev’lishly right ! ”

Coming on close to two o’clock in the morning, I left the room. I was the last to leave it with the exception of Callaghan and Gansey. They were still sitting, just as they had been sitting eight hours before, when I closed the door of the dining-room upon them. As I went up stairs, with my bedchamber light in hand, and as I reached the second landing-place and paused for a moment, I could hear the words—faintly, it is true—but distinctly enough :

“ Gansey, what will you have ? ”

Then there was a mumbling, a shuffling of glasses, a very short dry laugh, and these words :

"Right, Gansey, dev'lishly right!"

On getting to my room, I found they had forgotten to make the bed. I pulled the bell. In a few minutes one of the servants came up. Having told her what I wanted, I thought I might as well return to the dining-room whilst she was putting the things in order. There was a fire there when I was leaving. I had taken cold on the Lake, coming down from the Gap, passing through which we had been drenched to the skin, and I thought it would be as well to take a heat at the coals preparatory to a bake in the blankets.

Down I went, candlestick in hand. Down I went, and into the dining-room I walked. Close to me was a dense mass of shadow—a little beyond me, a misty stream or streak of light—beyond that again, another bank of cloud. In one spot, up at the head of the misty stream or streak of light, after some intent and quiet gazing, there appeared to me to be a circle of peculiar brightness, and something like huge phantoms looming up within it.

I advanced a little further. I was in the same room I had dined in. Sepulchral as it looked, it was our uproarious banquet hall. I recognised the fire-place, the bell-ropes, the hangings of the windows, the very cracks in the yellowish smoked ceiling, and the parochial attempts at plastic art upon what the waiters called the "cornish."

I advanced still further, still holding the candlestick, which held the mould candle, in my hand. I looked down. There was the very table at which I had sat, and no mistake about it. There was the bright, brown mahogany, in which I had seen reflected so many jovial faces, and those golden and ruby coloured glasses, and the fruits of the Azores and Malaga. There it was, strewed with the remnants and vestiges of the feast, broken tumblers, decanter-stoppers, finger-bowls turned up like bee-hives, raisin stalks, orange peels, the husks of walnut and hazel nuts—sprawling nutcrackers, strained sugar-tongs, the melancholy roots of cigars, a water jug with a hare lip, another without a handle—a profusion of ruins, over which and through which a sickly blueish light went to and fro—there it was, the wreck of the board at which I had sat.

I advanced still further yet ; I looked up—up to the head of the table—up to where the huge phantoms appeared to me to be cowering.

There were two silver candlesticks there. The candles in them were burnt down to within three inches of the sockets, whilst the black wick, with a great red fiery bulb at the end of it, hung over full two inches, and like a scorpion was eating its way into its own body with a suicidal malignity. It was a deadly description of light these candles threw out. But within it I saw the white napkin and whiskers, and the bagpipes. Callaghan and Gansey were still at it.

I retired to the fire-place, and stood with my back to it. Neither of them had remarked me. They had seen nothing—heard nothing. They were alone in the world, and as happy as a couple of old Irish kings.

“What will you have, Gansey?”

“No use of changing at this time of day—the owld thing, your honour.”

“Right, Gansey, right—dev’lishly right.”

“Hot or cold, Gansey—which will you have?”

“The hot gives me cowl, and the cowl makes me hot,” says the piper.

“Right,” says the member, “dev’lishly right, and dev’lishly good.”

Something put it into my head to go over to them. I did so. Gansey, of course, couldn’t see anything. He heard something, and spread his ear. Callaghan saw very little more than his neighbour, and was no better for hearing. He sat there without a stir, without a wink, without a breath hardly, as if a carved or stuffed continuation of the velvet-cushioned chair. He looked neither to the right nor the left, nor up nor down. Gansey looked as if there were an evil spirit near him.

“Good night, Mr. Callaghan,” I said.

“Who the devil are you—good night,” he said.

“I suppose, sir,” I said, “we shall not have the pleasure of your company to Cork to-morrow?”

“I don’t care a d—,” says he, trying to look up, but kept down by a nightmare, “I don’t care a d— if I never moved out of this. Gansey, what will you have?”

And so I left them both.

## Or Else!

BY "DESMOND," OF THE NATION.

Our country has one glorious boast—  
She caught at Freedom's flame  
When, leaving freed Columbia's coast,  
To trampled France it came.  
The iron grim left soul and limb,  
As heated metal melts—  
Our fathers vowed—unawed—aloud,  
Their country's rights—or else!

The selfish strangers long had banned  
Our freedom and our trade—  
To one wild waste they turned our land,  
Then mocked the wreck they made.  
Despite their jeers, the Volunteers  
Put sharp swords in their belts;  
And bravely swore they'd bear no more  
Their country's wrongs—or else!

We ask no boon, these brave men cried—  
We scorn to stoop or kneel—  
Our flag must wave on every tide  
Where floats a British keel;  
We'll take the wines of southern vines,  
We'll send our flax and felts;  
The sea allures—'tis ours as yours—  
"Free trade," they cried—or else!

Free trade was won—our emerald flag  
Passed proudly o'er the main;  
But still our land was doomed to drag  
Some links of slavery's chain.  
The meanest tool of Saxon rule  
Made law for Irish Celts—  
Our fathers swore this blot no more  
Should stain their land—or else!

They used no base or whining arts—  
They struck no dastard blow;

They cried—from Irish heads and hearts  
 Our Irish laws must flow !  
 And England's frown (for France mowed down  
 Her red coats and her kelts)  
 Was smoothed away !—oh ! brave men they  
 Who cried—"Our rights—or else !"

The splendour of those famous years  
 Has vanished and decayed—  
 Gone are our glorious Volunteers,  
 Our freedom, and our trade !  
 We're beggars now, but still we vow—  
 Though poor and trampled Celts—  
 Though England fret, she'll yield us yet  
 Our plundered rights—or else !

Courage ! The clouds are in the West !  
 And though they pass away,  
 Still haughty England's iron breast  
 Holds deadlier foes than they !  
 Her idle looms—her living tombs—  
 Her mines where childhood swelts—  
 Her shattered frame—all, all proclaim  
 A peaceful path—or else !

God knows we do not wish to see  
 Her fall, if fall she must—  
 What sadder sight than this can be ?  
 A giant in the dust !  
 But if her hour of pomp and pow'r  
 Is o'er like snow that melts,  
 Her race is run, *ours* but begun—  
 Yield, tyrant land !—or else !

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CATHOLIC TOLERANCE.—The restoration of the old religion (in the reign of Queen Mary) was effected without violence ; no persecution of the Protestants was attempted ; and several of the English, who fled from the furious zeal of Mary's inquisitors, found a safe retreat among the Catholics of Ireland. It is but justice to this maligned body to add that on three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand they never injured a single person in life or limb for professing a religion different from their own.—*Taylor's History of the Civil Wars of Ireland.* [The historian was a Protestant.]

## Godfrey of Tyrconnell.

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From "The Story of Ireland": by A. M. Sullivan.

I HAVE remarked that the Irish chiefs may be said to have fought each other with one hand, while they fought the English with the other. Illustrating this state of things, I may refer to the story of Godfrey, King of Tyrconnel—as glorious a character as ever adorned the page of history. For years the Normans had striven in vain to gain a foothold in Tyrconnel. Elsewhere—in Connacht, in Munster, throughout all Leinster, and in southern Ulster—they could betimes assert their sway, either by dint of arms or by insidious diplomatic strategy. But never could they overreach the wary and martial Cinel-Connall, from whom more than once the Norman armies had suffered overthrow. At length the Lord Justice, Maurice Fitzgerald, felt that this hitherto invulnerable fortress of native Irish power in the north-west had become a formidable standing peril to the entire English colony: and it was accordingly resolved that the whole strength of the Anglo-Norman force in Ireland should be put forth in one grand expedition against it; and this expedition the Lord Justice decided that he himself would lead and command in person! At this time Tyrconnel was ruled by a prince who was the soul of chivalric bravery, wise in the council, and daring in the field—Godfrey O'Donnell. The Lord Justice, while assembling his forces, employed the time, moreover, in skilfully diplomatizing, playing the insidious game which in every century most largely helped the Anglo-Norman interest in Ireland—setting up rivalries, and inciting hostilities amongst the Irish princes! Having, as he thought, not only cut off Godfrey from all chance of alliance or support from his fellow-princes of the North and West, but environed him with their active hostility, Fitzgerald marched on Tyrcon-



nel. His army moved with all the pomp and panoply of Norman pride. Lords, earls, knights, and esquires from every Norman castle or settlement in the land, had rallied at the summons of the king's representative. Godfrey, isolated though he found himself, was nothing daunted by the tremendous odds which he knew were against him. He was conscious of his own military superiority to any of the Norman lords yet sent against him—he was, in fact, one of the most skilful captains of the age—and he relied implicitly on the unconquerable bravery of his clansmen. Both armies met at Credan-Kille, in the north of Sligo. A battle, which the Normans describe as fiercely and vehemently contested, ensued and raged for hours without palpable advantage to either side. In vain the mail-clad battalions of England rushed upon the saffron-kilted Irish clansmen; each time they reeled from the shock and fled in bloody rout. In vain the cavalry squadrons—long the boasted pride of the Normans—headed by earls and knights whose names were rallying cries in Norman England, swept upon the Irish lines. Riderless horses alone returned. The Lord Justice in wild dismay saw the proudest army ever rallied by Norman power on Irish soil, being routed and hewn piecemeal before his eyes. Godfrey, on the other hand, the very impersonation of valour, was everywhere cheering his men, directing the battle, and dealing destruction to the Normans. The gleam of his battle-axe, or the flash of his sword, was the sure precursor of death to the haughtiest earl or knight that dared to confront him. The Lord Justice—than whom no abler general or braver soldier served the king—saw that the day was lost if he could not save it by some desperate effort, and at the worst he had no wish to survive the overthrow of the splendid army he had led into the field. The flower of the Norman nobles had fallen under the sword of Godfrey, and him the Lord Maurice now sought out, dashing into the thickest of the fight. The two leaders met in single combat. Fitzgerald dealt the Tyrconnel chief a deadly wound; but Godfrey, still keeping his seat, with one blow of his battle-axe oloved the Lord Justice to the earth, and the proud baron was carried senseless off the field by his followers. The English fled in hopeless confusion; and of them the chroniclers tell

us there was made a slaughter that night's darkness alone arrested. The Lord Maurice was done with pomp and power after the ruin of that day. He survived his dreadful wound for some time ; he retired into a Franciscan monastery which he himself had built and endowed at Youghal, and there, taking the habit of a monk, he departed this life tranquilly in the bosom of religion. Godfrey, meanwhile, mortally wounded, was unable to follow up quickly the great victory of Credan-kille ; but stricken as he was, and with life ebbing fast, he did not disband his army till he had demolished the only castle the English had dared to raise on the soil of Tyrconnel. This being done, and the last soldier of England chased beyond the frontier line, he gave the order for dispersion, and himself was borne homewards to die.

This, however, sad to tell, was the moment seized upon by O'Neill, prince of Tyrone, to wrest from the Cinel-Connal submission to his power ! Hearing that the lion-hearted Godfrey lay dying, and while yet the Tyrconnellian clans, disbanded and on their homeward roads, were suffering from their recent engagement with the Normans, O'Neill sent envoys to the dying prince demanding hostages in token of submission ! The envoys, say all the historians, no sooner delivered this message than they fled for their lives ! Dying though Godfrey was, and broken and wounded as were his clansmen by their recent glorious struggle, the messengers of Tyrowen felt but too forcibly the peril of delivering this insolent demand. And characteristically was it answered by Godfrey. His only reply was to order an instantaneous muster of all the fighting men of Tyrconnel. The army of Tyrowen meanwhile pressed forward rapidly to strike the Cinel-Connal, if possible, before their available strength, such as it was, could be rallied. Nevertheless, they found the quickly re-assembled victors of Credan-Kille awaiting them. But, alas ! sorrowful story ! On the morning of the battle, death had but too plainly set his seal upon the brow of the heroic Godfrey ! As the troops were being drawn up in line, ready to march into the field, the physicians announced that his last moments were at hand ; he had but a few hours to live ! Godfrey himself received the information with sublime composure. Having first received the last sacra-

ments of the Church, and given minute instructions as to the order of battle, *he directed that he should be laid upon the bier which was to have borne him to the grave; and that thus he should be carried at the head of his army on the march!* His orders were obeyed, and then was witnessed a scene for which history has not a parallel! The dying king, laid on his bier, was borne at the head of his troops into the field! After the bier came the standard of Godfrey—on which was emblazoned a cross with the words, "*In hoc signo vinces*"—and next came the charger of the dying king, caparisoned as if for battle! But Godfrey's last fight was fought! Never more was that charger to bear him where the sword-blows fell thickest. Never more would his battle-axe gleam in the front of the combat. But as if his presence, living, dead, or dying, was still a potential assurance of triumph to his people, the Cinel-Connal bore down all opposition. Long and fiercely, but vainly, the army of Tyrowen contested the field. Around the bier of Godfrey his faithful clansmen made an adamantine rampart which no foe could penetrate. Wherever it was borne, the Tyrconnel phalanx, of which it was the heart and centre, swept all before them. At length, when the foe was flying on all sides, they laid the bier upon the ground to tell the king that the day was won. But the face of Godfrey was marble pale, and cold and motionless! All was over! His heroic spirit had departed amidst his people's shouts of victory!

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It is sometimes weakly urged that the venality of the last Irish Parliament is a perpetual disqualifier of the Irish people from the right of self-legislation. It might as well be said that the owner of an estate was disqualified from the rights of possession by the rascality of his agent. The Irish people had nothing to do with the venality of their legislators. The sin was not theirs, nor should its punishment be visited on them. And in the last grand struggle the men who really were their representatives—the men who were returned for open, popular constituencies—nearly all voted against the Ministerial project, and for the preservation of the Irish Parliament.—*O'Neill Daunt.*

## T. F. Meagher on the Union.

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The speeches of Thomas Francis Meagher are amongst the most brilliant specimens of Irish oratory. They are full of passion, fire, and beauty. On the souls of those who heard them their effect was electrical. From the time of his joining the Repeal movement under O'Connell up to the date of the attempted insurrection, in July, 1848, young Meagher continued to pour forth a flood of the purest eloquence, and there is no doubt that his inspiring appeals to his countrymen contributed much to kindle that glow of popular enthusiasm which then swept through the land. Many of his magnificent addresses, having reference to the then existing condition of Irish political affairs, are no less appropriate at this day; and, even if this were not so, they could still be read by Irishmen with pride and pleasure because of their literary merits. The following, having reference to the Act of Union, was spoken at a meeting held in Conciliation Hall, Dublin, on the 16th of February, 1846 :—

SIR, we have pledged ourselves never to accept the Union—to accept the Union upon no terms—nor any modification of the Union. It ill becomes a country like ours—a country with an ancient fame—a country that gave light to Europe whilst Europe's oldest State of this day was yet an infant in civilisation and in arms—a country that has written down great names upon the brightest page of European literature—a country that has sent orators into the senate whose eloquence, to the latest day, will inspire free sentiments, and dictate bold acts—a country that has sent soldiers into the field whose courage and whose honour it will ever be our proudest privilege to record, if not our noblest duty to imitate—a country whose sculptors rank high in Rome, and whose painters have won for Irish genius a proud pre-eminence even in the capital of the stranger—a country whose musicians may be said to stand this day in glorious rivalry with those of Italy, and whose poets have had their melodies re-echoed from the most polished courts of Europe to the loneliest dwellings in the deep forests beyond the Mississippi—it ill becomes a country so distinguished and respectable to serve as the subaltern of England, qualified as she is to take up an eminent position, and stand erect

in the face of Europe. It is hers to command, for she possesses the materials of manly power and stately opulence. Education is abroad, and her people are being tutored in the arts and virtues of an enlightened manhood. They are being taught how to enjoy, and how to preserve, the beatitude of freedom. A spirit of brotherhood is alive, and breathing through the land. Old antipathies are losing ground—traditional distinctions of sect and party are being now effaced. Irrespective of descent or creed, we begin at last to appreciate the abilities and virtues of all our fellow-countrymen. We now look into history with the generous pride of the nationalist, not with the cramped prejudice of the partisan. We do homage to Irish valour, whether it conquers on the walls of Derry or capitulates with honour before the ramparts of Limerick; and, sir, we award the laurel to Irish genius, whether it has lit its flame within the walls of old Trinity or drawn its inspiration from the sanctuary of Saint Omer's. Acting in this spirit, we shall repair the errors and reverse the mean condition of the past. If not, we perpetuate the evil that has for so many years consigned this country to the calamities of war and the infirmities of vassalage. "We must tolerate each other," said Henry Grattan, the inspired preacher of Irish nationality—he whose eloquence, as Moore has described it, was the very music of Freedom—"We must tolerate each other, or we must tolerate the common enemy." After years of social disorder, years of detestable recrimination, between factions, and provinces, and creeds, we are on the march to freedom. A nation, organised and disciplined, instructed and inspired, under the guidance of wise spirits, and in the dawning light of a glorious future, makes head against a powerful supremacy. On the march let us sustain a firm, a gallant, and a courteous bearing. Let us avoid all offence to those who pass us by; and, by rude affronts, let us not drive still further from our ranks those who at present decline to join. If aspersed, we must not stop to retaliate. With proud hearts let us look forward to the event that will refute all calumnies—that will vindicate our motives and recompense our labours. An honourable forbearance towards those who censure us, a generous respect

for those who differ from us, will do much to diminish the difficulties that impede our progress. Let us cherish, and, upon every occasion, manifest an anxiety for the preservation of the rights of all our fellow-countrymen—their rights as citizens—their municipal rights—the privileges which their rank in society has given them—the position which their wealth has purchased or their education has conferred—and we will in time, and before long, efface the impression that we seek for Repeal with a view to crush those rights, to erect a Church-ascendancy, to injure property, and create a slave-class. But, sir, whilst we thus act towards those who dissent from the principles we profess, let us not forget the duties we owe each other. The good will it becomes us to evince towards our opponents, the same should we cultivate amongst ourselves. Above all, let us cherish, and in its full integrity maintain, the right of free discussion. With his views identified with ours upon the one great question, let us not accuse of treason to the national cause the associate who may deem this measure advisable or that measure inexpedient. Upon subordinate questions—questions of detail—there must naturally arise in this assembly a difference of opinion. If views adverse to the majority be entertained, we should solicit their exposition, and meet them by honest argument. If the majority rule, let the minority be heard. Toleration of opinion will generate confidence amongst all classes, and lay the sure basis of national independence. But, sir, whilst we thus endeavour wisely to conciliate, let us not, to the strongest foe, nor in the most tempting emergency, weakly capitulate. A decisive attitude—an unequivocal tone—language that cannot be construed by the English press into the renunciation or the postponement of our claim—these should be the characteristics of this assembly at the present crisis, if we desire to convince the opponents of our freedom that our sentiments are sincere and our vow irrevocable. Let earnest truth, stern fidelity to principle, love for all who bear the name of Irishmen, sustain, ennoble, and immortalise this cause. Thus shall we reverse the dark fortunes of the Irish race, and call forth here a new nation from the ruins of the old. Thus shall a parliament moulded from the soil, racy of the soil, pregnant

with the sympathies and glowing with the genius of the soil, be here raised up. Thus shall an honourable kingdom be enabled to fulfil the great ends that a bounteous Providence hath assigned her—which ends have been signified to her in the resources of her soil and the abilities of her sons.

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### On the Rampart: Dimerick.

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BY JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

Cheerily rings the boatman's song  
 Across the dark-brown water ;  
 His mast is slant, his sail is strong,  
 His hold is red with slaughter—  
 With beeves that cropped the field of Glynn,  
 And sheep that pricked their meadows,  
 Until the sunset-cry trooped in  
 The cattle from the shadows.  
 He holds the foam-washed tiller loose,  
 And hums a country ditty ;  
 For, under clouds of gold turned puce,  
 Gleam harbour, mole, and city.  
 O town of manhood ! maidenhood !  
 By thee the Shannon flashes—  
 There Freedom's seed was sown in blood,  
 To blossom into ashes.

St. Mary's, in the evening air,  
 Springs up austere and olden ;  
 Two sides its steeple gray and bare,  
 Two sides with sunset golden.  
 The bells roll out, the bells roll back,  
 For lusty knaves are ringing ;  
 Deep in the chancel, red and black,  
 The white-robed boys are singing.  
 The sexton loiters by the gate  
 With eyes more blue than hyssop,

A black-green skull-cap on his pate,  
And all his mouth a-gossip.  
This is the town beside the flood—  
The walls the Shannon washes—  
Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,  
To blossom into ashes.

The streets are quaint, red-bricked, antique,  
The topmost storeys curving,  
With, here and there, a slated leak,  
Through which the light falls swerving.  
The angry sudden light falls down  
On path and middle parquet,  
On shapes weird as the ancient town,  
And faces fresh for market.  
They shout, they chatter, disappear,  
Like imps that shake the valance  
At midnight, when the clock ticks queer,  
And time has lost its balance,  
This is the town beside the flood  
Which past its bastions dashes,  
Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,  
To blossom into ashes.

Oh, how they talk, brown country folk,  
Their chatter many-mooded,  
With eyes that laugh for equivoque,  
And heads in kerchiefs snooded !  
Such jests, such jokes, whose plastic mirth  
But Heine could determine—  
The portents of the latest birth,  
The point of Sunday's sermon,  
The late rains and the previous drouth,  
How oats were growing stunted,  
How keels fetched higher prices South,  
And Captain Watson hunted.  
This is the town beside the flood  
Whose waves with memories flashes,  
Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,  
To blossom into ashes.

How thick with life the Irish town !  
Dear gay and battered portress,  
That laid all save her honour down,  
To save the fire-ringed fortress.



Here Sarsfield stood, here lowered the flag  
 That symbolised the people—  
 A riddled rag, a bloody rag,  
 Plucked from St. Mary's steeple.  
 Thick are the walls the women lined  
 With courage worthy Roman,  
 When, armed with hate sublime, if blind,  
 They scourged the headlong foeman.  
 This is the town beside the flood  
 That round its ramparts flashes,  
 Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,  
 To blossom into ashes.

This part is mine : to live divorced  
 Where foul November gathers,  
 With other sons of thine dispersed,  
 Brave city of my fathers—  
 To gaze on rivers not mine own,  
 And nurse a wasting longing,  
 Where Babylon, with trumpets blown,  
 South, North, East, West, comes thronging—  
 To hear distinctly, if afar,  
 The voices of thy people—  
 To hear through crepitating jar  
 The sweet bells of thy steeple—  
 To love the town, the hill, the wood,  
 The Shannon's stormful flashes,  
 Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,  
 To blossom into ashes.

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PARTING ADDRESS OF THE FRENCH MONARCH TO THE  
 IRISH BRIGADE.—We acknowledge, gentlemen, the invaluable  
 services which France, during the lengthened period of one  
 hundred years, has received from the Irish Brigade—services  
 which we shall never forget, though totally unable to repay.  
 Receive this standard, a pledge of our remembrance, a token  
 of our admiration and respect ; and this, generous Hiber-  
 nians, shall be the motto of your spotless colours—"1692-  
 1792 ; Semper et ubique fideles !" (Always and everywhere  
 faithful.)

## Speech of George Henry Moore.

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(On the hustings at Ballinrobe, August 25th, 1868.)

ELECTORS and non-electors of Ballinrobe and Kilmain, what has brought you all here to-day? In what cause assemble here all the men I see before me? It is the same spirit that upheld the cross and the shamrock—faith in God and faith in Ireland—throughout the immortal past. It is the same spirit that will hold together the Irish race, one and indestructible, through the half revealed glories of an august future. It is the spirit of manhood that is within you. It is the divine fire of your race that burns in your hearts. It is the resolve to be free that is sustained in your souls by the prayer of St. Patrick, that the land of his labours and his love should not remain in bondage for ever. It is not whether I shall be returned to Parliament or not—which in itself is a matter of very little consequence—but whether Irishmen and the consciences of Irishmen shall be trodden under foot by tyrants. It is not my cause but your own cause—the good fight that your fathers fought before you, that your children will win after you—that you come here to maintain to-day. The lords of the soil have won the soil by the sword; and with the sword, as long as they can, of course, will retain it; they have sold the Parliament of their country to the English Parliament, and the price of their treason, like the leprechaun's gold, has turned into withered leaves in their pockets. But there is something belonging to the people that they have never won or bought or sold, which they never will win or buy or sell—the right of the people to think for themselves and act for themselves—the “courage never to submit or yield,” which they have held good for ages, and which has never yet been conquered from them. And this is not only their right by the laws of nature and of God, but by the law of the land, which goes for a good deal more under the British con-

stitution. A petitioner once said to the celebrated Duke of Ormond, "I have no friend at court but God and your Grace." "I am sorry to say," he replied, "you could not have two worse friends at court than those that you have named." And so we will say nothing for the present of two such friends as God and natural right have been in this country, and content ourselves with pleading the law of the land, on which we are told we may more legally rely. In the address to the electors of the county which I published a few weeks ago, among the rights which I announced my intention to watch over and defend were the rights of property; and I knew the first rights of property that I should be called upon to defend would be those of the electors in the exercise of the electoral franchise—which are as much the property of the voters as their estates are the property of the landlords. And now you may ask me what brings me here to-day? And I tell you, in all sincerity, that I am not here with the views and purposes of a candidate. I come on the part of the electors of Mayo, to call you to the rescue of your fellow-countrymen—to take counsel with you against a great act of meditated oppression—that, with a common will and united effort, we may assert their liberties and punish their oppressors. There are at this moment, as you well know, upwards of a thousand men in this county, as good Irishmen as any in the world; men of quick intelligence and warm hearts—with eyes fixed, like our own, on the future destinies of their country—with hearts burning to see those destinies accomplished; but bound in chains of feudal tyranny that they are as powerless to resist as sleeping men in the thrall of a nightmare. There is no iron on their limbs; no hempen cords round their necks. They are no longer menaced, like their fathers of old, with the dungeon and the scaffold. And yet there is a fear in their hearts deeper than the dread of the jailor or the hangman. A fear for their homes, a fear for the food of their children, a secret sense of helplessness and hopelessness, more deadly and degrading than those more open dangers that spur the souls of men to resistance. It is no longer their bodies that are in bondage; it is their souls that are in irons—their consciences that are sent to the scaffold. It is with

sorrow and dismay that I speak of such relations as existing between landlords and tenants—between my friends and my fellow-countrymen—in my native county. If, instead of maintaining such relations with the people, they would come forward as their natural leaders and protectors, the people would not look for leadership or protection to me or to those who stand around me. The electors of Mayo are called upon to elect two representatives to take two different sides upon every political question. They are compelled to elect one Whig and one Tory—to elect one man to vote for tenant-right and one to vote against it—one to declare for a native Parliament and another against it. They are to elect one man to vote for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and the gagging of the Irish people, while another is to be chosen as the not inappropriate representative of a gagged people. Surely they reckon too much upon the endurance of the people if they expect them to submit to this insult upon their patience. It is said that on one occasion, as the Emperor Napoleon the First went the rounds the night before a battle in which his army had to contend with overwhelming odds, he recognised an old grenadier standing at his post, and addressed to him this question: “The enemy seem to think they can swallow us up at a mouthful—what think you?” “No! please your Majesty,” said the old man, “we’ll place ourselves crossways.” Now, that’s what I want you to do. We must place ourselves crossways. Every honest elector and non-elect in the county must place himself crossways. And it will not be as difficult a process this time as it was before. Let those conspirators do what they will, the day of their usurped dominion is past. Whatever tyranny is executed on the consciences of men in this election will have no confirmation in the future. I pledge myself to the electors that after this election not a man will be injured for the vote that he may give for God and the people. And I’ll tell you why. There is a story of two brothers in the island of Corsica—twins born almost at the same instant—so like each other that no one could tell one from the other—their hair, eyes, features, stature, the very sound of their voice, so wonderfully like, that their very mother could not tell the

difference. But that is not all—there was such a strange and inscrutable sympathy between them that, at whatever distance they might be apart, they felt together almost as one man. When one was in sorrow, the other mourned ; and when one was triumphant, the other's heart was glad ; and one day one of these brothers felt in his heart that his brother was dead—foully murdered in another land. He knew it ; he was sure of it. He did not stop to prove the murder or to identify the assassin—he set off straight for the country in which the outrage was committed. He knew the murderer the instant he saw him, and he avenged his brother on the spot. Well, the Irish people have a brother—not a Corsican, but an American brother. A brother people, sprung from the same Irish loins, nursed at the same Irish breasts, and so like each other are these brothers that their mother, Ireland, can hardly tell the difference. The same dark hair, the same grey eyes, the same ringing laugh with which the Irishman makes love and makes war all over the world. And that brother people, far away over the wave, feels a secret and ineffable sympathy with his brother people at home. He mourns over his sorrows—he is indignant at his wrongs—he has a heart that feels for him, and a sword that is ready to avenge his injuries. He will know if his brother is murdered, and he will know where the murderer is to be found. And we have a step-sister, too, on the other side of the way—a very shrewd and sensible lady, as I am informed. She has many great and good qualities too, when they are brought into play. She is never cruel, unless cruelty can be turned to advantage, and she hates injustice on the part of others, unless she can make anything by it herself. In this case all her good qualities, all her good sense, and her love of justice, and her hatred of cruelty, will come into play. She knows that those who sympathise with you and protect you might become very dangerous enemies ; she knows that those who oppress you can never add a feather's weight to her credit or her dominion ; and, under those circumstance, she will take very good care that you shall not be oppressed. Now, I shall call both upon our brother over the way, and our step-sister over the way, just to look on and see fair play—

to protect the Irish electors in the exercise of their legal rights, and not to allow a petty band of foolish tyrants to sow the seeds of hatred and animosity between two great empires. At all events, I am determined to see this out with them. I will have the question settled whether one lord shall drive a hundred human souls to the hustings, another fifty, and another a score—whether this or that squire shall call twenty, or ten, or five, as good men as himself, *his* voters, and send them up with his brand on their backs to vote for an *omalhawn* at his bidding. In doing this I shall incur much odium, and expect to reap no reward. In doing this I have no object, end, or ambition, but that of serving and saving the land in which I was born.

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### Our Young Men.

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BY T. D. SULLIVAN IN THE "NATION."

IRELAND may well hope much from the young men of the present generation. They are growing up in possession of many advantages denied to those who went before them, and indications are abundant that they will turn those advantages to good account for their country.

In bravery, courage, and fidelity they cannot surpass their forefathers, who met the shock of wave after wave of invasion, and bore the brunt of the penal laws; but in certain other important respects, in some qualities and powers necessary to the building up of a nation, they may fairly be expected to excel them. Those dreadful trials of past times, those ages of conflict, suffering, and proscription, had the effect of checking the material and intellectual progress of the Irish race and reducing them to a state of grievous depression. While the other peoples of the earth went on increasing in skill and knowledge, cultivating every art, exploring every science, adding to their resources, and therefore to their

strength, every avenue to learning, every way to wealth, was closed against the Irish. Education, industry, enterprise, were forbidden to them. They might not have books lest they should learn the full extent of their wrongs; they might not have arms lest they should proceed effectively to redress them. It would be hard for any race of men to live through such times and circumstances; but the Irish did more than merely live through them—they preserved unimpaired great social and national virtues, possessed of which no race can die or be perpetually degraded. They never accepted the position of slavery into which they had been forced, but continued to struggle against it with a spirit and resolution indomitable, and in the end irresistible. For many years they have been forcing their way “upward and onward,” bursting every shackle that restrained their free action, clearing every obstruction from their path, and recovering rapidly the ground lost in darker and sadder periods of their history.

Such is the progress of the Irish race at the present time. The education of the people is advancing with giant strides, and as their knowledge increases their patriotism becomes more enlightened, more active, more intense. Never did a more intelligent and high-spirited race of young men exist in Ireland than tread its soil to-day. They are thinkers and readers to an extent previously unknown in this country. Even within the last twenty years the intellectual development has been immense. The heart of Thomas Davis would have been gladdened could he have witnessed it. In his time the so-called National Schools had begun to tell upon the education of the people. Thousands of young persons were quitting those schools with learning sufficient to enable them to take up and study the literature of their country, if only their country had a literature to present to them. Many good and useful works on Ireland and Irish affairs were then in existence, but they were not widely diffused, and their price placed them beyond the reach of the people. He desired to meet the want of the time with a literature that should become truly popular, with books that the poorest might purchase and take to their homes, works of history, biography, poetry, romance, all calculated to spread the knowledge and the love of Ireland. A noble commencement of his design

was promptly made, but he did not live to see it—the first volume of the “Library of Ireland” was dedicated to his memory. But since then the good work has been vigorously carried on. Volume after volume of Irish lore has been given to the public, who have received the gift with rejoicing. Old books have been republished, and new ones have been issued in great numbers, and still the popular demand for such reading is on the increase. The history of Ireland is now becoming known in every cottage; the names of Ireland’s warriors, saints, and statesmen, her heroes, and her martyrs, are become familiar words; their acts are talked of by artisans in their workshops and peasants in the fields; the songs and the music of Ireland are on all lips—songs that do not mourn for the past; songs that have in them no trace of despair, or doubt, or fear, but express a resolute and noble spirit, and are worthy of a nation marching on to freedom. Newspapers that are genuine national educators have attained an immense circulation. In short, Irish literature in every shape is now rendered accessible to the people, and the people show that they know how to give it welcome.

The young men who have grown up in the midst of such circumstances, with minds so trained and cultivated, are naturally a greater power for Ireland than were those on whose lives lay the blighting shadow of the penal laws, the darkness of enforced ignorance, and the crushing weight of a hideous social tyranny. The foreign ruler and the domestic oppressor are still strong in the land, but there are things they may not do, deeds once familiar to them which they dare not repeat. The people, who never loved them, do not fear them now; and, instead of being the party to sue for terms, are those who declare they will have no peace until every wrong endured by the Irish nation is righted. They have learned that in every such struggle, however numerous the armies of the oppressor, however strong his fortresses, however full his coffers, the people with a just cause are sure to prevail in the end; and they are resolved that, come when it may, and cost what it may, the end of this struggle shall be the freedom of Ireland.

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## The Irish Reaper's Song.

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BY T. C. IRWIN.

Well, never a pleasanter meal I've eat,  
 Thank God, than this that now is done ;  
 Come, boys and girls who love the sun,  
 And let us go out into the wheat.  
 Mary, *alanna*, hand me quick  
 My bran-new sickle down from the thatch,  
 And take this kiss for handsel. Dick,  
 Just put a string about the latch  
 Lestways the pig might burst the door,  
 And in the cradle fright the child—  
 The purtiest your mother bore,  
 As it's the last—'twould drive her wild  
 If ill luck happened him. All right.  
 With hearts as light as sun is bright,  
 Now for a happy harvest day ;  
 Reapers and binders young and gay,  
     Bend in the heat,  
     And close to your feet  
     Cut down the wheat  
     We sowed in Spring ;  
     And lay it bound  
     Light on the ground,  
     While lads around  
     And colleens sing !

A glorious morning, hot and still :  
 There's not a cloud, and scarce a sound,  
 Except where yonder from the mound  
 Drums the wheel of the white-washed mill.  
 How strong the great sun showers his rays  
 Upon this corn they've turned to gold !  
 If it could hear us sing its praise  
 As once the people did of old,  
 Its ears would better like the tune—  
 Chiefly if young *Rose* yonder sung—  
 Than any breeze of morn or noon

That ever moved its stems among ;  
 For there's no music like the voice  
 Of a colleen that's glad, my boys ;  
 And we have reason just to drop  
 Upon our knees for this fine crop :  
     Bend in the heat,  
     Close to the feet  
     Cut down the wheat  
     We sowed in Spring ;  
     And lay it bound  
     Light on the ground,  
     While lads around  
     And colleens sing !

Hurrah ! my friends, you've done your best ;  
 Half the field cut with half the day !  
 Let us be gay—all work is play  
 When it brings profit. Now for a rest  
 And drink beside the streamlet blue.  
 How pleasantly the thrushes sing ;  
 And see, from town the sparrows, too,  
 Have come to join our harvesting ;  
 How close the whistling swallows fly—  
 Not one of them that hasn't come  
 Up from the far hot Southern sky,  
 Perhaps from Greece or holy Rome :  
 If from America they flew,  
 I'd like them more, 'twixt me and you ;  
 For they'd have seen our friends, ochone !  
 Well, the sun sees them, and the moon :  
     But, up ! and beat,  
     My boys, complete,  
     The field of wheat  
     We sowed in Spring ;  
     And lay it bound  
     Light on the ground,  
     While lads around  
     And colleens sing !

Faith, it's too bad that Labour, which  
 Makes money, unlike money, here  
 Can bear no interest : work the year,  
 And, at its end, you're just as rich.  
 The law, too, stands in its own light,  
 Which leaves a land of men bereft ;  
 Why, if we don't get tenant right,

We'll soon have scarce a tenant left.  
 Union may last, or be repealed,  
 But if war comes, by this and that,  
 Though they send cattle to the field,  
 They'll find a woeful want of—Pat ;  
 And then to prate of freedom—sure  
 No man or State is *free* that's *poor*.  
 Yet let us do as best we may ;  
 Each work-day brings a happier day ;  
     Bend in the heat,  
     Close to your feet  
     Cut down the wheat  
         We sowed in Spring ;  
     And lay it bound  
     Light on the ground,  
     While boys around  
         And colleens sing !

For politics I don't much care  
 Upon a day so fine, because  
 Better are nature's old Corn Laws  
 Than those whose chaff we chiefly share.  
 In Peter's heart young Kate at least  
 Has fixity of tenure—eh !  
 And, for improvements made, the priest  
 Will put *them* in the lease some day ;  
 And if ever we have a Parliament  
 In College-green, Rory, my boy,  
 Sure you'd be sent to represent  
 The Reapers—but for Ellen Hoey ;  
 Such whispering !—and how long, you thief,  
 Two sweethearts take to bind a sheaf !  
 But as you're both in want of brogues,  
 And even love's path has thorns, you rogues—  
     Bend in the heat,  
     And close to your feet  
     Cut down the wheat  
         We sowed in Spring ;  
     And lay it bound  
     Light on the ground,  
     While boys around  
         And colleens sing !

The sun which sinks the hills behind  
 A finer harvest never saw ;  
 The wheat will feed us, and the straw

Will shield us from the Winter's cold.  
And now the last thrush leaves the tree ;  
Our cottage turf-smoke rises blue  
Up to the sickle moon, as we  
Plod homeward in the heavy dew.  
No other race can work so much  
On little, as we can, they say ;  
And would we had to reap as rich  
A field all night as this to day !  
But now for a dance, and then to rest  
After a taste of true poteen,  
To drink a health to friends in the West,  
And to old Ireland's flag of green !  
For all the heat,  
Our work was sweet ;  
Now with our feet  
The floor shall ring ;  
And, friend with friend,  
Our songs we'll blend,  
To happily end  
Our harvesting !

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### Richard Lalor Shiel on the Repeal Question.

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The following passages are from Mr. Shiel's speech on Repeal, delivered in the English House of Commons on the 25th of April, 1843. —

I CANNOT sit down without adverting to two points — first, the probable constitution of an Irish Parliament, secondly, the likelihood of separation. As to the first, let the Whigs recollect that, on the Reform question, it was urged that this House would be filled by men of an inferior station. It was answered, property must prevail, wherefore should it not prevail in Ireland as well as here? Is it not manifest that, in a little while after the Repeal had been carried, the Irish nation would follow the example of all other nations, and select men of influence, from fortune or talents (which

give a higher title to respect), as the depositaries of the legislative trust? The qualification of the Irish voter (£10 a-year rent) ought surely to secure a highly respectable representation. Besides, observe that if the evil is to take place after Repeal, it must take place without it. If Ireland would then return 300 unworthy men, she will return 105 of the same character; and thus you entail on yourselves as great an evil as that which you apprehend as a consequence of Repeal. The arguments which are urged against Repeal were the very same as those which were pressed by Conservatives against Reform. They said that a collision would take place between Lords and Commons, and saw as many calamities in that collision as you foresee in the anticipated disagreements of the Irish and English Parliaments. No man pointed out these consequences with more force than Mr. Canning—an authority which the noble lord the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the President of the Board of Control, once held in some regard. But was Lord Grey terrified by the phantom of revolution? Why should he expect that we should be dismayed by another spectre, which was as huge and hideous in 1800 when he looked at it without dismay. Is the argument more valid now than it was then? It is built on this abstract proposition—two Parliaments cannot amicably co-exist. He then said they could. He was not a beardless politician at that epoch; he had already proposed his great plan of reform—he was about the age of the Secretary for the Colonies—had reached the age of discretion, and had passed the period at which men might be led away by a juvenile enthusiasm—when the understanding may be obscured by the mists which arise from the boiling emotions of the heart. Lord Grey's assertion is as valid as it was thirty-four years ago: it is one of those propositions which time cannot impair.

What was then a sophism cannot grow into a reason, as into a sophism a reason cannot degenerate. Let it be borne in your minds that although some of the arguments against a Union were founded on temporary and transient circumstances, yet others (like that grounded on the fear of separation) were permanent, and are now just as good as they were a quarter of a century ago. The authority of Plunket,

and Bushe, and Saurin, and, above all, the authority of Grattan, is as powerful as it ever was. The Secretary for the Treasury insists that Grattan had changed his mind. His son has proved the contrary. He read his answer in 1810, declaring that he desired the restoration of the Irish Parliament. To what document was that answer a response? To an address from the grand juries of Dublin, in which they describe the evils of the Union, and call on Mr. Grattan to employ his great faculties in accomplishing its repeal. Mr. Grattan did not change his mind. But what is the crime of the Repealers? This—that they consider Lord Grey a good statesman when he is old, but a better prophet when he was young. I blame him not for having altered his opinion; but I own myself to be surprised that he should lavish in the speeches, for the utterance of which he avails himself of the royal enunciation, such unqualified and almost contumelious condemnation of those with whom he strenuously coincided when he was upwards of thirty years of age. But have we no better argument than that which Lord Grey so often urged against Mr. Pitt, when he reproached him with a desertion of his former opinions? How stands history? It is asked, when did two Parliaments long co-exist in friendship? Show me an instance in which 8,000,000 of people in one island submitted to a Parliament held in another, and containing such proportions as exist in this assembly. The case of America is obvious; but look to two strong instances. Sweden and Norway have one king and two Parliaments. Since the year 1815 there has been no quarrel between the legislatures. Turn to Belgium. Does not the example bear us out? Hear an extract from the declaration of Belgian independence. After alleging that the union was obtained by fraud, the document goes on and states that “an enormous debt and expenditure, the only portion which Holland brought to us at the time of our deplorable union—taxes overwhelming by their amount—laws always voted by the Dutch for Holland only (and always against Belgium, represented so unequally in the States-General)—the seat of all important establishments fixed in Holland—the most offensive partialities in the distribution of civil and military employments; in a word, Belgium treated as a conquered pro-

vince, as a colony : everything rendered a revolution inevitable."

Do you mark this ? You were instrumental in effecting the union of Belgium and Holland. Lord Castlereagh, who carried the Irish Union, represented you at the Congress in which the different arrangements with respect to Belgium and Holland were made. You have yourselves recently been parties to that separation which Belgium demanded, and you assented to the grounds on which it was required. All the public establishments removed to Holland ! What has become of our Custom House, of our Stamp Office ? Our Royal Hospital too, built by a contribution made among the Irish soldiers, raised out of a sixpence which they joyfully gave to provide for them an asylum—that institution, connected with our national pride, associated with our best feelings of country, you, for the sake of some miserable saving, have determined to annihilate. Take warning—you have made experiments enough. Be taught not by the failures of others, but by your own. Go on as you have hitherto proceeded, and you will soon find the entire of Ireland united for Repeal. A reference has been made to the small number of signatures to petitions. If there shall be a million next year, what will you say ? We are told that the Irish people do not desire Repeal. Are thirty-eight Irish members out of one hundred and five nothing ! What other test do you demand ? The last election ought to exhibit the truth. That last election verified the prediction which I made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I went to him when the Tithe Bill was pending in 1832. I told him what would happen. I exclaimed : " You are on the eve of a general election ; you are driving the Irish to fury by your tithe measures ; and the result will be that on every hustings in the South the standard of Repeal will be planted." It is said that the gentry are against Repeal. How fast do the gentry of every country fall into the mass of the people ! They desert one by one, and the moment it is their interest they combine with the class once designated as the multitude. How soon the populace becomes the people ! Let a few years go by, Catholic and Protestant will be reconciled ; the national mind will become one mass of hot emotion ; the same dis-

regard for the interests and feelings of Ireland will be displayed in this assembly ; and if there should be an outbreak of popular commotion here—if the prediction of the Conservatives should be fulfilled—and if your alliance with France, which is as unstable as its dynasty, should give way—you may have cause to lament, when lamentation will be unavailing, that to seven millions of Irishmen justice was refused.

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### Unite and Conquer.

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(FROM THE "NATION.")

IF their national education taught our young men no other lesson than that of antagonism and resistance to foreign rule, some doubts and anxious fears with regard to the future of Ireland might still be entertained. But they cannot have studied Irish history without deriving from it the lesson that to make such resistance effective, and to preserve the freedom of the country when won, union and patriotic accord among the vast majority of the people are essential conditions. In every page that history teaches that national aspirations, high spirit, indomitable ardour, and the most heroic valour are powerless to forward on the road to freedom a people who will not unite for the accomplishment of their common purpose. It has been charged against Irishmen that they lack that quality of mind which disposes other peoples to aggregate and act as a single body—that adhesiveness of character which enables those peoples to hold together, notwithstanding the variety of opinion that must necessarily exist among large numbers of men. Numerous occasions can be pointed to in our history when unity of action on the part of our people would have led to great results, and when division, contention, and cross



purposes have lost everything, and involved the nation in the direst consequences. Even in recent times but too much reason has been given for the assertion that the Irish people are a "heap of uncementing sand." Nearly every patriotic organisation started during the past twenty years divided into hostile sections at one stage or another of its career. In most cases the revolts, excisions, or secessions, were caused not by any difference upon principles, but by needless conflicts of opinion on details and non-essentials. Withal, we do not believe that a proclivity to such quarrels and separations is inherent in the national character; we believe rather that as far as it exists it is owing to the very embarrassing and depressing circumstances under which the Irish people for a long period of time were forced to carry on their political struggles. But all rightly educated Irishmen should make it their study to correct that proclivity as far as their influence may extend, teaching those around them the wisdom of courteous, tolerant, and conciliatory habits among all lovers of Ireland, and exhibiting the shame and the folly of a line of conduct which tends to the manifest advantage of the common enemy and the grievous injury of Ireland. This is the best work to which the young men of Ireland could now set themselves—the cultivation of that disposition in themselves and others which will render united national action practicable and easy of accomplishment. For this there is no need to insist upon identity of opinion. That, in Ireland, as elsewhere, is unattainable. The spirit we want in the country is that which induces men to sacrifice some points of feeling and some of their theoretical ideas when an opportunity is open to achieve by united action a practical benefit for their native land.

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IRISH LOVE OF JUSTICE.—I have been informed by many of those that had judicial places in Ireland, and know partly of my own knowledge, that there is no nation of the Christian world that are greater lovers of justice than the Irish are, which virtue must needs be accompanied by many others.—*Lord Coke.*

## The Woful Winter.

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BY T. D. M'GEE.

The following poem was written by T. D. M'Gee, in America, on reading accounts of the despairing rush of emigrants from Ireland in December, 1848. The same melancholy subject supplied a theme to several of the Irish poets in those dark days, and some of "Speranza's" most powerful and thrilling compositions have reference to the events of that "woful Winter," and the no less sad Spring and Summer by which it was succeeded. —

They are flying, flying, like northern birds over the sea for fear ;

They cannot abide in their own green isle, they seek a resting here ,

Oh ! wherefore are they flying ? is it from the front of war,  
Or have they smelt the Asian plague the winds waft from afar ?

No ! they are flying, flying, from a land where men are sheep,  
Where sworded shepherds herd and slay the silly crow they keep ;

Where so much iron hath passed into the souls of the long enslaved,

That none was found by fort or field, or in champion's right hand waved.

Yea ! they are flying hither, breathless and pale with fear,  
And it not the sailing time for ships, but the Winter dark and drear ;

They had rather face the waters, dark as the frown of God,  
Than make a stand for race and land on their own elastic sod.

O blood of Brian, forgive them ! O, bones of Owen, rest !  
O spirits of our brave fathers, turn away your eyes from the West !

Look back on the track of the galleys that with the soldier came—

Look, look to the ships of Tyre, moored in the ports of Spain !

But look not on, dread fathers ! look not upon the shore  
Where valour's spear and victory's horn were sacred signs of yore ;

Look not toward the hill of Tara, or Iveagh, or Ailech high !  
 Look toward the East and blind your sight, for they fly at last,  
 they fly !

And ye who met the Romans behind the double wall,  
 And ye who smote the Saxons as mallet striketh ball,  
 And ye who sheltered Harold and Bruce—fittest hosts for the  
 brave—

Why do you not join your spirit-strength, and bury her in the  
 wave !

Alas ! alas for Ireland ! so many tears were shed,  
 That the Celtic blood runs palely, that once was winy red !  
 They are flying, flying from her, the holy and the old—  
 Oh ! the land has altered little, but the men are cowed and cold.

Yea ! they are flying hither, breathless and pale with fear,  
 And it not the sailing time for ships, but the Winter dark and  
 drear ;

They had rather face the waters, dark as the frown of God,  
 Than make a stand for race and land on their own elastic sod.

### *A Union Prophecy—1799.*

From Daunt's "Wife-Hunter ; or, Memoirs of M.P.'s."

[Major Grant, a Government hack, attempts to persuade his relation, the incorruptible M.P. for Garrydangan, to desert Ireland and support the Union. Jack Grant, the senator, recounts the dialogue. The major, it should be mentioned, had just dispersed an anti-Union meeting by military violence.]

"WHEN we got into the street, I encountered the major, who accosted me with as much nonchalant ease as if he had not threatened to blow me to pieces five minutes before. 'Well, Jack Grant, why the deuce do you stick with such infatuated desperation to the losing side? Had you taken my advice you might have made your own terms with them. Even still you may make good terms. Why, I, who have no seat in the House, and who can only show

my zeal out of doors, can do some little thing for myself. Don't be surprised if you see me gazetted a colonel before long—and maybe Susan won't prove to be the worst catch going just because her father knew at which side of the hedge the sun was shining. Every man, sir, is a fool, or mad, who doesn't make the most of the present opportunity. It is not in the nature of things that such another can again occur. Vote for the Union, Jack Grant, and by ——! the Ministry will give you that old peerage of ours, and fill your pockets into the bargain.'

" 'And what good will the Union do Ireland?'

" 'Oh, the devil take Ireland! What good can it do Jack Grant? That's the point of view to look at it from. Look to yourself, man. I vow to Heaven I speak as your warm friend.'

"The reader will acquit me of the folly of trying to reason with the major for the purpose of producing the smallest impression on his mind. But as he had been lately much closeted with Secretary Cooke and a clique of the Government subordinates, I talked about the measure with him with the view of ascertaining how the Union was regarded in the private circles of its friends. The major was a tolerable parrot, and could repeat with sufficient accuracy the opinions he had heard in the coteries he frequented. And to me he spoke without the least reserve, for he believed that if he could persuade me the measure was inevitable, I might be induced to exalt the race of Grant by 'making good terms,' as he called it; whilst, on his part, the service of enlisting so important a recruit as myself could be pleaded to the Government as a new and signal merit.

" 'Are they not a little afraid,' asked I, 'that by letting loose one hundred Irish members at St. Stephen's, they will introduce a dangerous and turbulent element into their legislature?'

" 'Not a bit of it,' answered he. 'I heard that very point discussed at Cooke's. The Secretary said your hundred members never could be troublesome. Their force will be impaired by being drafted from home. There will be no cohesion among them. They will bring over their own old quarrels to St. Stephen's. They will have no master-mind

who could hold them together. Flood failed totally in the English Parliament, and so will Grattan if he goes there. They will always have the weakness of their conscious national inferiority in an alien senate. The poorer ones will be even more accessible to bribery than the most corrupt of them are here, for their transplantation will increase their expenses and necessities. Then, the Government will always have the good things in their gift, and your poor Irish member in London will scarcely care to fall out with the hand that holds the purse. And a very clever fellow whom I met at Cooke's, says the minds of the Irish members will be emasculated by their national pupillage; so that, whilst they will carry the appearance of a representation, they will in truth be the weakest and most contemptible set of fellows in existence. Oh, no, sir, there's not the least fear entertained that your hundred birds of passage will make a revolution at St. Stephen's.'

" 'Yet,' said I, 'don't they suppose that if one hundred members would but stick together'——"

" 'Bah! Have I not given you twenty reasons, hot from Cooke, to show that they never will stick together, and by consequence never can be formidable? The United Parliament will be Imperial in name, but English in reality. Cooke and the rest of them expect that the 500 English members will in fact grasp Ireland as completely as if there were no Irish representatives at all. And truly five to one is great odds. The thing's the same as done, Jack; and once more I entreat you as a friend and relation to fling your patriotic nonsense to old Nick, and make my old crony, your father, a lord with full pockets. Viscount Ballygrant! Why, I doubt not they'd give you a step in the peerage—an earldom is not impossible.' "

[Jack Grant of course resists the Union to the last, much to the disappointment of the "loyal" major.]

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The cause of a kingdom's thriving is her being governed only by laws made with her own consent; for otherwise her people are not free. And therefore all appeals for justice, or applications for favour or preferment, to another country, are so many grievous impoverishments.—*Dean Swift*.

## New Potatoes.

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Air—"Nora Creina."

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BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

Welcome to our homes once more,  
    Fairest gift of bounteous Erin ;  
Joy comes in on every floor  
    Upon the date of your appearin'.  
Och, the poor old spuds were gone ;  
    Black and blue they turned completely ;  
Out of every ten, not one  
    Could mortal man make use of lately.  
    Welcome, food for young and old,  
    For rich and poor, for lords and ladies,  
    White as milk and bright as gold,  
    Bursting, laughing New Potatoes.

Many fruits our island yields  
    Above the soil, likewise below it ;  
Gardens, orchards, parks, and fields,  
    Are full of sweets, and well I know it ;  
But go praise them all who will,  
    I'll maintain, for that I'm able,  
'Taties, sound and clean, are still  
    The pride and glory of the table.  
    Welcome, food for young and old,  
    For men and babes, for lords and ladies,  
    White as milk and bright as gold,  
    Sweet and wholesome New Potatoes.

I'll make bowld and free to say,  
    Despite the way some people go on,  
Bits of bread and drops of tay  
    Are not the things for men to grow on ;  
Och, 'tis quite a sartin case,  
    There must be matchless sustentation  
In the food that feeds the race  
    That's plainly batin' all creation.

That's the food for young and old,  
 For sick and hale, for lords and ladies,  
 White as milk and bright as gold,  
 Healthful, beautiful New Potaties.

Men there are of pampered wills  
 Who feast on viands strange and various—  
 Ah, but then come draughts and pills  
 To cure some ills both sharp and sarious ;  
 Not a thing with them goes wrong  
 Who use the simple food of Erin ;  
 Lives are theirs serene and long,  
 And virtues bright beyond comparin'.  
 Welcome, joy of young and old,  
 Of rich and poor, of lords and ladies,  
 White as milk and bright as gold,  
 Grand and glorious New Potaties.

## The Archbishop of Tuam on Irish Industry.

It is quite a usual occurrence that whenever political agitation in Ireland becomes particularly earnest and powerful, some few individuals, affecting to be very sensible, practical, and business-like people, begin to get up a cry that it is not political changes that are needed in the country, but business habits, commercial enterprise, and an influx of that English capital which, they allege, is scared away by political excitement. Those persons propose from time to time some particular branch of trade or manufacture, the cultivation of which, they say, is all that is needed to make Ireland prosperous and happy ; sometimes the panacea is the growth of flax, sometimes the manufacture of beet-root sugar, sometimes the manufacture of compressed peat, and so on. Those pretendedly "practical" people ignore the fact that the "political agitators" are just as desirous as any class of people can be to see trade and commerce and business of all sorts, from the building of iron ships to the manufacture of match-boxes, flourish in Ireland. What the "agitators" assert, and maintain by argument, is, that the absence of a native legislature has much to do with the absence of trade and manufacture in Ireland, and that with the restoration of the national rights of the country Irish commerce and industry would receive an immense impetus and be placed on a secure basis. One of the distinguished patriots who have always held to these opinions is his Grace the Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam. In one of his pastorals,

published in the year 1864, when the "flax" cry was raised to supersede the popular demand for a Repeal of the Union, his Grace, with his usual wisdom and penetration, thus referred to the subject :—

WE are grieved at the terrible evils that are driving our faithful flocks to foreign lands, and the more so on account of the cruel indifference with which those evils are viewed, without any serious exertion to check them, or to alleviate their pressure. Many projects are entertained, but of a mere superficial character, and only temporary expedients. There will be no pause in this work of extermination of our people and the persecution of their faith, until the huge injustice done to Ireland in the first year of this century, by violence and treachery, is repaired ; which, so far from acquiring any moral sanction by the lapse of time, has acquired through successive years fresh and heavier aggravation. For example, a branch of industry, the cultivation of flax, is proposed, desirable under present circumstances, but of little avail to the tenant without security and a guarantee on the part of the landlord that he alone is not to profit by the increased value which the land may acquire from such cultivation. So far from any disposition being manifested to establish by lease their reciprocal interest, the contrary is acknowledged, and in raising flax, as well as corn and other crops, the tenant will continue to be debarred from the rights of a freeman. For this abject condition there will be no adequate remedy until the land again enjoys the protecting influence of a native legislature.

In the meantime, however, we are inclined to encourage any project that may give even a temporary respite to our afflicted people, provided they do not suffer themselves to be duped by a fresh succession of such false and treacherous pretenders to patriotism as have brought deep disaster on the country. We well recollect the time when the gladsome sound of the wheel and the shuttle was heard in the cottages within a wide circle surrounding almost every town in Mayo and Galway, and when the desolate streets of some towns that are now like the old city of the dead, were animated with the busy and thriving market of this domestic manufacture. Cultivate, then, flax by all means, but forget not to insist that the land in which you sow it be, by



just covenant, your own, hoping for the restoration of that legislature to which the linen trade of Ireland owed its origin and its prosperity. With this, and this alone, will come every temporal blessing that will protect your poverty from the temptations that now beset it, your children from the dangers of proselytism, and your entire race from extermination. The land alone would not then be the only plank to which the people should necessarily cling, since other manufactures would spring up, as they fail not to do when they are sure to be fostered by native parliaments. And among those manufactures none could be more congenial with, and prove more conducive to, the comfort, the innocence, nay, to the prosperity of our people, than both the woollen and linen manufactures, heretofore so flourishing, when the light of a native legislature shone upon them.

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### The Union Illegal.

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SIR, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of Parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands against the constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this Act, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. . . . .  
Yourselves you may extinguish, but Parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people. It is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution. It is immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again, therefore, I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution; it is above your power.—*William Conyngham Plunket against the Union, 22nd January, 1799.*

## Cui Bono?

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BY "FION BARRA" OF THE "NATION."

If all the wrath of England ran  
To fill the land with ruin-fires,  
If all her bloodiest hounds began  
To tear us as they tore our sires :

If every cabin felt the flame,  
And all the fields were waste and red,  
Till silence o'er our highways came—  
Such silence as will bless the dead :

If blood were spilled in thunder-showers  
Where'er the hunted came to bay,  
And all the grass and all the flowers  
Were stained and sickened day by day :

If once again the maidens cried  
To all the hills to hide their heads,  
And babes and mothers side by side  
Lay butchered in their bloody beds :

If all the love that lit the land  
When priests knew well how hunger kills,  
Flashed out again when, bruised and banned,  
The priests were with us on the hills :

If in the lonely mountain cave  
We heard how Jude and Macchabee  
Cried God's great curse to smite the slave  
Who e'er forgot God made him free :

If all the tears our fathers shed  
Came back to us, and all the groans ;  
And wives and sons and daughters dead  
Lay, with no priest to bless their bones :

All, all were vain to quench the fires  
That burn within our veins to-day ;  
So help us, God, that helped our sires,  
We cannot give the land away !

## The Death of Hugh O'Neill.

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From "The Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnel," by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, author of "The Rise and Fall of the Franciscan Monasteries of Ireland," "The History of the Confederation of Kilkenny," &c., &c.

FEW particulars of O'Neill's last hours have reached us ; but it is certain that his countess and his chaplain, Father Chamberlaine, were constant watchers at his bedside, and that the Pontiff's physicians were there, too, prescribing the best remedies known to the pharmacopœia of the time. But all in vain ; for the illustrious patient, after receiving the comforts of religion, expired July 20, 1616, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. "The prince," say the Four Masters, "who died there in Rome, far away from Armagh, was a powerful lord—mild and gentle with his friends, pious and charitable, but stern and fierce to his enemies ; and it was a token that God was pleased with his life that He allowed him to breathe his last in Rome, the metropolis of Christendom." Ah ! surely it was better to have given up the ghost there, in the shadow of the Vatican, than on the Tower-green, or in a cell of that living tomb where some of those who conspired to ruin him were slowly wearing out the residue of their remorseful years. O'Neill's obsequies took place the day after his decease, for he died in a month when "the burial rite must needs follow fast the agony." Clothed in the Franciscan habit, and laid on a bier, the lugubrious trappings of which showed the cognisance of the Red Hand, his corse was borne by twelve stalwart Irishmen along the Longura, the Spanish ambassador and three of the chiefest of the Roman nobility holding the pall. Religious of all Orders, with lighted torches, preceded and followed the bier, chanting the psalms with which the Church accompanies her departed faithful to the frontier of eternity ; and, as the long procession slowly ascended the acclivity of the Janiculum, the tolling of a hundred bells, the throb of the mus-

fled drum, and the minute-gun of S. Angelo, announced to the Imperial City, the shepherds of the Campagna, and the vine-dressers among the Alban hills, that an illustrious personage was then about to be laid in his last resting-place. In obedience to the Pontiff's command, the church of Montorio was draped in mourning, and nothing was omitted that could lend deepest solemnity to the funeral pomp. Cardinals, Roman patricians, and ambassadors from various foreign courts, assisted at the Mass of Requiem; and, when the last absolution was pronounced, the hands of his fellow-exiles deposited the remains of their great chieftain beside those of his son, the Baron of Dungannon, and those of the O'Donels, Lords of Tyrconnel.

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**PHYSICAL STRENGTH OF THE IRISH.**—Considering man merely as a source of animal power, it is gratifying to have it proved that, when all well fed, there is no race more perfectly developed as to physical conformation than the inhabitants of this island. Professor Forbes instituted an extensive series of observations of the size and strength of the students attending the University of Edinburgh, who may be considered as fairly representing the middle classes of their respective countries; and I have subjoined the similar results of Professor Quetelet, regarding the students of the University of Brussels. The strength indicated is that of a blow given to the plate of a spring dynamometer:—

	Average height in inches.	Average weight in lbs.	Average strength in lbs.
English ...	68½	151	403
Scotch ...	69	152½	423
Irish ...	70	155	432
Belgians ...	68	150	339

The Irish are thus the tallest, the strongest, and the heaviest of the four races. Mr. Field, the eminent mechanical engineer of London, had occasion to examine the relative

powers of British and Irish labourers to raise weights by a crane. He communicated his results to the Institute of Civil Engineers in London. He found that the utmost effort of a man lifting at the rate of one foot per minute ranged—

Englishman ... from 11,505 lbs to 24,255 lbs.

Irishman ... „ 17,325 „ 27,562 lbs.

The utmost effort of a Welshman was 15,112 lbs.

—*Sir Robert Kane.*

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### Remonstrance.

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BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

Bless the dear old verdant land !

Brother, wert thou born of it ?

As thy shadow life doth stand,

Twining round its rosy band,

Did an Irish mother's hand

Guide thee in the morn of it ?

Did thy father's soft command

Teach thee love or scorn of it ?

Thou who tread'st its fertile breast,

Dost thou feel a glow for it ?

Thou, of all its charms possesst,

Living on its first and best,

Art thou but a thankless guest,

Or a traitor foe for it ?

If thou lovest, where the test ?

Wouldst thou strike a blow for it ?

Has the past no goading sting

That can make thee rouse for it ?

Does thy land's reviving spring,

Full of buds and blossoming,

Fail to make thy cold heart cling,

Breathing lover's vows for it ?

With the circling ocean's ring  
Thou wert made a spouse for it !

Hast thou kept, as thou shouldst keep,  
Thy affections warm for it—  
Letting no cold feelings creep,  
Like the ice-breath o'er the deep,  
Freezing to a stronger sleep  
Hopes the heart would form for it—  
Glories that like rainbows peep  
Through the darkening storm for it ?

What we seek is Nature's right—  
Freedom and the aids of it ;  
Freedom for the mind's strong flight,  
Seeking glorious shapes star bright  
Through the world's intensest night,  
When the sunshine fades of it !  
Truth is one, and so is light,  
Yet how many shades of it !

A mirror every heart doth wear,  
For heavenly shapes to shine in it—  
If dim the glass or dark the air,  
That Truth, the beautiful and fair,  
God's glorious image, shines not there,  
Or shines with naught divine in it—  
A sightless lion in its lair,  
The darkened soul must pine in it.

Son of this old down-trodden land,  
Then aid us in the fight for it ;  
We seek to make it great and grand ;  
Its shipless bays, its naked strand,  
By canvas-swelling breezes fanned—  
Oh ! what a glorious sight for it !  
The past expiring like a brand  
In morning's rosy light for it !

Think that this dear old land is thine,  
And thou a traitor slave of it ;  
Think how the Switzer leads his kine,  
When pale the evening star doth shine ;  
His song has home in every line—  
And freedom in each stave of it !  
Think how the German loves his Rhine,  
And worships every wave of it ! .

Our own dear land is bright as theirs,  
 But oh ! our hearts are cold for it ;  
 Awake ! we are not slaves, but heirs ;  
 Our fatherland requires our cares—  
 Our speech with man, with God our pray'rs.  
 Spurn blood-stained Judas-gold for it—  
 Let us do all that honour dares—  
 Be earnest, faithful, bold for it !

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### *The Irish National Demand.*

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At the opening of Parliament, on the 17th of January, 1878, the Home Rule members brought forward an amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's speech. Their objection to the speech and the address was that neither of them contained any reference to Ireland's demand for Home Rule. They proposed therefore to amend the address by inserting in it a paragraph which, after some prefatory observations, went on to say—"We humbly assure your Majesty that we shall regard it as the duty of Parliament, in the present condition of public affairs, on the earliest opportunity to consider in a wise and conciliatory spirit the national demands which the Irish people have repeatedly raised." To speak against this amendment the Government party put up Mr. David Plunket, member for the University of Dublin, a grandson of that Lord Plunket who in the Irish House of Commons had most vehemently opposed and denounced the Act of Union, and who had declared that if that measure should be passed he would, like another Hannibal, take his children to the altar of his country and there swear them to eternal enmity against the Power which had so basely wronged their native land. From this incident Lord Plunket's numerous progeny—for all of whom, notwithstanding his patriotic vow, he managed to get Government places—came in after times to be called "the little Hannibals." Mr. Sullivan replied to Mr. David Plunket's attack on the Home Rulers, and argued the whole question of the Irish claims, in the following speech :—

SIR—The House stands indebted to the honourable and gallant gentleman the member for Waterford. His motion has broken "the cold chain of silence" that hung over the Government benches, and has elicited from the hon. and learned gentleman who has just sat down (Mr. Plunket) a speech which, whatever its other characteristics, we have all admired for its varied play of humour, eloquence, and ability.

He had no need to apologise to the House for the time he was occupying. This is the business, and this of all others is the subject, with which the time of the House should most rightly be occupied. Parliament has been assembled three weeks earlier than usual, and within these three weeks there should be good time for discussing and considering the Irish question—for fully considered and discussed we are fixedly determined it shall be. Mr. Speaker, that hon. and learned gentleman said of the men amidst whom I stand that they were “masquerading as Home Rulers.” Masquerading! The phrase is not offensive, I suppose, or he would not have applied it; so I may use it too, and say that the thing which is really intolerable is to see the grandson of the great Plunket masquerading on the floor of the House as an Imperialist. We are supposed to be concerned just now with the Turkish question. One of the cruelest wrongs which the subject Christians under the Moslem yoke were made to feel was that oftentimes the children of Christian parents were seized and carried into the Turkish camp, trained up in Turkish ideas, embraced the faith and the banner of the conqueror, and appeared many a time, scimitar in hand, to wage war upon their kindred and their race! Even so it has been with us in Ireland through many a sad chapter of our country's story. Sometimes by force, sometimes by guile, sometimes by one influence, sometimes by another, the British power has been able to tear away from us children who bore great names, and might have greatly served their country; and we have seen these converts, as to-night, skilfully set in the fore-front of the assault when their countrymen were to be cut down. Who is our accuser? The voice is the voice of an Irishman; the wit, the ability, the brilliant play of fancy and of genius, the rhetoric, the skill—all, all are Irish, but all are used against Ireland! Who, I repeat, is our accuser? If we stand here to-night, as we do, upon the floor of this House to maintain in the face of the empire and of Europe the protest of Ireland against the memorable crime that robbed her of her constitutional liberties, whose behests are we fulfilling!—who pledged us to undying hate and eternal war against that crime? The honourable and learned gentleman



had the temerity to use a phrase for ever notable in the history of his family when he spoke of men "swearing upon the altar." Who was that great Irishman, that distinguished constitutional lawyer, who declared that if the Irish Parliament were successfully overthrown he would bring his child—ah! why did he not say his grandchild?—and swear him upon the altar of his country to wage relentless war against that tremendous wrong? How little did he imagine in this hour that to-night the representatives of Ireland should discover in the ranks of their Imperial adversaries the heritor of his great name, and in no small degree of his genius, false to his principles and his teachings, false to his lineage and his fame. But, sir, I turn from the man to his arguments. He drew for us a picture of Ireland. Many years ago O'Connell was defending a sheep-stealer. In his speech to the jury he drew a glowing picture of the prisoner at the bar as a model husband and father (he was not married at all), a dutiful son, an exemplary citizen, virtuous, pious, industrious, inoffensive. At this point the prisoner in the dock could stand it no longer, and he exclaimed to those around him, "I never knew before that I bore so high a character." Well, sir, we have heard to-night the defender of British rule in Ireland extolling the virtues and excellencies of his client; and well may the prisoner at the bar in this case exclaim, "I never knew I was so beautiful, so virtuous, so meritorious as all that." Only believe the hon. and learned gentleman, and there is not the slightest need of changing anything—the slightest possibility of improving anything—in Ireland. Everything there is already perfect in the matter of government, law, and administration. There is not, if you believe him, a more fortunate spot on the face of the habitable globe. It is the home of happiness, peace, prosperity, of beneficent rule and abounding loyalty. Hon. gentlemen opposite cheer. You evidently think so too. You know all about it. You know Ireland better than we do. You are better entitled to speak for it than we, the Irish majority, are. Are you? But, pray, by what right does your party hold those benches and rule the destinies of England but by the right of a Parliamentary majority? In virtue of a Parliamentary majority you say you are entitled to speak to the world for England, while in

virtue of a Parliamentary minority you would claim to speak for Ireland. But, sir, the question before the House is much wider, and greater, and more serious, than the merits of the Irish "bills" which the Government has promised. If it were a matter of a better or a worse grand jury law, or a better or a worse Intermediate Education Bill, I for one should hesitate to concur in an interposition like the present. The question we raise is that for which it may be said Parliament has been specially convoked. We have been told in the royal speech of a possible danger near at hand, of precautions and preparations that may be necessary for the defence of the power and stability of the empire. Well, we have come forward to suggest the wisest precaution and the most potential preparation which the Government could make. The matter is glozed over by smooth phrases, but the danger that you all mean is war—a war in which England will have to fight for her very existence as a nation. If that war break out, if it be not averted, as I hope it may be, England will find herself in such desperate strait as she has not known for four hundred years. Your army, small, but brave and fearless as ever, will behave with its traditional valour; wherever it may be sent, on whatever field it may fight, the army of this country will exhibit those splendid qualities that have justly given it a world-wide fame. I would say as much for it even were it not composed as largely as it is of my own brave countrymen. But there is not a military man sitting in this House who does not know and feel the truth of what I say—that a recent memorable war in Europe has demonstrated that courage and prestige no longer compensate as largely as they used to do sixty years ago against overwhelming odds; and that your army of a hundred thousand, or a hundred and fifty thousand men, would be utterly powerless before the hosts that now stand arrayed and disciplined on the continent of Europe. Should this calamity befall, should this trouble for your existence arise, think you that it is upon inanimate sword and bayonet, and ship and gun, rather than upon stalwart arms and patriotic enthusiasm, your best reliance will be? Should that crisis come, right sure am I that amongst the English masses a patriotic fervour will answer to your call. Throughout England and throughout Scotland

it will be so, but will it be so in Ireland? In the spirit of the oath which I swore at that table—nay, higher obligations still, by the duty I owe to conscience and to truth—I dare all misconception and outcry to deliver at this momentous crisis my solemn testimony and belief that if this empire enters upon a struggle of such magnitude while Ireland is in the attitude which Hungary occupied towards Austria previous to Sadowa, the popular enthusiasm which you will receive in England and Scotland will not respond to you in Ireland. I was prepared for your exclamations, and I do not complain, for the statement I have made is serious, and naturally unwelcome; but time will vindicate the truth of my words and the integrity of my motives. Twenty or twenty-five years ago there stood upon the floor of this House a band of Irish members, struggling, as we struggle now, to persuade you to listen to Irish demands. Study for yourselves what was their fate; read for yourselves the lesson of that time. They were voted down, they were shouted down, they were laughed at, they were denounced or derided. You had in that day—as you always have—some gifted and eloquent Irishman in your service to get up and do your work against his countrymen, to contradict their testimony, to tell you pleasant tidings which you hailed as Gospel truths, while honest warnings were shrieked against as seditious incentives. John Francis Maguire and others ventured to say in this House, as I say now, that there was danger and disaffection in Ireland. They were set upon angrily as almost traitors. They were contradicted and condemned. This House, by overwhelming voice, declared their testimony untrue, and that Ireland was peaceable, contented, and loyal to the core. Alas! a year or two barely passed when events threw a terrible light on all this. At that very moment my unfortunate countrymen were being sworn in by the thousand in a secret conspiracy for armed insurrection. Barely a few years passed away when the crowded dock, the convict ship, the penal gang, the triangle, and the bloody lash—nay, the scaffold itself—furnished a frightful contradiction to the pleasant testimonies which you preferred to believe; a frightful corroboration to the warnings you denounced and disregarded! What happened then? Like the story of the re-

cent Fenian amnesty which we have heard to-night, measures prayed for in vain in the hour of your tranquillity, when concession would have grace and efficacy, were conceded amidst public disquietude and almost panic. Writing some six weeks ago to a friend in the North of England—a fair-minded, a kindly-hearted, and high-principled Englishman—yes, I believe in the existence of such men, not in scores or hundreds, but in hundreds of thousands—I complained of this, and asked how and why it was that English statesmen and politicians should thus put a premium on turbulence and revolt. Just look what has been the history of any great political measure passed for Ireland in our own generation. The argument of Catholic Emancipation was exhausted in 1819. Its justice was as patent to all men in 1822 as at any time afterwards; yet it was resisted and refused until, as the Duke of Wellington declared, civil war seemed inevitable. Was not that a mischievous lesson to Irishmen? The Tithe question you resisted until our land was reddened with blood. The Church question and the Land question—it is a story of recent years. A land bill was passed in 1870, after passions had been aroused, hearts broken, homes desolated by the thousand; after you had filled America with combustible elements that are at this moment a serious menace to England. In that struggle you broke the heart of Lucas, and drove Gavan Duffy into exile—robbed Ireland of the services of a man whose genius and whose worth you have been glad to recognise at the Antipodes. The land bill, prayed for in 1850, was granted in part in 1870, after the terrible tragedy of Ballycohey had startled the empire. In 1868 you suddenly overthrew the Irish Church, because, as you avowed, of the spread of Fenianism. In the face of the men whose warnings you had angrily resented a few years previously, you came down to this House to concede in an hour of alarm what you had refused in the time of tranquillity. Is this narration true or false? Am I, or am I not, reciting facts known to you all? What do those facts show? That by some malign fatality, some calamitous coincidence, if nothing more, you scoff at men like my colleagues and myself, who beseech you to be just in time. You resist concession in time of calm, and

yield it only in the face of real or fancied peril. If it be not so, let some one get up to-night, and name for us any great national concession made to Ireland under any other circumstances. As it has been, perhaps it is still to be. You will complain of my words; you will say I do not warn but threaten; and you will prefer to believe those who tell you the Irish masses are contented and well-affected—as enthusiastically ready as Englishmen could be to pour out their blood in your defence. But I dare all risk of temporary misrepresentation and blame. I look into the future, and can await my vindication. Do not affect to mistake our position in this crisis of the empire. We are not so many members of a party or a section of this House. We are not so many advocates of this or that bill. We are the national representation of Ireland, here in overwhelming majority to demand the restoration of Parliamentary rule and constitutional government. We are projecting no new proposal, like the friends of this or that great reform or amelioration. We are here to call for the restitution of what we enjoyed and possessed, but which you wrung from us by means held to vitiate and render illegal every public transaction between man and man, between nation and nation. Possession gives you no title to it, for no time runs against a claim asserted and renewed, as ours has been, from generation to generation. Legally we stand to-day where we stood seventy years ago. Restore to Ireland the reign of law! It is all she asks as the price of her friendship; a price cheap indeed, for it takes nothing from you that belongs to you. The price of her friendship! You are now, in view of a terrible emergency, possibly at hand, searching Europe through for allies. Here we are to-night empowered to offer you one worth the best you could elsewhere find—the alliance, the hearty friendship, the enthusiastic support of Ireland. I own I have deep reason to wish this question settled, and to see a cordial feeling established between the two countries before dark clouds grow darker, and while yet the reconciliation can be free and generous and efficacious. The peace, the happiness, the tranquillity of Ireland are most dear to me; and I do not wish to see my country destroyed by being made, perhaps,

a battlefield of the coming struggle. I do not want the ghastly episode of some Continental despot making what he would call a diversion in Ireland—wasting the blood and blasting the hopes of my country in a mere stroke of tactics to serve his own ends. I shudder when I think of such a possibility; and I appeal to you—yes, unchilled by the foregone conclusion of your unwise refusal, I nevertheless raise and record my appeal to you and the English nation to night to let us clasp hands in friendship on the only terms on which we can be either allies or friends. Be simply just. That you will do so yet, despite your customary refusals now, I am as convinced as I am of my own existence. It is the time which, with your customary unwisdom, you may select for such a step, that alone disquiets me. Austria tried your present policy towards Hungary, and changed it after Sadowa. I hope and pray you will wait for no such hour to accept the proffered hand and secure the ready aid of the brave and gallant Irish nation.

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### *M'Mahon's Pleadings.*

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The night of the 23rd of October, 1641, was the date fixed upon by the Northern Irish leaders for an uprising of the whole nation against English rule in Ireland. The fact was kept a profound secret from the English governors of Ireland until a few hours before the time agreed upon, when Colonel Hugh M'Mahon incautiously confided it, or rather boasted of it, to a person, Owen Connolly, who was a sort of henchman or follower of one of the English Puritanical party. Connolly hastened with the news to Dublin Castle, and related it to the Lords Justices Parsons and Borlase, who were at first inclined to give no credence to his story, more especially as the narrator was evidently half drunk at the time; but subsequently, deeming it better to be on their guard against the worst, they ordered the Castle gates to be closed, and had a search made in the houses in which the Irish leaders were said to be staying. The result was that several of them, including Colonel M'Mahon, were captured, but others made their escape. When M'Mahon was confronted with the Lords Justices in the Council Chamber of Dublin Castle, he avowed his complicity in the intended rising; he gloried in it, and told them that the work was now

tfoot, and that human power could not now avail to prevent it. He knew he said, what fate he had now to expect from them, but he could die with joy, as Ireland would that night be up in arms against her cruel oppressors. The following poem, founded on this incident was written by Mr. James N. McKane, and was published in the *Athenaeum*, November 1<sup>st</sup>, 1869 —

Scene Council Chamber, Dublin Castle. Time Night, 23<sup>rd</sup> October 1611.

By Heaven, that hateful name is false ! no "traitor's" soul have I —

Not mine to blush for "craven crimes"—not mine "the dread to die,"

And, though a captive here I stand within these Dublin towers,  
I swear we fight for king and right—a holy cause is ours  
Even here I fling your tauntings back—I fling them in your face—

Dark picture, Parsons, of your heart—a tell tale of your race  
Lords—justices' misnamed—my tongue your perfidy shall brand,

But ye of your prince's cause, and robbers of the land !  
I dare your worst !—your rope, your block no terrors have for me,

For the hour that saw these hands enchained, that hour saw Ireland free !

Ay, "bear me hence"—what boots it now if I should live or die ?  
Thank God ! the long sought hour is come—our banners kiss the sky !

Albeit a worthless tool is broke—'tis hallowed in the deed—  
Thank God that Ireland's cause is safe—that I for Ireland bleed !

Ay, "bear me to the bloody block"—nor need ye waste your light,

For Ulster, all ablaze, my lords, shall be our torch to night,  
Each Saxon tower that frowned upon our country's plundered thanes

Shall light its felon lord, ere dawn, to dastard flight or chains ;  
Shall guide the steps of gathering clans, whose watchwords rend the sky—

O God ! it is a happy death on such a night to die !

Clan-Connal's outlawed sons rush down o'er cliff and rugged rock—

Than Erna's flood at Assaroe, more fierce and dread their shock ;

As storm-clouds driven o'er Summer's sky, Maguire's shattered  
 clan  
 Shall sweep from Erna's hundred isles, and clutch their own  
 again :  
 A thunderbolt that cleaves the heavens, with scathing levir  
 bright,  
 Clan-Nial's gathering masses burst o'er tower and town to-  
 night ;  
 O'Hanlon builds his eyrie strong in Tanderagee's old town ;  
 O'Reilly raises Brefni's kernes ; Magennis musters Down ;  
 And though not mine the glorious task my rightful clan to lead,  
 Clan-Mahon shall not want a chief to teach it how to bleed !

Tyr-Eoghain's banished chief unfurls the "Red Hand" o'er  
 the sea ;  
 And many an exile's sword that flag shall lead to victory.  
 Once more upon Lough Swilly's shore O'Neill again shall stand—  
 Hugh's victor fire burns in his eye, and guides his vengeful  
 brand !  
 Full soon the "Bloody Hand" shall grasp Tyrconnel's "Holy  
 Cross ;"  
 And, side by side, through battle's tide their mingling folds  
 shall toss ;  
 And "In this sign we'll conquer" now despite your robber  
 pow'rs—  
 Proclaim ! the glorious goal is won—again the land is ours !

Ha ! wherefore shakes that craven hand—Lord *Justice* Parsons,  
 say ?  
 Why stare so stark, my Lord Borlase ?—why grow so pale, I  
 pray ?  
 Methought you deemed it "holy work" to fleece "the Philis-  
 tine ;"  
 That in "God's name" you taxed belief in many a goodly fine ;  
 Then wherefore all these rueful looks ?—"the Lord's work ye  
 have done !"  
 Advance the lights ! Ha ! vampire lords, your evil race is run.  
 Ye traitors to a trusting prince ! ye robbers of his realm !  
 Small wonder that the ship's adrift, with pirates at the helm !

Hark ! heard'st that shout that rang without ? Ye ministers  
 of ill,  
 Haste, sate ye with your latest crime while yet you've time to  
 kill !



I dare your worst, ye Saxon knaves ! then wherefore do you  
pause ?  
My blood shall rouse the Southern clans, though prostrate in  
our cause !  
For as the resurrection-flower, though withered many a year,  
Blooms fresh and bright and fair again when watered with a  
tear,  
So, nurtured in the willing wave of a martyr's ruddy tide,  
Our sons shall say—The nation lived when Hugh M'Mahon  
died !

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### The Irish Fiddler.

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BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

IN my native parish there were four or five fiddlers—all good in their way ; but the Paganini of the district was the far-famed Mickey M'Rorey. Where Mickey properly lived, I never could actually discover, and for the best reason in the world—he was not at home once in twelve months. As Colley Cibber says in the play, he was “a kind of here-and-thereian—a stranger nowhere.” This, however, mattered little ; for though perpetually shifting day after day from place to place, yet it somehow happened that nobody ever was at a loss to know where to find him. The truth is, he never felt disposed to travel *incog.*, because he knew that his interest must suffer by doing so ; the consequence was, that wherever he went, a little nucleus of local fame always attended him, which rendered it an easy matter to find his whereabouts.

Mickey was blind from his infancy, and, as usual, owed to the small-pox the loss of his eyesight. He was about the middle size, of rather a slender make, and possessed an intelligent countenance, on which beamed that singular expression of inward serenity so peculiar to the blind. His temper

was sweet and even, but capable of rising through the buoyancy of his own humour to a high pitch of exhilaration and enjoyment. The dress he wore, as far as I can remember, was always the same in colour and fabric—to wit, a brown coat, a sober-tinted cotton waistcoat, grey stockings, and black corduroys. Poor Mickey ! I think I see him before me, his head erect, as the heads of all blind men are, the fiddle-case under his left arm, and his hazel staff held out like a feeler, exploring with experimental pokes the nature of the ground before him, even although some happy urchin leads him onward with an exulting eye ; an honour of which he will boast to his companions for many a mortal month to come.

The first time I ever heard Mickey play was also the first I ever heard a fiddle. Well and distinctly do I remember the occasion. The season was Summer—but Summer *was* Summer then—and a new house belonging to Frank Thomas had been finished, and was just ready to receive him and his family. The floors of Irish houses in the country generally consist at first of wet clay ; and when this is sufficiently well smoothed and hardened, a dance is known to be an excellent thing to bind and prevent them from cracking. On this occasion the evening had been appointed, and the day was nearly half advanced, but no appearance of the fiddler. The state of excitement in which I found myself could not be described. The name of Mickey M'Rorey had been ringing in my ears for God knows how long, but I had never seen him, or even heard his fiddle. Every two minutes I was on the top of a little eminence looking out for him, my eyes straining out of their sockets, and my head dizzy with the prophetic expectation of rapture and delight. Human patience, however, could bear this painful suspense no longer, and I privately resolved to find Mickey, or perish. I accordingly proceeded across the hills, a distance of about three miles, to a place called Kilnahushogue, where I found him waiting for a guide. At this time I could not have been more than seven years of age, and how I wrought out my way over the lonely hills, or through what mysterious instinct I was led to him, and that too by a path over which I never travelled before, must be left unrevealed, until it shall please that Power

which guides the bee to its home, and the bird for thousands of miles through the air, to disclose the principle upon which it is accomplished.

On our return home I could see the young persons of both sexes flying out to the little eminence I spoke of, looking eagerly towards the point we travelled from, and immediately scampering in again, clapping their hands, and shouting with delight. Instantly the whole village was out, young and old, standing for a moment to satisfy themselves that the intelligence was correct; after which about a dozen of the youngsters sprang forward, with the speed of so many antelopes, to meet us, whilst the elders returned with a soberer but not less satisfied manner into the houses. Then commenced the usual battle as to who should be honoured by permission to carry the fiddle-case. Oh! that fiddle-case! For seven long years it was an honour exclusively allowed to myself, whenever Mickey attended a dance anywhere at all near us; and never was the Lord Chancellor's mace—to which, by the way, with great respect for his lordship, it bore a considerable resemblance—carried with a prouder heart or a more exulting eye. But so it is—

“These little things are great to *little men*.”

“Blood alive, Mickey, you’re welcome!” “How is every bone of you, Mickey? Bedad, we gev you up.” “No, we didn’t give you up, Mickey; never heed him; sure we knew very well you’d not desert the Towny boys—whoo!—Fol de rol lol!” “Ah, Mickey, won’t you sing ‘There was a wee devil come over the wall’?” “To be sure he will, but wait till he comes home and gets his dinner first. Is’t off an empty stomach you’d have him to sing?” “Mickey, give me the fiddle-case—won’t you, Mickey?” “No, to *me*, Mickey.” “Never heed them, Mickey; you promised it to me at the dance in Carntaul.”

“Aisy, boys, aisly. The truth is, none of yez can get the fiddle-case. Shibby, my fiddle, hasn’t been well for the last day or two, and can’t bear to be carried by anyone barrin’ myself.”

“Blood alive! sick is it, Mickey?—an’ what ails her?”

“Why, some o’ the docthors says there’s a frog in her,

an' others that she has the colic ; but I'm going to give her a dose of balgriffauns when I get up to the house above. Ould Harry Connolly says she's with fiddle ; an' if that's true, boys, maybe some o' yez won't be in luck. I'll be able to spare a young fiddle or two among yez."

Many a tiny hand was clapped, and many an eye was lit up with the hope of getting a young fiddle ; for Gospel itself was never looked upon to be more true than this assertion of Mickey's. And no wonder. The fact is, he used to amuse himself by making small fiddles of deal and horse-hair, which he carried about with him as presents for such youngsters as he took a fancy to. This he made a serious business of, and carried it on with an importance becoming the intimation just given. Indeed, I remember the time when I watched one of them, which I was so happy as to receive from him, day and night, with the hope of being able to report that it was growing larger ; for my firm belief was that in due time it would reach the usual size.

As we went along, Mickey, with his usual tact, got out of us all the information respecting the several courtships of the neighbourhood that had reached us, and as much, too, of village gossip and scandal as we knew.

Nothing can exceed the overflowing kindness and affection with which the Irish fiddler is received on the occasion of a dance or merry-making ; and, to do him justice, he loses no opportunity of exaggerating his own importance. From habit, and his position among the people, his wit and power of repartee are necessarily cultivated and sharpened. Not one of his jokes ever fails—a circumstance which improves his humour mightily ; for nothing on earth sustains it so much as knowing that, whether good or bad, it will be laughed at. Mickey, by the way, was a bachelor, and, though blind, was able, as he himself used to say, to see through the ears better than another could through the eyes. He knew every voice at once, and every boy and girl in the parish by name the moment he heard them speak.

On reaching the house he is bound for, he either partakes of, or at least is offered, refreshment, after which comes the ecstasie moment to the youngsters ; but all this is done by due and solemn preparation. First he calls for a pair of

scissors, with which he pairs or seems to pair his nails ; then asks for a piece of resin, and in an instant half a dozen boys are off at a break-neck pace to the next shoemaker's, to procure it ; whilst in the meantime he deliberately pulls a piece out of his pocket and resins his bow. But, heavens ! what a ceremony the opening of that fiddle-case is ! The manipulation of the blind man as he runs his hands down to the key-hole—the turning of the key—the taking out of the fiddle—the twang-twang—and then the first ecstatic sound, as the bow is drawn across the strings ; then comes a screwing ; then a delicious saw or two ; again another screwing—twang-twang—and away he goes with the favourite tune of the good woman, for such is the etiquette upon these occasions. The house is immediately thronged with the neighbours, and a preliminary dance is taken, in which the old folks, with good-humoured violence, are literally dragged out and forced to join. Then come the congratulations. “ Ah, Jack, you could do it wanst,” says Mickey, “ an’ can still ; you have a kick in you yet.” “ Why, Mickey, I seen dancin’ in my time,” the old man will reply, his brow relaxed by a remnant of his former pride, and the hilarity of the moment, “ but you see the breath isn’t what it used to be wid me when I could dance the Baltechorum Jig on the bottom of a ten-gallon cask. But I think a glass o’ whiskey will do us no harm after that. Heigh-ho !—well, well !—I’m sure I thought my dancin’ days wor over.”

“ Bedad an’ you wor matched any how,” rejoined the fiddler. “ Molshy carried as light a heel as ever you did ; sorra a woman of her years ever I seen could cut the buckle with her. You would know the tune on her feet still.”

“ Ah, Mickey, the thruth is,” the good woman would say, “ we have no such dancin’ now as there was in my days. Thry that glass.”

“ But as good fiddlers, Molshy, eh ? Here’s to you both, and long may you live to shake the toe ! Whoo ! bedad that’s great stuff. Come now, sit down, Jack, till I give you your old favourite, ‘ *Cannie Soogah*.’ ”

These were happy moments and happy times, which might well be looked upon as picturing the simple manners of country life, with very little of moral shadow to obscure the

cheerfulness which lit up the Irish heart and hearth into humble happiness. Mickey, with his usual good nature, never forgot the younger portion of his audience. After entertaining the old and full-grown, he would call for a key, one end of which he placed in his mouth, in order to make the fiddle sing for the children their favourite song, beginning with

“Oh ! grandmamma, will you squeeze my wig !”

This he did in such a manner, through the medium of the key, that the words seemed to be spoken by the instrument and not by himself. After this was over, he would sing us, to his own accompaniment, another favourite, “There was a wee devil looked over the wall,” which generally closed that portion of the entertainment so kindly designed for us.

Upon those moments I have often witnessed marks of deep and pious feeling, occasioned by some memory of the absent or the dead, that were as beautiful as they were affecting. If, for instance, a favourite son or daughter happened to be removed by death, the father or mother, remembering the air which was loved best by the departed, would pause a moment, and with a voice full of sorrow, say, “Mickey, there is *one tune* that I would like to hear ; I love to think of it, and to hear it ; I do, for the sake of them that’s gone—my darlin’ son that’s lyin’ low , it was he that loved it. His ear is closed against it now ; but for *his* sake—ay, for your sake, avourneen machree—we will hear it once more.”

Mickey always played such tunes in his best style, and amidst a silence that was only broken by sobs, suppressed moanings, and the other sounds of profound sorrow. These gushes, however, of natural feeling soon passed away. In a few minutes the smiles returned, the mirth broke out again, and the lively dance went on as if their hearts had been incapable of such affection for the dead—affection at once so deep and tender. But many a time the light of cheerfulness plays along the stream of Irish feeling when cherished sorrow lies removed from the human eye far down from the surface.

These preliminary amusements being now over, Mickey is conducted to the dance-house, where he is carefully installed

in the best chair, and immediately the dancing commences. It is not my purpose to describe an Irish dance here, having done it more than once elsewhere. It is enough to say that Mickey is now in his glory ; and proud may the young man be who fills the honourable post of his companion, and sits next him. He is a living storehouse of intelligence, a travelling directory for the parish—the lover's text-book—the young woman's best companion ; for where is the courtship going on of which he is not cognisant ? where is there a marriage on the *tapis* with the particulars of which he is not acquainted ? He is an authority whom nobody would think of questioning. It is now, too, that he scatters his jokes about ; and so correct and well-trained is his ear, that he can frequently name the young man who dances, by the peculiarity of his step.

"Ah ha ! Paddy Brien, you're there ? Sure I'd know the sound of your smoothin'-irons anywhere. Is it true, Paddy, that you wor sint for down to Errigle Keerogue, to kill the clocks for Dan M'Mahon ? But, nabuklish ! Paddy, what'll you have ?"

"Is that Grace Reilly on the flure ? Faix, avourneen, you can do it ; devil o' your likes I see anywhere. I'll lay Shubby to a penny trump that you could dance your own namesake—the *Calleen dhas dhan*, the bonny brown girl—upon a cobweb widout breakin' it. Don't be in a hurry, Grace dear, to tie the knot ; I'll wait for you."

Several times in the course of the night a plate is brought round, and a collection made for the fiddler : this was the moment when Mickey used to let the jokes fly in every direction. The timid he shamed into liberality, the vain he praised, and the niggardly he assailed by open hardy satire ; all managed, however, with such an under-current of good humour, that no one could take offence. No joke ever told better than that of the broken string. Whenever this happened at night, Mickey would call out to some soft fellow, "Blood alive, Ned Martin, will you bring me a candle ?—I've broken a string."

The unthinking young man, forgetting that he was blind, would take the candle in a hurry, and fetch it to him.

"Faix, Ned, I knew you wor jist fit for't ; houldin' a

candle to a dark man ! Isn't he a beauty, boys?—look at him, girls—as cute as a pancake !”

It is unnecessary to say that the mirth on such occasions was convulsive. Another similar joke was also played off by him against such as he knew to be ungenerous at the collection.

“Paddy Smith, I want a word wid you. I'm gom' across the counthry as far as Ned Donnelly's, and I want you to help me along the road, as the night is dark.”

“To be sure, Mickey. I'll bring you over as snug as if you wor on a clane plate, man alive !”

“Thank you, Paddy, thoath you've the dreeney in you ; an' kind father for you, Paddy. Maybe I'll do as much for you some other time.”

Mickey never spoke of this until the trick was played off, after which he published it to the whole parish, and Paddy, of course, was made a standing jest for being so silly as to think that night or day had any difference to a man who could not see.

Thus passed the life of Mickey M'Rorey, and thus pass the lives of most of his class, serenely and happily. As the sailor to his ship, the sportsman to his gun, so is the fiddler attached to his fiddle. His hopes and pleasures, though limited, are full. His heart is necessarily light, for he comes in contact with the brightest side of life and nature, and the consequence is that their mild and mellow lights are reflected on and from himself.

I am ignorant whether poor Mickey is dead or not, but I dare say he forgets the boy to whose young spirit he communicated so much delight, and who often danced with a buoyant and careless heart to the pleasant notes of his fiddle. Mickey M'Rorey, farewell ! Whether living or dead, peace be with you !

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EFFECT OF THE UNION ON OUR TAXES.—If the Union had not been enacted, we should have long since paid off every shilling of the Irish national debt, and we should now be one of the least taxed and most prosperous countries in Europe.—*O'Neill Daunt.*



## Soul and Country.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Arise ! my slumbering soul, arise !  
And learn what yet remains for thee  
To dree or do !  
The signs are flaming in the skies ;  
A struggling world would yet be free,  
And live anew.  
The earthquake hath not yet been born  
That soon shall rock the lands around  
Beneath their base ;  
Immortal freedom's thunder horn  
As yet yields but a doleful sound  
To Europe's race.

Look round, my soul ! and see and say  
If those about thee understand  
Their mission here ;  
The will to smite—the power to slay—  
Abound in every heart and hand,  
Afar, anear.

But, God ! must yet the conqueror's sword  
Pierce *mind*, as heart, in this proud year ?  
Oh, dream it not !  
It sounds a false, blaspheming word,  
Begot and born of moral fear—  
And ill-begot !

To leave the world a name is naught ;  
To leave a name for glorious deeds  
And works of love—  
A name to waken lightning thought,  
And fire the soul of him who reads—  
*This tells above.*  
Napoleon sinks to-day before  
The ungilded shrine, the *single* soul  
Of Washington ;  
Truth's name alone shall man adore,  
Long as the waves of time shall roll  
Henceforward on !

My countrymen ! my words are weak,  
 My health is gone, my soul is dark,  
 My heart is chill—  
 Yet would I fain and fondly seek  
 To see you borne in freedom's bark  
 O'er ocean still.  
 Beseech your God, and bide your hour—  
 He cannot, will not, long be dumb ;  
 Even now his tread  
 Is heard o'er earth with coming pow'r ;  
 And coming, trust me, it will come,  
 Else were he dead !

### The Irish National Cause.

At the great Tenant Right Banquet held in Castlebar, on October 26th, 1869, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in response to the toast of "The National Cause," delivered a speech in which he gave the following historical retrospect of Ireland's defence of her national existence.—

THERE is this to be said for the Irish cause, however its foes may scoff or sneer, that its record is a chapter in the world's history more great and glorious than has been contributed by any other race or nation of ancient or modern times. All over the world's expanse we seek in vain for such a spectacle of fortitude, of endurance, of national vitality, unconquered, unconquerable, and indestructible to the last. It used to be claimed as the proudest tribute to the praise of the armies of England that "they never knew when they were beaten," and the page of history attests no fact more strikingly than this, that the Irish nation has never accepted defeat. There is scarcely a land in Christendom that has not been swept or submerged by a billow of invasion. Some struggled bravely for a while, but eventually succumbed. Others yielded easily, accepted their fate, and purchased terms by the sacrifice of liberty. But

of all the countries in Europe, none has so frequently, so systematically, so easily, yielded to invasion and accepted conquest as the so-called "haughty Albion." It is a historical fact that England never repelled an invasion. It is a historical fact that no expedition ever touched the English shore that it was not followed by national subjugation. The invader, whomsoever he might be, had but to come and see and conquer. The Pict came as he listed, and spoiled the ancient Briton. The Roman came, and almost instantaneously Britain accepted and contentedly wore the conqueror's chains—nay, wept when he retired and left her to independence. The Dane, and the Saxon, each in his turn, invaded, and each in his turn made England slave or subject. The Norman galleys scarce touched the English shore when the whole fabric of national liberty fell. Long after the gallant Harold was laid in his bloody grave the masses of the English people groaned beneath a yoke the most cruel and oppressive. But they never lifted a banner or drew a sword; their sufferings were only those of the submissive serf, not of the struggling captive. The England of to-day is simply the England of the last conquest; and if we may judge the future by the past, no invader of the neighbouring island need fear a protracted struggle for national liberty on the part of those valiant pressmen over the way who are so profuse with their taunts and sarcasms against the Irish cause. Contrast the picture I have drawn from history with the record of that cause since the hour when Queen Scots unfurled the sacred standard of the Milesians. If the Dane came to Ireland, there were brave Conacians to confront him on a hundred battle-fields, and the combat for freedom never ceased till an Irish monarch at the head of the national legions finally swept the invaders into the sea. If the Roman, master of Britain, gazing towards the setting sun, ever sighted the Irish shore, he turned aside, for he too well knew that in that western isle there dwelt a race too proud and strong to wear the chains which Teuton, Gaul, and Briton wore. In an hour of weakness and division the Anglo-Norman came to Ireland, not as an invader, but as the foreign contingent in an Irish civil war. Not for two hundred years did the presence of the foreign colony pre-

sent itself or assert itself in the open character of a national invasion ; and when it did, the Irish people, so far from succumbing—though too late they found themselves in toils too strong to be broken—commenced that struggle unprecedented in history for its vehemence and persistence, as a refusal to submit to national extinction. Against this the Irish people have struggled “from bleeding sire to son.” The arena of conflict, the weapons of the warfare, may be changed, but the grand object is the same to-day that it was at any time for seven centuries—national life, national liberty. Throughout the long struggle of our race our fathers fought with no mere Pagan valour. There were brave men in ancient Greece and Rome, ere the Christian hope was mingled with the patriot’s zeal. A Curtius leaped into the yawning gulf, and gave his life for the public weal. But a higher and a holier purpose still than ever animated Greek or Roman of those times moved the heart of the Irish patriot, because he struck for happy homes and altars free—for God and dear fatherland. Interwoven with the struggle for faith, until, fused in the crucible of terrible trial and suffering, faith and patriotism became blended, indivisible, and inseparable. And so it has come to pass that in Ireland the priests and the people stand side by side, shoulder to shoulder, in every lawful and wise endeavour to advance and vindicate the national cause. Long, long may that holy alliance last. Long may we have by our side the devoted priests of Ireland, to moderate by their calmer counsels our sometimes rash resolves, or cheer by their stronger hopes our sometimes fainting spirits. They are with us to-day in this endeavour to root the remnant of our people on the native soil. Three and twenty years ago the fell spirit that through centuries had pursued our race with the purpose of extirpation, saw, or fancied that it saw, its surest opportunity in the terrible visitation that fell upon the land. In the track of famine and pestilence came a third desolator—the noticeto-quit ; amidst the ring of the crowbar and the wail of the emigrant evil men imagined that their hour of triumph had arrived, and that Ireland would soon be cleared for a new colonisation. We have seen the havoc wrought in that dread-

ful time. As we survey the bullock ranges that extend for miles, we can mark the spots where stood the peasant's home—

“Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed—

Scattered like leaves and dust when the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.”

What has been accomplished by this dispersion of the Irish race? Has it succeeded? has it blotted out the Irish nation? has it quenched our spirit? has it reduced our strength? No, no. It has but multiplied our power and increased our influence. In captivity or in exile the modern Israel grows formidable. Witness that array in the streets of London the other day, of a mighty multitude of exiles and scorned outcasts who for years “by the waters of Babylon” had sat down, “and wept when they remembered Sion.” In every Christian land we reckon our friends and count our strength; to all that is manly and generous in England itself we may safely appeal for sympathy. Yes; the Irish cause is “marching on.” Oppression has had its day, and the reign of justice will come at last, and living men will see and bless the triumph of the national cause.

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ENGLISH RULE IN IRELAND DESCRIBED.—Generous conciliation and gracious mercy have always been foreign to the policy of our rulers. Tyrants they were from the beginning, and tyrants they seem resolved to be to the end of their baleful domination. England's sceptre has been the sword, her diadem has been the black cap, and her throne has been the gallows for the last seven hundred years. She is steeped in the blood of India; red-handed from the massacre of the women of Jamaica; she exists with the blood of twenty generations of dead Irishmen standing between her and God on high; and, with brave Irishmen still suffering in her dungeons, she calls on us to applaud the proud policy of her government.—*From a speech of G. H. Moore, M.P., at Castlebar, on September 12th, 1869.*

## St. Laurence's Address

TO THE IRISH PRINCES AT PEACE WITH THE INVADER.

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BY C. G. DUFFY.

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[Laurence O'Toole, more properly O'Tuahal, one of the truest and boldest patriots God ever granted to the necessities of a people, was Archbishop of Dublin at the period of the English invasion. From the first hour of their usurpation he was the head and soul of all the effective opposition offered to the foreigners. After the landing of the second gang of adventurers, he went among the princes of the country, and, by his solitary exertions, organised a formidable league against them. He afterwards addressed himself to the task of winning the princes who had made submission to the enemy back to their natural allegiance. The address which he may be supposed to have delivered upon that occasion is the subject of the present ballad. The great influence St. Laurence possessed with the princes of his country arose partly from his belonging to their rank by birth, but much from his wise, pious, and exalted character, and ascetic life. He died in France (some assert, an exile for his patriotism), and in the course of time was canonised and chosen patron saint of Dublin. Ireland produced no man who served her more faithfully, or whose services have been more shamefully forgotten.]

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(A.D. 1171.)

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Princes, Tanists, Chiefs of Iran,\* wherefore meet we here to-day!

Come ye but to raise the *calloid*† o'er your country's lifeless clay?

Come ye here to whine your sorrow for the ill yourselves have wrought,

Or to swear you'll buy redemption, at the price it may be bought?

Once your names were names of honour in the citied camps of Gaul—

Once the iron tribe of Odin did not blush to bear your thrall‡—

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\* Iran, or Irin, is the characteristic name which all our ancient manuscripts affix to this country. There is no exception to this admitted rule.—*O'Brien's Round Towers.*

† A funeral elegy.

‡ Many of the Danes who remained in Ireland after the battle of Clontarf took service under the Irish princes.

Once the proud Iberian boasted how your royal race begun ;  
But your glory hath gone from you, swiftly as a setting sun.

And throughout our desolation mark you not God's holy hand  
Smiting us with subtle vengeance, for our sins against the land ?  
Frantic feuds and broken pactions, selfish ends and sordid lust,  
And, the blackest vice of vices, treason to our sacred trust !

Where be all the fiefs He gave you—well to govern, well to  
guard ?

Bartered to the Godless spoiler—and behold your just reward :  
Desolation shall pursue you, and shall pierce you through and  
through,

Till, where women's tears are raining, princely rage shall  
thunder too !

When the stranger came a stranger, still you gave the stranger's  
need—

Shelter when he came an exile—succour when he came in  
need—

When he came a student, learning, and the right of book and  
board—

Princes ! when he came a robber, had you not the axe and  
sword ?

And was peace the fruit of treason ? Let our kinsmen, fled or  
dead,

Chainless plunder, lust and murder, teach you how submission  
sped ;

Nay, behold yon vale ! a convent lay like love embosomed  
there,

Where the weary found a shelter, and the wounded needful  
care ;

And the prayers of holy maidens streamed to Heaven night and  
day,

Like a healing incense burning all infectious sin away :

There it flourished till the spoiler, Christless more than Heathen  
Jew,

Came—and now the wolf and Saxon share the wreck between  
them two.

Oh ! may God our Lord assoil me, if at times, in high disdain,  
Seeing this, I prayed that Brian had not wholly crushed the  
Dane.

Well the savage pirate guarded all the spoil his crimes amassed,  
And the isle, from sea to centre, trust me, he had held it fast.

When ye shrink to monks, 'tis seeming, monks should fill your princely place ;  
And a peaceful priest proclaims you traitors black with foul disgrace.

Allies ? They will be your allies ? Ay, and keep their faith as true

As Black Raymond on the bloody feast of Saint Bartholomew.\*

And their king will be your father ? Yea, and grant you many a grace—

Gyves and fetters from the donjons of his own begotten race !  
Scorn this knavish scheme to mesh you in a net of idle words ;  
Thank him as his sons have thanked him—thank him with your naked swords.

Still ye doubt ! Then, royal Norman, reeking red with holy blood,

Come and lead to newer slaughter all your sacrilegious brood ;  
Come in triumph—here are bishops, worn to stone with fast and pray'r,

None shall question why you send them Beckett's bloody shroud to share.

Nay, my children, if you doom us to the martyr's bitter crown,  
With your own dishonoured weapons strike your priests and prelates down ;

Better thus than by the stranger—better thus than being cursed

With that hideous daily torture, living on to know the worst.

And the loyal wives that love you with a fond and generous truth,

And the daughters who surround you with the sunshine of their youth,

Drag them to the carnal tyrant as he swoops upon your shore—  
Meekly you must do his pleasure, nor deny him ever more.

Oh ! forgive my rash injustice ; Heber's blood is wroth at wrong,  
And I see you burn to grapple all the ills we bore so long ;

\* One of the most infamous butcheries recorded in history was committed by the English invader on St. Bartholomew's Day. Strongbow, who first set foot in Ireland that very day, appointed his confederate, Raymond le Gros, to attack Waterford, which, after a resolute resistance, was taken : whereupon (to use the words of Leland, the Protestant historian) "the whole city was made a scene of promiscuous carnage, without mercy or distinction." That is to say, they murdered the citizens for endeavouring to protect their own city from a gang of pirates, landed only a few hours on the soil.



And you'll league like royal brothers, till from joyful shore to shore  
Princely rage indeed shall thunder, women's tears shall rain no more.

Yes, like brothers ; let the Psalters link his name with fixt disgrace,  
Who, when Iran waves her banner, strikes for region, clann, or race ;  
Not for Desmond, not for Ulad, not for Ir or Eogan's seed,\*  
But for ocean-girdled Iran must our kingly chieftains bleed.

Moran's self denying justice, Dathi's world-embracing fame,  
Fodhla's wisdom, Cormac's counsel, holy Patrick's sacred name,†  
And our own dear land, that gave us kindly culture, state, and gold—  
Oh ! my children, need you stronger spell-words for the true and bold ?

Thus you match and over-match them, be they harnessed breast and backs—  
Never Norman forged a cuirass could resist an Irish axe ;  
And be sure your fearless clansmen soon shall scorn their black array,  
As the cowards clad in iron and a horse to ride away ‡

And the dull and slavish Saxons, whipped and leashed by Norman hands,  
Trained to wreak the wrongs they suffered on the breast of kindred lands—

\* *Desmond*, South Munster ; *Ulad*, Ulster ; *Ir*, a son of Milesius, and head of many illustrious Irish families ; *Eogan* (Owen), descendant of *Hiber*, and head of another race.

† Perhaps it may be necessary to inform some readers that Moran, the son of a usurper of the Irish crown, abandoned his claim in favour of the legitimate heir, and became chief judge of Ireland, and illustrious for his equity—his miraculous collar is famous in song and story. Dathi, the last of our Pagan kings, carried the Irish arms through Gaul and Helvetia in the fifth century. Ollamh Fodhlah (pronounced *Ollav Fola*), the great lawgiver of our ancestors, earned a reputation for profound wisdom by his laws and institutions ; his head adorns the Hall of the Four Courts, Dublin. Cormac was King and Bishop of Cashel, and a poet of celebrity ; some of his writings are still extant.

‡ It is necessary to remind the reader that the English adventurers were defended by armour, and fought on horseback, while the Irish were without armour, and generally fought on foot.

Trained, like mastiffs in the shambles, at a beck to rend and bite,  
As the wolves before the beagles, you shall track their bloody flight.

Pause not till each Dun and Tower planted by the strangers' hand

Blazes like a Viking beacon, guiding them from out the land—  
Till the last of all the pirates to their galleys shall have fled,  
Shuddering at the dire *gal-tromba*\* as the trumpet of the dead.

Thus shall you be free for ever—thus the promised day shall come,

When the Children of the Soldier† guard a proud, untrammelled home ;

Thus your memory of the present like the prophet's joy shall seem,

Who, oppressed with fearful danger, waked to find 'twas but a dream.

IRISH RIGHTS AND ENGLISH HONOUR.—He (Mr. Pitt) confines the “ purposes of Irish representation ” [in the English Parliament] to two objects—first, watching and stating, which only requires one representative ; secondly, protection against Jacobinism, which requires no representative whatever. He then proceeds to ask himself a question extremely natural after such reasoning—What security has Ireland ? He answers, with great candour, Honour—English Honour. Now, when the liberty and security of one country depends on the honour of another, the latter may have much honour, but the former can have no liberty. *To depend on the honour of another country is to depend on her will ; and to depend on the will of another country is the definition of slavery.*—Grattan, 26th May, 1800.

\* The war-trumpet of the Irish, adopted from the Danes, and called *galtromba*—the trumpet of the stranger.

† “ Children of the Soldier ”—i.e., of Milesius, whose name some derive from miles.

## Sarsfield's Hide.

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From "The Story of Ireland." By A. M. Sullivan.

EARLY on the 9th of August, 1690, William drew from his encampment at Cahereonlish, and, confident of an easy victory; sat down before Limerick. That day he occupied himself in selecting favourable sites for batteries to command the city, and in truth, owing to the formation of the ground, the city was at nearly every point nakedly exposed to his guns. He next sent in a summons to surrender, but Do Boisseleau courteously replied that "he hoped he should merit his opinion more by a vigorous defence than a shameful surrender of a fortress which he had been entrusted with."

The siege now began. William's bombardment, however, proceeded slowly; and the Limerick gunners, on the other hand, were much more active and vigorous than he had expected. On, Monday, the 11th, their fire compelled him to shift his field train entirely out of range; and on the next day, as if intent on following up such practice, their balls fell so thickly about his own tent, killing several persons, that he had to shift his own quarters also. But in a day or two he meant to be in position to pay back these attentions with heavy interest, and to reduce those old walls despite all resistance. In fine, there was coming up to him from Waterford a magnificent battering train, together with immenso stores of ammunition, and, what was nearly as effective for him as the siege train, a number of pontoon boats of tin or sheet copper, which would soon enable him to pass the Shannon where he pleased. So he took very coolly the resistance so far offered from the city. For in a day more Limerick would be absolutely at his mercy!

So thought William; and so seemed the inevitable fact. But there was a bold heart and an active brain at work at

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\* "Memoirs of King James the Second."

that very moment, planning a deed destined to immortalise its author to all time, and to baffle William's now all-but-accomplished designs on Limerick !

On Sunday, the 10th, the battering train and its convoy had reached Cashel. On Monday, the 11th, they reached a place called Ballyneety, within nine or ten miles of the Williamite camp. The country through which they had passed was all in the hands of their own garrisons or patrols ; yet they had so important and precious a charge that they had watched it jealously so far ; but now they were virtually at the camp—only a few miles in its rear ; and so the convoy, when night fell, drew the siege train and the vast line of ammunition waggons, the pontoon boats and store-loads, into a field close to an old ruined castle, and, duly posting night sentries, gave themselves to repose.

That day an Anglicised Irishman, one Manus O'Brien, a Protestant landholder in the neighbourhood of Limerick, came into the Williamite camp with a piece of news. Sarsfield, at the head of five hundred picked men, had ridden off the night before on some mysterious enterprise in the direction of Killaloe ; and the informer, from Sarsfield's character, judged rightly that something important was afoot, and earnestly assured the Williamites that nothing was too desperate for that commander to accomplish.

The Williamite officers made little of this. They thought the fellow was only anxious to make much of a trifle, by way of securing favour for himself. Besides, they knew of nothing in the direction of Killaloe that could affect them. William, at length, was informed of the story. He, too, failed to discern what Sarsfield could be at ; but his mind anxiously reverting to his grand battering train—albeit it was now but a few miles off—he, to make safety doubly sure, ordered Sir John Lanier to proceed at once with five hundred horse to meet the convoy. By some curious chance, Sir John—perhaps deeming his night ride quite needless—did not greatly hurry to set forth. At two o'clock, Tuesday morning, instead of nine o'clock on Monday evening, he rode leisurely off. His delay of five hours made all the difference in the world, as we shall see.

It was indeed true that Sarsfield, on Sunday night, had se-

cretly quitted his camp on the Clare side, at the head of a chosen body of his best horsemen ; and true enough also that it was upon an enterprise worthy of his reputation he had set forth. In fine, he had heard of the approach of the siege train, and had planned nothing less than its surprise, capture, and destruction !

On Sunday night he rode to Killaloe, distant twelve miles above Limerick on the river. The bridge here was guarded by a party of the enemy ; but, favoured by the darkness, he proceeded further up the river, until he came to a ford near Ballyvally, where he crossed the Shannon, and passed into Tipperary county. The country around him now was all in the enemy's hands ; but he had one with him as a guide on this eventful occasion, whose familiarity with the locality enabled Sarsfield to evade all the Williamite patrols, and but for whose services it may be doubted if his ride this night had not been his last. This was Hogan, the Rapparee chief, immortalised in local traditions as "Gallopog Hogan." By paths and passes known only to riders "native to the sod," he turned into the deep gorges of Silver Mines, and ere day had dawned was bivouacked in a wild ravine of the Keeper mountains. Here he lay *perdu* all day on Monday. When night fell there was anxious tightening of horsegirths and girding of swords with Sarsfield's five hundred. They knew the siege train was at Cashel on the previous day, and must by this time have reached near to the Williamite lines. The midnight ride before them was long, devious, difficult, and perilous ; the task at the end of it was crucial and momentous indeed. Led by their trusty guide, they set out southward, still keeping in by-ways and mountain roads. Meanwhile, as already mentioned, the siege train and convoy had that evening reached Ballyneety, where the guns were parked and the convoy bivouacked. It was three o'clock in the morning when Sarsfield, reaching within a mile or two of the spot, learnt from a peasant that the prize was now not far off ahead of him. And here we encounter a fact which gives the touch of true romance to the whole story ! It happened, by one of those coincidences that often startle us with their singularity, that the pass-word with the Williamite convoy on that night was

*"Sarsfield!"* That Sarsfield obtained the pass-word before he reached the halted convoy is also unquestionable, though how he came by this information is variously stated. The painstaking historian of Limerick states that from a woman, wife of a sergeant in the Williamite convoy, unfeelingly left behind on the road by her party in the evening, but most humanely and kindly treated by Sarsfield's men, the word was obtained.\* Riding softly to within a short distance of the place indicated, he halted, and sent out a few trusted scouts to scan the whole position narrowly. They returned reporting that, besides the sentries there were only a few score troopers drowsing beside the watch fires on guard; the rest of the convoy being sleeping in all the immunity of fancied safety. Sarsfield now gave his final orders—silence or death, till they were in upon the sentries; then, forward like a lightning flash upon the guards. One of the Williamite sentries fancied he heard the beat of horse-hoofs approaching him; he never dreamt of foes; he thought it must be one of their own patrols. And, truly enough, through the gloom he saw the figure of an officer, evidently at the head of a body of cavalry, whether phantom or reality he could not tell. The sentry challenged, and, still imagining he had friends, demanded the "word." Suddenly, as if from the spirit land, and with a wild, weird shout that startled all the sleepers, the "phantom troop" shot past like a thunderbolt; the leader crying, as he drew his sword, *"Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man!"* The guards dashed forward, the bugles screamed the alarm, the sleepers rushed to arms, but theirs was scarcely an effort. The broadswords of Sarsfield's five hundred were in their midst; and to the affrighted gaze of the panic-stricken victims that five hundred seemed thousands! Short, desperate, and bloody, was that scene—so short, so sudden, so fearful, that it seemed like the work of incantation. In a few minutes the whole of the convoy were cut down or dispersed; and William's splendid siege train was in Sarsfield's hands! But his task was as yet only half accomplished. Morning was approaching; William's camp was barely eight or ten miles distant, and thither some of the escaped had hurriedly

\* Lenihan's "History of Limerick," p. 232.

fled. There was scant time for the important work yet to be done. The siege guns and mortars were filled with powder, and each muzzle buried in the earth; upon and around the guns were piled the pontoon boats, the contents of the ammunition waggons, and all the stores of various kinds, of which there was a vast quantity. A train of powder was laid to this huge pyre, and Sarsfield, removing all the wounded Williamites to a safe distance, drew off his men, halting them while the train was being fired. There was a flash that lighted all the heavens, and showed with dazzling brightness the country for miles around. Then the ground rocked and heaved beneath the gazers' feet, as with a deafening roar that seemed to rend the firmament that vast mass burst into the sky; and as suddenly all was gloom again! The sentinels on Limerick walls heard the awful peal. It rolled like a thunderstorm away by the heights of Cratloe, and wakened sleepers amidst the hills of Clare. William heard it too; and he at least needed no interpreter of that fearful sound. He knew in that moment that his splendid siege train had perished, destroyed by a feat that only one man could have so planned and executed; an achievement destined to surround with unfading glory the name of Patrick Sarsfield!

Sir John Lanier's party, coming up in no wise rapidly, saw the flash, that, as they said, gave broad daylight for a second, and felt the ground shake beneath them as if by an earthquake, and then their leader found he was just in time to be too late. Rushing on, he sighted Sarsfield's rear-guard; but there were memories of the Irish cavalry at the Boyne in no way encouraging him to force an encounter. From the Williamite camp two other powerful bodies of horse were sent out instantly on the explosion being heard, to surround Sarsfield and cut him off from the Shannon. But all was vain, and on Tuesday evening he and his Five Hundred rode into camp amidst a scene such as Limerick had not witnessed for centuries. The whole force turned out; the citizens came with laurel boughs to line the way; and as he marched in amidst a conqueror's ovation, the gunners on the old bastions across the river gave a royal salute to him whom they all now hailed as the saviour of the city!

## The Seasons.

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BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

The different hues that dock the earth  
All in our bosoms have their birth—  
'Tis not in blue or sunny skies,  
'Tis in the heart the Summer lies !  
The earth is bright if *that* be glad,  
Dark is the earth if *that* be sad ;  
And thus I feel each weary day—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away !

In vain, upon her emerald car,  
Comes Spring, "the maiden from afar,"  
And scatters o'er the woods and fields  
The liberal gifts that nature yields ;  
In vain the buds begin to grow,  
In vain the crocus gilds the snow ;  
I feel no joy though earth be gay—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away !

And when the Summer, like a bride,  
Comes down to earth in blushing pride,  
And from that union sweet are born  
The fragrant flowers and waving corn,  
I hear the hum of birds and bees,  
I view the hills and streams and trees,  
Yet vain the thousand charms of May—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away !

And when the Autumn crowns the year,  
And ripened hangs the golden ear,  
And luscious fruits of ruddy hue  
The bending boughs are glancing through,  
When yellow leaves from sheltered nooks  
Come forth and try the mountain brooks—  
Even then I feel, as there I stray,  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away !



And when the Winter comes at length,  
With swaggering gait and giant strength,  
And with his strong arms in a trice  
Binds up the streams in chains of ice,  
What need I sigh for pleasures gone—  
The twilight eve, the rosy dawn !  
My heart is changed as much as they—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away !

Even now, when Summer lends the scene  
Its brightest gold—its purest green—  
When'er I climb the mountain's breast,  
With softest moss and heath-flowers dressed—  
When now I hear the breeze that stirs  
The golden bells that deck the furze—  
Alas ! ye all are vain, I say—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away !

But when thou comest back once more—  
Though dark clouds hang and loud winds roar,  
And mists obscure the nearest hills,  
And dark and turbid roll the rills—  
Such pleasures then my breast shall know,  
That Summer's sun shall round me glow ;  
Then quick return, dear maid, I pray—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away !

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## Songs and Song Writers.

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BY "ATETH" IN THE NATION.

Of the numerous bores that infest society, perhaps the most intolerable, if we except the prize *bours* at the cattle shows, are those small sing-song writers who, whilst utterly devoid of one single spark of real poetic fire, imagine themselves geniuses, and are perpetually foisting their namby-pamby effusions on the public. "Why do the public purchase them?" asks some uncompromising individual. Alas ! my friend, the public cannot help doing so ; they are literally pestered and betrayed into it. Shortly after that child of song, Mr. Twaddle, has published his exquisitely wretched

ditty, entitled "The Dying Wail of a Broken Heart," you happen to meet, in an evil hour, a good-natured acquaintance. "Tom," says the person to you, "Twaddle has published a new song—'tisn't a bad one either—and I have promised to *get rid* of a few copies for the poor fellow. I expect you'll take one. Now 'don't say no,' as Mr. Bralligan says"—and you don't say no, though you ought. Again, a kind editor, remarkable for his abilities in bestowing praise upon anything, from a bloated Aberdeen turnip—bad at heart, maybe, for all its splendid appearance—to the bloated exterminator—similarly affected—upon whose cottagoless property the vegetable was grown, in a characteristically eulogistic paragraph thus speaks of what he is pleased to style "the latest emanation of the genius of Twakins Twaddle, Esq., our gifted fellow-townsmen":—"It has often before been our pleasing duty to call attention to, and speak in the language of well-merited praise of, the gifted poet who is such an honour to our town, and whose latest effusion, 'The Dying Wail of a Broken Heart,' now lies before us. This charming ballad possesses all the beauties that characterised the talented author's former productions, besides many more peculiar to itself. We can honestly say that its perusal yielded us those exquisitely pleasurable sensations, much more easily imagined than described, tending to elevate the heart and refine the sensibilities of the soul. In it Mr. Twaddle has transcendently displayed his wondrous power of transforming convertibility into individuality." After such a paragraph—the concluding portion of the last sentence of which, we deem it necessary to observe, is a genuine quotation—what is unsophisticated humanity to do but rush to the local bookseller's with frantic haste, and invest in "The Dying Wail." If the payment of a few shillings for a couple of sheets of waste paper were the only grievances we had to sustain at the hands of vain and foolish poetasters thirsting for fame, it were well, and we should have but little reason to complain: but such is not the case. In compliance with the request of friends, or influenced by the laudations of the encomiastic editor, or, perchance, captivated by the attractions of the pink-cheeked damsel generally to be found depicted on the front sheet, young ladies

—we say ladies, because we are not of those who much affect male warblers—purchase the new song; and, alas! its purchase is but the prelude to its committal to memory, with ulterior views. How often have we listened with a “sad civility,” closely bordering on indignation, whilst brilliant young creatures, in whose thrilling tones we should like to hear the noble songs of Moore and Davis sung, “made long the night,” as they poured forth, in nauseating succession, the mawkish maunderings of vitiated taste and nonsensical sentimentality. But why do we speak of singing? Positively we have heard—*horresco referens*—sentimental songs, of the class we have indicated, recited. Goaded into desperation by there iterated “pressings” of friends, (1) resolved to make a fool of himself and have done with it, some weak-minded young man, with watery eyes, a husky voice, and a pair of unmanageable legs, rises from his chair, and—but we spare our readers the description of a scene under the accumulated horrors of which even the indomitable “jollity” of Mark Tapley himself must succumb.

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HAND IN HAND FOR IRELAND.—Let us hope that the Catholic and Protestant people of this country—now that a wall of separation which kept them asunder for centuries is happily levelled for ever—will unite in honourable and loving brotherhood to work out, hand in hand, the regeneration of our country. Why should we not? We are all the children of Ireland—children of the same mother, equally dear to us all. Why should we not join hands to raise her up and nourish her, and wipe away the stains of long suffering from her face, and try to array her again in that moral and material beauty that once was hers? Let us pray for this blessed consummation, and let us take care to prove to the world by our conduct that if Irishmen will not unite as brothers for the weal of their country, the fault does not lie with Catholics.—*Letter of Most Rev. Dr. Butler, Bishop of Limerick, August, 1869.*

## Dr. Maginn, Bishop of Derry, on Religion and Patriotism.

In replying to an invitation to a public dinner in Derry, the illustrious Doctor Maginn made use of the following noble words, the spirit of which we trust is now widely prevalent in Ireland:—

I FURTHER, in all earnestness, respond to the beautiful sentiment which your committee (composed, as it is, of the most respectable Protestants and Presbyterians), with a confidence I shall always highly value, entrusted to my keeping. It is a delightful sentiment, ever the fondest desire of my heart. I longed, I sighed to see it realised—a sentiment not less patriotic than Christian, which, if felt and understood, and brought into lively universal action, would shortly raise our country from the depths of unparalleled misery in which she has been plunged, to that station which God and nature intended her to occupy among the nations of the earth—union among all classes and creeds in Ireland—a blissful sentiment, and the only panacea for all the evils our unhappy country endures. And why, sir, should we not be united in all things conducive to the common weal? By nature we are all brethren; in society we are all members of the same body. Religion, the loveliest daughter of Heaven, whose name is union and whose mission is peace—religion, given to us by the God of love to bind man to his fellow-man, and men to the Being that made them—should not surely be made the occasion of keeping us asunder—that religion which sees in the face of an enemy that of a brother—which, no matter under what dress or form she be presented to us, must have charity as the very soul of her existence. Why should she be made a bone of contention or an apple of discord among us?

On another occasion Dr. Maginn, in replying to an address which had been presented to him, spoke as follows:—

You complimented me on my patriotism. If it be a vir-

tue, I confess I felt and feel its influence. If it be a crime to prefer Ireland, her honour and happiness, to that of any other country on earth, I plead guilty to that soft impeachment. I, in all sincerity, pity the Irishman, bred and born in Ireland, who could love with equal fervour any other land on earth. Ireland is our second mother; her soil is sacred to us; her honour, her glory, her independence should, after God and His holy faith, enlist all our sympathies, excite our warmest affections, and, to promote them, concentrate all our energies. Differences in religious belief should not make us forget the duty of loving our common country, which not to love would be as unnatural as it would be monstrously singular.

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THE LESSON OF GRATTAN'S LIFE.—Reader, if you be an Irish Protestant, and entertain harsh prejudices against your Catholic fellow countrymen, study the works and life of Grattan—learn from him, for none can teach you better, how to purify your nature from bigotry. Learn from him to look upon all your countrymen with a loving heart—to be tolerant of infirmities caused by their unhappy history—and, like Grattan, earnestly sympathise with all that is brave and generous in their character. Reader, if you be an Irish Catholic, and that you confound the Protestant religion with tyranny, learn from Grattan that it is possible to be a Protestant and have a heart for Ireland and its people. Think that the brightest age of Ireland was when Grattan—a steady Protestant—raised it to proud eminence; think also that in the hour of his triumph he did not forget the state of your oppressed fathers, but laboured through his virtuous life that both you and your children should enjoy unshackled liberty of conscience. But, reader, whether you be a Protestant or a Catholic, and whatever be your party, you will do well as an Irishman to ponder upon the spirit and principles which governed the public and private life of Grattan. Learn from him how to regard your countrymen of all deno-

minations. Observe, as he did, how very much that is excellent belongs to both the great parties into which Ireland is divided. If (as some do) you entertain dispiriting views of Ireland, recollect that any country containing such elements as those which roused the genius of Grattan never need despair. *Sursum corda.* Be not disheartened.—*From Memoir of Henry Grattan, by D. O. Madden.*

### The Legend of Stiffenbach.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS, "SHAMROCK" OF THE "NATION."

One day the Baron Stiffenbach among his fathers slept,  
And his relict o'er his ashes, like a water goddess, wept,  
Till her apparatus lachrymal required so many "goos"  
From certain flasks, that soon there shone a ruby on her nose.

The Dowager of Stiffenbach was fair enough to view,  
And having her dead husband's wealth, could touch the rhino  
too;  
But yet of all the neighb'ring nobs not one would e'er propose,  
Because she wore a ruby, a large ruby on her nose.

At this the jewelled baroness was very much annoyed,  
But rival baronesses her perplexity enjoyed,  
For the ruby was a byword and a triumph to her foes,  
Who, spinster, wife, and widow, all exulted at her nose.

The Baroness of Stiffenbach now called the doctors in,  
And freely gave for drugs and shrugs great quantities of "tin."  
At length they said 'twas surgeon's work, then gravely all  
arose,  
And left her, as they found her, with the ruby on her nose.

Now came the surgeons. First they voted all the doctors fools,  
Then drew from curious armouries a multitude of tools.  
That they were armed to fight a bear a stranger would suppose,  
And not to dig a ruby from a baroness's nose.

But now among the surgeons vital difference we find,  
 For some proposed to cut before, and some to cut behind ;  
 And soon in scalpelomachy they well-nigh came to blows,  
 For the baroness's ruby—for the ruby on her nose.

At length came forward one, by lot elected from the rest,  
 But, alas ! the eager brotherhood too closely round him pressed,  
 For they stood upon the corns of the operator's toes,  
 Who, leaping, with the ruby also sliced away the nose.

They stitched it on immediately, (*uh* yet has not transpired)  
 That very day the baroness capriciously expired ;  
 Thus died that lovely lady, a judgment, some suppose,  
 For having led the baron, in his lifetime, by the nose.

They made her grave three fathoms deep by Rhine's embattled  
 tide,  
 And bowed her gently downwards by her darling Stiffy's side ;  
 But her restless spirit wanders still, and oft, at evening's close  
 She haunts the castle ramparts with her finger on her nose.

Grim reader ! let us blubber o'er the melancholy fate  
 Of the quondam Baron Stiffy's nontetotalising mate ;  
 And for the future solemnly, if possible, propose  
 To shun the weird elixirs that bring rubies on the nose.

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## Grattan.

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BY AUBREY DE VERE.

God works through man, not hills or snows !

In man, not men, is the God-like pow'r !

The man, God's potentate, God foreknows ;

He sends him strength at the destined hour.

His spirit He breathes into one deep heart ;

His cloud He bids from one mind depart.

A saint ! and a race is to God re-born !

A man ! one man makes a nation's morn !

A man, and the blind land by slow degrees

Gains sight ! A man, and the deaf land hears !

A man, and the dumb land, like wakening seas,  
Thunders low dirges in proud, dull ears !  
One man, and the people a three days' corse,  
Stands up, and the graven bands fall off perforce ;  
One man, and the nation in height a span  
To the measure ascends of the perfect man.

Thus wept unto God the land of Eire :  
Yet there rose no man, and her hope was dead :  
In the ashes she sat of a burned-out fire,  
And sackcloth was over her queenly head.  
But a man in her latter days arose ;  
Her deliverer stepped from the camp of her foes :  
He spake—the great and the proud gave way,  
And the dawn began which shall end in day !

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## Social Life in Ancient Ireland.

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From " The Confessions of Ulster "

BY THOMAS MACNEVIN.

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If we were to judge by the modern historians, the Irish people at the accession of James—nay, some have said from the earliest periods—were buried in the most profound barbarism, even though from the fifth century they had enjoyed the light of Christianity, and though the priests and missionaries of the country had preserved, through mediæval gloom, both faith and learning, and propagated them through the world. In the tenth century, ere the history of England had well begun, and when the greatest part of Europe was involved in darkness, a steady light of piety and learning continued to shine in this island, and shed its rays over the neighbouring countries. In the schools of the continent the Irish scholars continued " to retain their former



superiority, and amongst the dwarf intellects of that time towered as giants." In France and Germany the monasteries of the Irish, the only retirements for piety and learning in an ungodly age, were flourishing, and the fame of Irish scholars was joyfully recognised. Irish monks founded a school at Glastonbury, England, where St. Dunstan imbibed under their teaching "the very marrow of Scriptural learning." There that distinguished ornament of the English Church was learnedly accomplished, according to the acquisitions of the time, in astronomy, arithmetic, and geometry; and there too he cultivated that sweet taste for music in which he indulged through all his life.

And so did piety and learning continue to flourish in Ireland, until by the constant intercourse, both peaceable and warlike, with the Danes, and by their employment as mercenaries of those barbarians in local feuds, the Irish had become familiar with rapine and all turbulent crimes, and a national degeneracy had been thereby produced, which continued increasing up to the time of the English invasion. Then it may, without disparagement to our country, be admitted that the Irish were matched against a people possessing at that time superior civilisation, greater refinement, and a more compact and better system of government. A nation governed by innumerable princes and chiefs, was to meet in battle, and struggle with in policy, a country having but one centre of power, one head, one recognised source of government. It is no shame that with such unequal odds they were worsted in the long contest of ages, and it is a matter of national pride that so noble and unceasing a resistance could have been made with such discordant materials.

But much as Ireland had degenerated since the English invasion, she still enjoyed at the accession of James a great degree of civilisation, when compared with other countries at the same period. Under the rule of her native chieftains religion had been protected, and the country was covered with the noblest architectural monuments of princely piety, of many of which, subsequently, she was stripped by the sacrilegious fury of the English. Laws had been propounded with solemn sanctions—laws repugnant to later notions and

to the refinement of modern ages, but suited to the wants, the genius, and the feelings of the people. Amongst the chieftains had been men, and still were men, of high accomplishment, courtesy, and valour. The Scotie chronicle of Fordun supplies us with a letter written in the reign of Edward the Third, by O'Neill, King of Ulster, and, as he proudly says, "rightful heir to the monarchy of all Ireland," and addressed to the Pope John the Twenty-second, and a more impressive and eloquent document will scarcely be found in the pages of history, indicating a degree of high refined feeling that could not be surpassed, if it could be equalled, in the Court of Edward. It is a history of English rule in Ireland from the beginning, told with grave and earnest simplicity, but in language the most eloquent and graceful. There is little evidence in it of that perennial barbarism which Hume attributes to the chiefs and people of ancient Ireland.

The deterioration which took place has been attributed to many causes ; to the Danish invasions, to the Brehon laws —yet in days of acknowledged splendour and civilisation these Brehon laws formed the national code ; but, however that degeneracy was produced, it was signally accelerated by the arrival of the Anglo-Normans. They came "like ravening wolves, and more cunning than foxes"; they drove the inhabitants from their houses and their lands, "to seek shelter like wild beasts in woods, marshes, and caves ; they sought out the miserable natives even in those dreary abodes"; they seized on the noble endowments of the Church, and destroyed the buildings devoted to piety and education. O'Neill pathetically laments that by the intercourse of the Irish with the English his countrymen had lost the fine features of the national character, "for, instead of being like our ancestors, simple and candid, we have become as artful and designing as themselves."

Moryson, in writing the time of Elizabeth, says that an Irish chieftain sat round the fire with his family in a state of nakedness. But, not to dwell upon the requisitions of a climate not tropical, this will appear a mere gratuitous misrepresentation, when we consider that sumptuary laws to prevent extravagance in dress were very frequent from an

early period in Ireland, and that even English writers have minutely described the gorgeous garments of the chiefs and clansmen—the ornamented vest, the trowse, the flowing mantle, the vast sleeves of finest linen dyed in saffron—and that the ornaments of the women were of gold, and are duly recorded in bardic rhymes and soberer annals. A people so well supplied with, and so fond of using, a costly wardrobe, would scarcely be reduced to a barbarous nakedness even in the recesses of their dwellings.

It must be confessed, however, that the residences of the Irish, contrasting strangely with the splendour of their ecclesiastical architecture, were in most instances mean and temporary, and suited only for a loose pastoral people. They were slight, and composed of hurdles. But this is not to be taken to support the charges of barbarism made against the nation, which are completely belied by the course of education in the management of cattle, in husbandry, in navigation, and in letters, which was administered to their youth, the early commercial dealings with foreign nations, and the long possession of letters. But the social habits in almost every country in Europe were of a low nature, and their standard of social comfort was mean. Great contrasts—noble castles, splendid edifices of piety, looking down upon mean structures of hurdles—were not unusual in England at the time of the first Anglo-Norman monarchs.

Hume sums up the character of the Anglo-Saxon race—and doubtless they were at the time of Henry the Second not much ameliorated by the Norman invasion—in this manner: “They were in general a rude, uncultivated people, ignorant of letters, unskilled in the mechanic arts, untamed to submission under law and government, addicted to intemperance, riot, and disorder. Their best quality was their military courage, which yet was not supported by discipline or conduct. Their want of fidelity to the prince, or any trust reposed in them, appears strongly in the history of their later period. Even the Norman historians, *notwithstanding the low state of arts in their own country*, speak of them as barbarians when they speak of the invasion made upon them by the Duke of Normandy. The conquest put

the people in the way of receiving slowly from abroad the rudiments of science and cultivation, and of correcting their rough and licentious manners." The Normans brought with them their habits and their tastes, and some refinement—which was, as Hume says, slowly imparted to the Saxons; and the composite nation, when its adventurers first invaded the shores of Ireland, had achieved a certain degree of civilisation. Settled there, however, they made no exertion to extend this to the natives; they acted merely as needy adventurers, seeking to make easy fortunes, and reckless of the ruin they wrought in the pursuit of wealth and power.

In every other recorded case the disasters of conquest have been followed by social amelioration to the conquered people. But the Anglo-Norman invasion was an unrelieved and unatoned-for calamity to the Irish people; the conquest up to the reign of James never having been completed, the policy of division, and the practices of petty and incessant warfare, were adopted from the first. Whatever superior civilisation was enjoyed by the invader was never imparted to the invaded people; he gave nothing but his vices to his new country. Entrenched within the stunted boundaries of the Pale, his only security was in the weakness of the "enemy;" and this was effectually secured by the divisions which the institutions of tanistry and chieftainship enabled him to create amongst their numerous kings and princes. The social amelioration of the Irish nation was never thought of by the English adventurers; the country was looked upon merely as so many estates, and the people as so many enemies. The legislation of the conqueror, the most remarkably cruel, ignorant, and selfish of any of which there is a remaining record, was carefully framed to obstruct the improvement of the nation. Statutes were passed to prevent intermarriages, and all those other social connections which the humanity of Irish customs taught, and which would have gradually led to a perfect union of the two nations. Laws were made preventing the exercise of any of the arts and pursuits of peace. It was impossible for the Irish either to improve their own institutions, or, assuming them to be superior, to adopt those of the Anglo-Normans. Their expulsion and extermination continued to be for centuries the

objects of Government, which it sought to effect by remorseless cruelty, and by a policy even more cruel and relentless. The wars of the Pale—the Statute of Kilkenny—the Plantations of Munster and Ulster, were the varying indications of that settled policy. The resistance of the Irish was noble and continuous, but it was without plan, without unity, without any principle of concert, and it finally yielded to the warlike and politic genius of Lord Mountjoy. The submission of Hugh and Roderick removed the last obstacle to English dominion; and if the English did not succeed in the total annihilation of the natives, it was not that they had changed their policy, but that it had become impossible.

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### Grattan and Freedom.

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BY EDWARD LYSAGHT.

Edward Lysaght, barrister-at-law, was one of the wits and *bon vivants* of Dublin society in the times immediately preceding the Union. His genial qualities, his abounding humour, his racy anecdotes and ready repartees obtained for him amongst his friends the familiar appellation of "pleasant Ned Lysaght." His faculty of improvisation in poetry was remarkable, but he cared little for the preservation of the compositions which he produced so readily and easily, and many of them, consequently, were not recoverable when a volume of his poetry was being collected a short time after his death. One of his anti-Union poems, commencing "How justly alarmed is each Dublin Cit," is very well known, and his poem on Grattan as "the gallant man who led the van of the Irish Volunteers," is frequently quoted. The following, written on the occasion of Grattan's candidature for the representation of Dublin, is not so frequently met with, but it is very clever and amusing:—

Since the Union, poor Dublin lay dozed,  
Oppressed with dismay and dejection—  
Till Patrick's kind voice interposed,  
Saying, "Hasten to Grattan's election!"  
Be advised by our tutelar saint;  
Vile bigots and knaves never heed 'em;  
Corruption's grown hopeless and faint  
At the mention of Grattan and Freedom.

Some minions (vile bigotry's tools).

Who have got selfish hearts and dull sconces,  
Would to Parliament send solemn fools,

Fit to represent blockheads and dunces.

Their legible characters base,

There's none of us all but can read 'em ;

Dull knavery's stamped on each face

That vilifies Grattan and Freedom.

You merchants, a liberal train

(Some few, very few, are ungrateful),

Remember who struck off the chain

From your trade, so oppressive and hateful.

More blessings for Erin he sought,

Till destiny hence had decreed 'em ;

To all public virtue forgot,

Shall we traffic our Grattan and Freedom !

The lawyers the libel refute

Of Junius, who says they're contracted,

And zealously favour his suit

By whom such good laws were enacted.

For Grattan has studied our rights—

No advocate like him can plead 'em ;

Each sound-hearted lawyer delights

To bustle for Grattan and Freedom.

Distinguished by honour's true pride,

Physicians, at liberty's station,

Will vote for the man who applied

Much *balm* to the *wounds* of our nation.

The children of Erin he'd *heal*,

While others would *blister* and *bleed* 'em ;

The faculty's pulse let me feel ;

Oh ! it's beating for Grattan and Freedom.

Honest Crispins will serve him with pleasure,

For he'll prove a good *suit* to the *last*, sir ;

Worthy tailors are sure every *measure*

He'll take will be good as the past, sir.

The gardeners and seedsmen revile

*Rat* knaves, and from Erin they'd *root* 'em ;

They say, "To protect our green *isle*

From a *blight*, give us Grattan and Freedom."

The barbers their votes are bestowing  
 On Grattan, the man, *to a hair*, sir,  
 Who'd keep Erin's welfare *a growing*,  
 While others would *shave* it quite *bare*, sir ;  
 They rail at the thick muddy bloods  
 Of blockheads, and say, " We don't need 'em—  
 Our country they'd leave in the *snobs*,  
 So our *poll* is for Grattan and Freedom."

For serving their trade in our isle  
 The brewers his cause will maintain, sir ;  
 They know (though a man without *quith*)  
 He's clever, and honest in *quith*, sir :  
 As clear and as sound as *brann stout*,  
 With *froth* he disdains to mislead 'em :  
 Drink the king—then the tankard about,  
 To Erin, to Grattan, and Freedom !

The bricklayers, manly and true,  
 Acknowledge, with grateful effusion,  
 That Grattan, in famed Eighty-Two,  
*Erected* a fine constitution :  
 Though all this *free* mason did build  
 Some slaves have pulled down (*d—l* speed 'em),  
 The brothers of this worthy guild  
 Are *cemented* with Grattan and Freedom.

The hosiers and hatters assert  
 He's right from the *h* to the *crown*, sir ;  
 The people he'll never desert.  
 Nor let just prerogative down, sir.  
 Each butcher, that's honest, disdains  
 All hirelings, and wonders who'd *breed* 'em—  
 " Who'd choose a *calf's head* without brains ?  
 On your *marrow-bones* drink Hal and Freedom !"

And all the industrious neighbours,  
 Whatever their callings may be, sir,  
 Should side with the man whose life's labours  
 Would make us all happy and free, sir.  
 Bless the king ! At his word of command  
 We'll hazard our lives, should he need 'em,  
 For the rights and delights of our land—  
 For ERIN, and GRATTAN, and FREEDOM !

## “Captain Rock” on Irish Politics.

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One of the most effective political squibs of its time was the “Memoirs of Captain Rock,” written by the poet Moore. “Captain Rock” was in those days what “Rory of the Hills” has been in more recent times—the genius of “agrarian outrage”—the avenger of tenant wrongs—the terror of exterminating landlords—the annoyance and shame of the Government. Whatever may be said of Roryism, Rockism was a natural product of the times, the fruit of the gross misgovernment of the country, and of the frightful oppression of the agricultural classes especially. It was to bring out this fact clearly that Moore wrote this clever work, in which he sketched the history and condition of the country from the Rockite point of view. The following passage outlines with great clearness the character of the Irish Parliament down to a period close on the Union:—

FOR about fifty years after the Revolution, there was in the politics of Ireland no Irish party. Our Parliament was but a sort of Chapel of Ease to that in Westminster. Irish pensions, Irish peerages, and even Irish patriotism, were all exclusively in the hands of Englishmen, or the sons of Englishmen; and, though now and then their deliberations affected to be patriotic and national, the country itself had as little to do with the matter as a corpse has with the inquest the coroner holds over it.

It was not till about the period of Lord Harrington’s administration (1747-9), that the English in Ireland began to be, as Burke says, “domiciliated,” and to feel that they had a country; and it is in the writings of that indefatigable tribune, Dr. Lucas, that the first dawnings of a national and Irish feeling are to be found. No longer circumscribing the spirit of patriotism within the wizard circle of the “Protestant interest,” he was the first member of the Parliament of Ireland that dared to extend his sympathies beyond the little colony around him to the great mass of the Irish nation; and there is one of his addresses in which, putting aside, boldly and entirely, the eternal scapegoat of Popery, he



arraigns the whole conduct of England towards Ireland, and declares that "the Mexicans were never used worse by the barbarous Spaniards than the poor Irish had been for centuries by the English."

The duration of our Parliaments had been, till this time, for the whole life of the king—so that the Parliament which the death of George the Second dissolved had been in existence for thirty-two years!—and it was by the exertions of Lucas that they were at length, in the year 1767, limited to the period of eight years. But still their dependency on the will of England was so absolute, and all power of originating bills, even money bills, was so completely taken away from them, that their deliberations and decisions, except for purposes of corruption, were mere acting and child's play.

In this shackled state our Parliament remained till 1782, and, among the farces on a grand scale which have been played off before the world, the debates of such a House of Commons, in the leading-strings of the English Attorney-General, could not have been the most unamusing to an indifferent spectator. The solemn proposal, by some patriot member, of a bill previously submitted to the *censure* of the Privy Council—the appeals to liberty and the constitution on both sides—the animation of the Opposition benches—the agitation of the galleries—and, all this time, a perfect consciousness everywhere that the Attorney-General of England could, with a dash of his pen, reverse, alter, or entirely do away the matured result of all the eloquence and all the abilities of this whole assembly!

With a Parliament so constituted, corruption would seem hardly necessary; but the influence of the Undertakers (as three or four great families were called) had become, at length, so enormous and so embarrassing to the Government, that it was found necessary to break it down by every mode of seduction and bribery that intrigue and a pension-list, expansible *ad infinitum*, could supply. •

In Swift's time "burgundy, kind words, and closeting" was the recipe for bringing over refractory country gentlemen; but something more was requisite now; and Lord Townshend, under whom the experiment was first tried, found the decomposition of these Parliamentary clans a process not less

costly than it was invidious and hazardous. He seems, however, to have succeeded—particularly with the patriots ; and the names of Loftus, Beresford, &c., among the apostates of that period, show the foundations upon which Tory titles and fortunes are sometimes constructed.

Under a subsequent administration (Lord Harcourt's), so little did court influence mask its operations that, for the purpose of recruiting the Treasury bench against the meeting of Parliament, five earls, seven viscounts, and eighteen barons were all made in one day.

This system of government was all along a rehearsal for the Union—that last grand *bouquet* of the *four Parties* of corruption. But though even thus soon did that “coming event cast its shadows before,” the slightest hint of such a measure was received with universal indignation. The people preferred of the two a bad Parliament to none at all, and the event has shown that they were right. Like Harlequin decapitated, “though his head was no great ornament to him when *on*, you cannot imagine how awkward he looks without it.”

[The “Captain,” who is supposed to write those “Memoirs,” confesses that when Grattan and the Volunteers wrested the legislative independence of Ireland from the English Government his youthful mind was charmed and dazzled by the prospect, and he thought that the Rock family would in a little time find their peculiar occupation gone. But his father, a sage and experienced person, soon undeceived him ; represented to him that England would never rest until she had destroyed the glorious work of Grattan, and that, consequently, there was yet a long and busy career before the Rocks. Some chapters farther on the “Captain” says :—]

My father had predicted but too truly. The light of 1782 soon passed away, and left in the hearts of those who loved Ireland only a vague and restless imagination of what she might have been.

The British Minister, no longer able to govern us by his Attorney-General, was driven to the more circuitous and expensive mode of ruling us by our own Parliament ; and a course of corruption was now boldly entered into—a sort of frank, Lothario spirit was adopted by the Government, which seemed to say, “Think’st thou I mean the shame should be concealed ?” and which soon succeeded in making political profligacy fashionable.

Had it been a regular trade-wind of corruption, blowing steadily from the usual Tory quarter, servility would have been at least consistent, and might have even pretended to honesty, on the ground of having but one paymaster. But, just about this time, those Titans, the Whigs, had succeeded more than once in scaling the Olympus of office ; and, though speedily hurled down again, they remained long enough each time to puzzle both patriots and courtiers considerably, and to produce such a confusion in their votes and opinions as made it no easy matter to distinguish one party from the other.

At length, however, Toryism and corruption resumed their full and undisturbed empire. A regular market was opened at the Castle, and the price of every service, down to single votes on particular questions, was ascertained and *tariffed* with the most tradesmanlike accuracy. So little decency did the Government observe in these transactions that the Attorney-General (afterwards Lord Clare) did not hesitate on one occasion, when some of the train-bands of the court had joined the Opposition, to hint broadly at the expense that would be incurred in buying them back again.

A writer on Egypt mentions, as a singular phenomenon, the respect which the Mamelukes have for men who have been *purchased*—far beyond what they feel for the most ancient nobility. A Turkish officer, in pointing out to him some personage who held an important situation under Government, said, “ C’est un homme de bonne race — *il a été achete*.” What homage, then, would a Mameluke feel for the “ *hommes achetés*” of the Irish nobility—many of whom might introduce an auctioneer’s hammer into their coats of arms, so often have they and their illustrious sires been knocked down to the highest bidder !

During the administration of the Marquis of Buckingham, the Pension List outstripped that of England by several thousands ; and when, at length, under Lord Westmoreland, as a momentary sacrifice to public opinion, a bill was allowed to pass limiting the grants of pension to £1,200 a year, advantage was taken of the few months that were to elapse before the commencement of the Act, to grant pensions to the amount of more than £12,000—being equal to ten years’ anticipation of the powers of the Crown.

This system was the consummation, the *coronis*, of England's deadly policy towards Ireland. Having broken down and barbarised our lower orders, by every method that was ever devised for turning men into brutes, she now premeditatedly—by the example of a gay and dissipated court—by the encouragement of habits of expense, and the ready proffer of the wages of corruption to maintain them—so demoralised and denationalised our upper classes, that perhaps the most harmless part many of them have since played has been that of absentees.

The venality, speculation, and extravagance exhibited in the higher departments of the State, soon spread through the lower—a *concordat* of mutual connivance was established throughout—and clerks, with a salary of £100 a year, entertained their principals with fine dinners and claret out of the perquisites. In the Ordnance department, it was found, in Lord Buckingham's time, that the arms, ammunition, and military accoutrements, condemned as useless, were stolen out of one gate, brought in at the other, and charged anew to the public account.

[These passages are succeeded by some very trenchant and vigorous chapters descriptive of the atrocities of the tithe system, of the outrages committed by the Orange party, and of the horrors of the rebellion of 1798, into which the author says the people were absolutely driven by the Government; and then this able work, which created in its time an immense sensation, and rendered valuable service to the popular cause, thus concludes:—

We now come to the consummation—to the harvest reaped from all this blood. Forfeitures were, as we have seen, the price paid by Ireland for her former rebellions—and the forfeiture of her existence as a nation was the mulct imposed upon her for this.

So proud was Mr. Pitt of his achievement of the Union, that he regarded it as a matter of triumph to *begin* the century with it. Alas for the Muse of Ireland! Her secular odes have thus always been dirges of slavery and sorrow. The seventeenth century opened with the peridy of James, who first flattered the hopes of the Catholics, and then persecuted and plundered them afterwards; the birth of the eighteenth was signalised by the violation of the Articles of Limerick; and the Union—a measure rising out

of corruption and blood, and clothed in promises put on only to betray—was the phantom by which the dawn of the nineteenth was welcomed.

The proclamation of the herald in the secular games of the ancients was, "Come ye unto sports which no mortal hath ever seen, nor ever shall see." But to us the revolution of ages brings no such novelty, and the words of our herald, Time, should be, "Come ye unto the misery and the slavery which your fathers endured before you, and which it is the will and the wisdom of the legislature that your children should suffer after you"!

I clearly foresaw the advantages that a Union would bring to my family; nor was I singular in this view of the consequences of that measure. Mr. Saurin (the late Attorney-General), in a speech delivered on the 21st of February, 1800, in the Irish House of Commons, thus strongly foretold the great accession of strength which would ensue from a Union to the Rock interest: "Is it by such a project and such a measure that we believe Ireland can be tranquillised, or her distractions and dissensions removed? No, sir. Is it not, on the contrary, adding to and augmenting her divisions and distractions, by a new sort of division and distraction, which will last, in all human probability, for another century, with rancour and fury?" Mr. Foster, too (now Lord Oriel) was equally clear-sighted in prophesying the consequences that have since resulted from the measure—declaring that a Union would have no other effect than that of turning Ireland into "*a discontented province.*"

Aware, however, as I was of all this, and fondly as my fancy already revelled in the clear field of combat which the removal of the Parliament would leave to me and the Ascendancy, yet could I not help shuddering, from a sort of Irish instinct, at the act of national degradation that was now about to be exhibited to the world.

When I saw the boon of Emancipation held temptingly to the lips of the Catholic, like that dear-bought draught at Cleopatra's banquet, with the pearl of his country's independence dissolved within it, scarcely could I help joining the few voices that exclaimed, "What! will you surrender your country for a shadow? Will you trust to those who

have betrayed you so often, and cease to be Irishmen in the vain hope of becoming freemen? The bargain of our Parliamentary Judases is at least intelligible and tangible, and the "thirty pieces of silver" on the palm acquits them of their being romantic in their treason. But what have *you* in exchange for this surrender of national existence? The verbal pledge of a Minister—the fairy money of Hope, which seems gold to the eye, but will turn into dust in the hand!"

The shame of corruption, like the blessing of mercy, falls alike on "him who gives and him who takes," and at the period of the Union this reciprocity of disgrace was perfect. The Protestant Parliament was purchased with solid bribes, the Catholic people were won over with deceitful promises; and the Minister, glorying in his triumph over both,

"Gave Liberty the last, the fatal shock,  
Slipped the slave's collar on, and snapped the lock."

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### A Lay Sermon.

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BY C. G. DUFFY.

Brother, do you love your brother?  
Brother, are you all you seem?  
Do you live for more than living?  
Has your life a law, a scheme?  
Are you prompt to bear its duties,  
As a brave man may beseeem?

Brother, shun the mist exhaling  
From the fen of pride and doubt;  
Neither seek the house of bondage  
Walling straitened souls about;  
Eats! who, from their narrow spy-hole,  
Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow—  
Trust the wide and wondrous sea,

Where the tides are fresh for ever,  
And the mighty currents free ;  
There, perchance, O young Columbus,  
Your New World of truth may be !

Favour will not make deserving—  
(Can the sunshine brighten clay ?)—  
Slowly must it grow to blossom,  
Fed by labour and delay,  
And the fairest bud of promise  
Bears the taint of quick decay.

You must strive for better guerdons ;  
Strive to *be* the thing you'd seem ;  
Be the thing that God hath made you,  
Channel for no borrowed stream ;  
*He* hath lent you mind and conscience,  
See you travel in their beam !

See you scale life's misty highlands  
By this light of living truth !  
And, with bosom braced for labour,  
Breast them in your manly youth ;  
So, when age and care have found you,  
Shall your downward path be smooth.

Fear not on that rugged highway  
Life may want its lawful zest ;  
Sunny glens are in the mountain,  
Where the weary feet may rest,  
Cooled in streams that gush for ever  
From a loving mother's breast.

"Simple heart and simple pleasures,"  
So they write life's golden rule ;  
Honour won by supple baseness,  
State that crowns a cankered fool,  
Gleam as gleam the gold and purple  
On a hot and rancid pool.

Wear no show of wit or science  
But the gems you've won and weighed ;  
Thefts, like ivy on a ruin,  
Make the rifts they seem to shade :  
Are you not a thief and beggar  
In the rarest spoils arrayed ?

Shadows deck a sunny landscape,  
Making brighter all the bright ;  
So, my brother ! care and danger  
On a loving nature light,  
Bringing all its latent beauties  
Out upon the common sight.

Love the things that God created,  
Make your brother's need your care ;  
Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,  
But where love is, *they* are there ;  
As the moonbeams light the waters,  
Leaving rock and sand bank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,  
Fearing none and loving all ;  
For the true man needs no patron—  
He shall climb, and never crawl :  
Two things fashion their own channel—  
The strong man and the waterfall.

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### The Mission of Celomen.

FROM THE "NATION" OF OCTOBER 19TH, 1844.

To the women of Ireland it is thought fit, in these days of our strife for liberty, to address a word of affectionate remonstrance.

That they have a part, and an important part, in the work to be done, we hope and desire to prove to them. Once awakened to the knowledge that there is a duty which they have overlooked, we are assured that it will be religiously fulfilled. We are constantly hearing that "women have no business with politics." This we deny. If politics be, as a great woman has most justly defined them, "Morals—i.e., of equal concern to all," it is not only the business but the duty of every woman to be cognizant of what implicates



and determines her own happiness, and that of all dear to her. But we take a broader ground than even this—one more befitting, as it seems to us, the disinterested nature of women. We conceive that in her pure and noble heart should be found a principle second only in strength to her devotion to God—the love of her native land. Why is man to engross a feeling to which both sexes have so obviously an equal title? Every high and lofty affection is found far purer and more intense in woman than in man. With her no love of gain, no self-seeking, mingles with the holy strength of her impulses. But, alas! with rare exceptions, women have been taught to fear the cherishing of the purest earthly affection. They dread the sneers of “the world.” They fear to tear aside the tissue of false prejudice in which the great fact has been enwrapped and concealed, that *active* patriotism is a duty bearing equally upon man and woman.

We want to teach them that there is something far higher than this world-applause—something which amply compensates for its sneers. The world says, too, that “women are not to *meddle* in politics;” and if by this is meant *meddling publicly*, the world is right. This is not a woman’s sphere, and we should more deeply regret to see her so “unsex” herself than we now deplore the unfulfilled duty which is in her province. But it is not needed. God has placed woman in a sphere by which it is plain that He intends her to influence man to all that is good and holy. In every stage of her life she has this to do; and in every stage of her life she does exert an incalculable influence either to the well-being or prejudice of those around her. This every man feels, let him admit it or not—and it is to the extreme importance of this influence being well directed that we wish to awaken our countrywomen.

A woman’s sphere is her home—her school her fireside, where she has all holy things to teach. Why has *one* great lesson been so constantly forgotten? We every day see woman among the objects of her influence—her *PUPILS*, in short, though she and they may know it not—and we see her eye brighten and her cheek flush as she reads or tells of some brave man’s struggle for the freedom of his fatherland!

The names of these men are heroes with her, as they ought to be. She worships Washington, Hofer, Tell, and such as they, with all a woman's beautiful enthusiasm; but it too seldom occurs to her that she, too, has a country to love—to cherish—as they loved theirs, and that if she fulfilled her “mission” well and rightly, some of her own dear ones might go down to all ages with names as brilliant, as soul-stirring, as those *she* reverences, as examples to all time.

No one denies, at all events, the fact, that every man ought to be a patriot, whatever meaning he may attach to that word. Everybody respects and admires a man who knows he has a duty to fulfil by his country, and who does fulfil it according to his views. Who is so fit to instil one feeling more, which will elevate and purify the heart which receives it rightly, as she who teaches all else? Let us not be told that the subject is too deep or grave for her. There are deeper and graver ones which (amid all the heresies put forth against the mission of women) we have never heard her right to impart denied her. This is but one of the many of the false theories by which the sphere of woman's usefulness has been limited and narrowed, which have been received without inquiry or examination as established facts, and which need but a little investigation to fall to pieces. We maintain that a woman's sphere and duty are to teach *all* things good and ennobling.

To do this well, a woman must do more than *feel*. Irish-women! you who have husbands, brothers, and sons, look and see whether the love and reverence they bear you does not sway them towards your opinions—you, who can teach them by your gentle influence to love God, His laws, charity, peace, purity, affection, why should you deem it beneath or beyond your sphere to implant in their hearts the seed of one more holy duty—to love, to *work for*, to live, and if necessary to be prepared to die, for their fatherland?

Enthusiasm alone will not do this beneficially. There must be head as well as heart in the work, and for this purpose Irishwomen must *read*. In these days of studies and accomplishments, this will not be a hard task among our countrywomen of the wealthier class—and it is *precisely* this class whose influence we are most anxious to secure. The

women of the labouring and very poor class exert an unconscious influence over their families, as great as is needed—the influence of suffering. No poor man who sees that his sweat and toil fail to give sufficient daily food to his wife or his daughter, wants any spur from them to do all he can to alter this. He knows that he cannot be worse off than he is and has been, and he has sense enough to perceive that the men who are working to effect this change for him have already given him substantial advantages as pledges for their future measures ; and if he did need to be stimulated, there is less apathy and more unselfishness among that class of our countrywomen than any other. It is to the women surrounded by men whose circumstances of ease might prompt apathy—whose objects in life might tempt to an overlooking of principle for interest—that we more particularly address our words. It is among these that the influence of a well informed, regulated, and enthusiastic woman would be most felt, and most needed.

We are sure of the poor men while they suffer as they do ; but the men we want are leaders to these men—the powerful, the wealthy, the independent—above all, the leaders among the intellectual and educated men of Ireland. The aid of women in their homes would be a powerful agent to procure us these men ; but we would wish to see that influence exerted—as all influence, to be effectual, must be—reasonably, not blindly. Irishwomen who can and do afford time, trouble, and money, to study the language and the history of almost every country in Europe, surely could convince themselves, by a moment's reflection, that there is something which is more important for them to know—something about *themselves*, their own history, their own character, their own resources, their own music—why not their own language ! We want Irishwomen to *read about Ireland*—to give themselves reasons why they love her, and why they should put to work the engine of her silent power to help her.

We want no blind enthusiasm—it is not lasting nor useful. We want *knowledge*, instead of the grossest ignorance amongst Irishwomen about what concerns them most. We want them, too, to turn to the never-closed books of human nature and visible things, to learn from them.

Let them study the character of the people—let them observe their sufferings—let them look abroad and see how beautiful and rich God has made the land for them to dwell in ; then, looking on man's part below, ask their hearts what curse it is that has blighted and marred so fair a work—that has given hunger and cold, desolation and misery, in the midst of a land to which God gave all fertility ?

Let the Irish woman assist us in our peaceful battle with oppression, and when (as, please God, soon she shall) she sees her countrymen free and happy, employing the natural resources of their own soil for their own benefit—when tyranny and bigotry, and the iron hand of unjust laws, are things that are past, and that the pure spirits of love and liberty abide among us—when her dear native land has its place among the free nations of the world, let her, in thanking God, exult and say, “ I helped this work.”

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### Our Little Boy.

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The loss of a dear child has often formed the subject of exquisitely touching and tender lyrics. The following graceful little poem on that subject is taken from a small volume entitled “Lays of the Lost One,” by Haidee Johnston ; published by Madden and Oldham, 7 Grafton-street, in the year 1857. There are several others on the same theme in the volume, and also some miscellaneous poems possessed of considerable merit :—

There used to be a small foot  
Climbing on our stair ;  
There used to be a blithe step  
Running here and there ;  
The memory of a sweet voice  
Lingers on mine ear ;  
It mocks the lonely silence  
Ever reigning here !

We had a little plaything  
In our garden bowers ;

We loved a little white hand  
Picking garden flowers :  
Then tree, and shrub, and blossom  
Well-known friends became,  
And welcome were the Spring birds  
Coupled with his name.

I used to feel a soft hand  
Patting on my cheek,  
I used to kiss two soft lips—  
Loved to hear them speak :  
Then merry was the playing  
On our parlour floor ;  
Now naught is left but silence—  
Silence evermore !

A little figure, nightly,  
By our window stood ;  
He watched the star of evening—  
Told us God was good ;  
A little form knelt, nightly,  
Praying in our room ;  
Now comes that hour with silence,  
Agony, and gloom.

We wandered through a glad world  
Happy, three sweet years ;  
For many were our bright hopes,  
Seldom fell our tears ;  
We never dreamt of parting  
Till that hour of fear  
Brought blank and tomblike silence  
Ever reigning here.

I weary for the bright land—  
Weary all the day ;  
The sun has gone from this land—  
Can I care to stay !  
There meet us with the old love—  
The olden smile of joy ;  
Yes, meet us in the home land,  
Little angel boy !

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## Bits from our Gaelic Books.

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We take it to be a fact that among reading and thinking Irishmen there is a general desire to know more than they do of the manners, customs, modes of thought, and general civilisation of their forefathers in ancient times. To what degree of literary and artistic culture had they attained; what were their ideas of social, political, and military organisation; by what sort of laws were they governed—these, and questions of a similar nature, must often occur to the minds of Irishmen who have learned to feel an interest in the history of their race. It is only of late years that any degree of light is beginning to be thrown on the subject; the labours of the Celtic, Ossianic, and Archaeological Societies, and of the Royal Irish Academy, have amassed a considerable store of information on those points; but unfortunately it is accessible to only a limited few. The splendid collection of Irish antiquities in possession of the Academy, the works in gold and bronze, the ancient manuscripts with their elaborate and beautiful illuminations which are preserved there, and in the library of Trinity College, to be appreciated must be seen; and the publications of the societies to which we have referred, being issued only to subscribers and members of those bodies, do not come within the reach of the general public. It occurs to us that, under these circumstances, a few extracts from some of our ancient Gaelic books would be acceptable to the readers of the present publication, and we therefore proceed to quote some passages which we believe will be found curious and interesting. Of course the literary style of these writings is very different from that of the present day; in them, as in the early literature of other intellectual and imaginative races, there is in it a redundancy of descriptive epithet and much metaphorical language; but withal there will be found in them great force and beauty of expression, a fine sense of colour, and an imagery that is often exceedingly apt and brilliant. Let us take, for instance, the following passage from a Gaelic tale which is yet unpublished—"The Tain Bo Chuailgne," or Cattle Spoil of Cooley—a tale which, though wild and fanciful in many parts, is admitted to have an historical basis. How many of our modern bards, from the laureate downwards, could picture a brighter vision than this:—

### DESCRIPTION OF FEITHILIN, PROPHETESS OF THE FAIRY PALACE.

THEN she (Meabh) observed with her eyes a thing that amazed her—viz., a single woman at her chariot wheel, guarding, with twenty fringes on her, and a white burnished

sword in her right hand, with seven chains to it of ruddy gold, and a magnificent light-blue speckled variegated robe upon her, with keen green eyes in her head, and pearly fresh teeth, and her lips fine-cut and ruddy, so that one might deem her mouth like unto fresh berries ; her voice was as sweet as the music of the strings of a harp discoursing melody, and her truth-speaking head was fair as the snow of a single night. The clothing on her body was shining down to her feet, and her cloak was of soft silk ; the appearance of her bright yellow hair was like gold ; three tresses of it were banded over her head, and her other tresses hung down to her waist behind her.

#### DRESS AND ORNAMENTS OF IRISH WARRIORS.

The dress of the Irish warrior-chiefs in ancient times appears to have combined utility and splendour. From a description of the monarch Fergus MacKoy, in the *Tain B*, we take the following passage :—

A chieftain with his golden bright-yellow hair plaited over his head, and a woven robe of purple upon him, and a pin of gold in the cloak that is on him over his bosom ; a broad-bladed, high-tempered spear, ruddy as a torch, in his hand, and a long sword hanging down by the thigh of the hero.

The battle costume of Ferdiagh, another of the heroes of the tale, is thus described :—

Then Ferdiagh put on his war-helmet, and this was the fashion of his armour, viz :—A beauteous shirt, embroidered with much gold and silk, around his fair body, and a broad, beauteous, embroidered girdle over that ; and he put on his very strong iron coat of mail over both, on the outside, for fear of the *Gai Bolgt*, and he placed his steel helmet on his head, in which there was a fourfold gem of carbuncle as its ornament, set with crystal ; and he grasped his sharp, broad-bladed sword in his fist by its golden haft, and he took his mighty invincible blood-spattered shield and slung it on his back, with a row of beautiful gold letters inscribed on the outside borders of that shield, inquiring was there amongst the champions of the world any one bearing shield or sword that was superior to that hero.

Clearly the staff-officers of our modern armies do not make a braver show than did those gorgeously appareled champions of ancient Ireland.

Another of those warriors, as we read in "*The Battle of Magh Leana*" (translated by Eugene O'Curry, and published by the Celtic Society in 1855), was thus attired :—

Then Conn arose and put upon his fair skin and beautiful body his battle and combat suit—namely, his dark-grey, flowing, long, wide skin-shirt, with its three beautiful, varied, well-coloured wheels (brooches) of gold in it. He put on his well-fitting coat of distinction, made of the wonderful cloth of the flock-abounding, beautiful-mansioned Land of Promise, bound with girdles and buttons, and with embroidered borders of red gold ; so that it fitted to every part which could be touched by the sharp point of a hard needle, from the top of his head to the calves of his legs. Outside this he put on a heavy, firm, strong-ringed coat of mail, with its firm head-piece of the same kind. He put his light, strong leg-armour, made of fine-spun thread of Finndruine,\* upon his legs, giving a dignity to his noble carriage, and being a protection against cutting and a support in resistance. He put his two lacerating gloves upon his hands, having the colour of snow freely to be seen upon them, and possessing the attribute of victory in the field of battle, and that no erring cast should be thrown from them by day or night. He put upon his neck his easy, thick, noble, light collar ; and upon his head his diadem of a chief-king, in which were fifty carbuncle gems of the beautiful rare stones of Eastern India, artistically set with beautiful bright silver, and with well-coloured gold, and with other precious stones. He placed his blue, sharp-edged, rich-hilted sword at his convenience ; and his strong, triumphant, wonderful, firm, embossed shield of beautiful devices upon the convex slope of his back. He grasped his two-headed wide-socketed battle spears, with their rings of gold upon their necks.

Cuchullin, the hero of the *Tain-Bó*, and of many of the Irish romances, was arrayed no less brilliantly when going into combat. Of his equipment we get the following account :—

Then did the warrior grasp his bloody sword for the field, a weapon for piercing the hearts of his enemies ; and he—

\* Finndruine : this was a kind of fine bronze, used chiefly in ornamental works by the artists of ancient Erin.



viz., Cuchullin MacSubhailte—in his battle dress, prepared for the fight and for conflict ; and that battle dress had twenty-seven folds of dark smooth linen, twined together like as if they were twine wrapped and bound around his loins on his fair skin, so that it would be no easy task for anyone to discover immediately where the folds commenced ; and he also fastened around him his battle-belt, outside of his stiff leathern defensive dress, made of seven several layers of oxes' hides, seven times strengthened ; and it reached from the top of his side to the fat part of his arm-pits ; and it was upon him a defence against spears, and splinters of spears, and darts ; and he was in expectation that by means of it, if a stone or a javelin chanced to strike him, it would glance off him ; and he put on a sash of flowered silk with a fringe of bright gold to it, speckled from its middle to its soft extremity ; and he bound him with a strap of dark brown leather, well and strongly sewed, of seven excellent ox-hides, for the battle ; and he placed this ox-hide girdle under his sash of variegated silk, which he wore outside over all ; and he went forth to the battle and the conflict after that ; and his arms for the battle were seven swords besides his protecting sword, and eight spears besides his five-pronged spear, and eight feathered arrows besides his sling ; and he took eight shields besides his own black, blood-stained, curved shield, which had the similitude of a boar represented upon it, and which the high-spirited, strong, very fierce warrior held out before him as an encircling tower and a sure resource in streams and in plains against sharp weapons whenever any youth might make a dexterous blow of any sharp weapon at him ; and he placed upon his head his dark battle helmet for the conflict, which would cause a hundred warriors to cry out in terror and make off backward in every corner from him.

#### A CHARIOTEER'S SUIT.

Coachmen at the present day are more brilliantly dressed than their masters, and it would seem from the following description of the apparel worn by Cuchullin's charioteer that in ancient Ireland, if they did not outshine their chiefs in that respect, their appearance was at all events little less splendid.

Then Laoigh arose and put on his charioteering suit—his graceful frock of deerskins, which was light and airy, varie-

gated and striped, well strapped with deer-leather, so as that the action of his arm should not be impeded. He put on over that a bespangled over-cloak which Simon the Druid had made for the King of the Romans, who gave it to Connor, and Connor to Cuchullin, and Cuchullin to his charioteer. The same charioteer put on his crested bright four-angled helmet of varied colours and devices, covering over his mid-shoulders, being more graceful than cumbersome. He placed with his hand the red yellow band of red gold crescent shaped, which had been purified over the edge of an anvil, on to his forehead, to distinguish him as the charioteer from his master; and he took his steed urging instruments and his long switch in his right hand, and he took the restraining reins of steeds in his left for the accomplishing of his charioteer-ship; and then he threw their long iron coats over his steeds, which covered them from face to tail, (to protect them) from files and spikes and small spears and steeled points; and every spot of that chariot was all over spikes, and every end and point and head of that chariot was a passage of laceration; and then he shed a charm of invisibility upon his steed and upon his companion, so that they were not visible to anyone in the Dun.

#### MILITARY ORGANISATIONS AND THE ART OF WAR IN ANCIENT IRELAND.

It appears abundantly clear from our ancient histories and tales that the Irish in remote ages moved to battle and fought their engagements, not in confused and disorderly masses, but in regularly arranged and appointed divisions, each under its own chiefs and leaders, and with a supreme commander over each host. The following passage is one of those which supply conclusive evidence on this point. It is taken from the *Tua-B*:—

And that vast host held a council and a debate, and they consulted and came to this decision—namely, to put each host under its own king, and each battalion under its own ruler, and each band under its own chief, and to place the heirs apparent of Erin by themselves; and they debated besides who it was most fitting to put as commander-in-chief over them, and they said it was best to make Fergus so, for that host was an harmonious host, and he had been for seventeen years King of Ulster.

In the same tale we find the following reference to the arrangement of a commissariat :—

The people of Olioll took up their station on that plain, and the people of Fergus MacRoy to their right, and Cormac Coulingois MacConnor at the same side, and Gaibnean MacLuirgne at the same side ; and there were besides three hundred men of Ulster at their right, to be in readiness to give notice of the enemy's consultations and resolves, and to supply them with meat and drink.

An Irish encampment is thus described in the Battle of Magh Leana :—

A well-ordered, wide-extending, many-warrior encampment was taken up by those tall troops ; and a resting place of many streets by the hosts, in the centre of the long-hilled Magh Leana. The lofty, many-coloured pavilion of the chief king was raised by them upon a smooth hill, and they ordered out an impetuous party of workmen to the woods, and ready dexterous companies to the sedgy marshes ; these parties selected the choicest of poles, and the smoothest of wattles, and the finest of large trees, and materials of poles and wattles, of thatch and good sedge, to the one appointed place ; and they erected their lofty sheltering sheds, and their fine compact dwelling houses, their beautiful purely lighted distinguished lines of courts. Then they ordered streets and cross ways, paths and marching roads, full and straight, for their kings and for their great men ; and they placed their spears in ranges, and their combat-arms upon their posts, and their armour upon their long racks ; and the hand weapon of each hero upon his bed. They afterwards ordered their enclosures and markets ; their regulations and their commerce ; their superintendence and their preparations ; their feasts and their cookings ; their music and their sleeping places.

The art of fortification was less requisite in those days than it has become since the invention of artillery ; however, it was not quite unknown even in those olden times, as may be seen from the following :—

When Eoghan perceived the desire of his troops for contest, and the desire of his nobles for attack, and the ready uprising of his foreigners, he said to them : “ There shall be

made by us now three high-mounded, deep-trenched Buailcs upon this plain, so that Fraoch Mileasach, the son of Eibhear, shall be making harassing incursions from their greens upon the furious tribes of Feidhlim Reachtmhar." Three strong Duns were ordered by them to be raised, and three lofty Murs of assemblage, and three firm Cathairs to be prepared. These Duns were dug, marked out, defined, and fastened; and ruled, cleared, formed, adjusted, clipped, planed, shaped, and made firm by them; so that these three poisonous inimical boils were a maintenance of strength against enemies, and a separation of prosperity from hostile tribes; and it was a wresting of patrimony from families to see them in process of being raised in that manner by the brave men in the centre of Magh Leana.

#### THE COMBAT.

The descriptions of battles in our Gaelic stories—both single combats and the engagements of armies—are often exceedingly vigorous and vivid. The following specimen must suffice for the present:—

Then Conn's hosts raised a loud shout of exultation, which awoke Eoghan with his followers; and before they had time to fasten on or to adjust their battle accoutrements Conn's hosts began to slaughter and mangle them. It was then that the two proud, nobly descended parties attacked each other with increasing anger, and with the pleasures of hatred, and with tempestuous minds; and in front of each heavy-headed front rank of them was planted a strong, long, firm wall of choicest, golden, border-branching shields; and of light-brown, neatly formed, bright-faced bosses of brown shields; and of the faces of beautifully streaked, chainful, truly firm shields; and of thick-sided, keen-edged, well-polished swords; so that it was like thrusting the head into a dense thick red flame; and it would be courting evil, and clambering against distress, to thrust the head into any of these upright sharp-speared ranks. And it was sufficient horror to hear the special incitings of the high kings; the shouts of defiance of the champions; the startling, chattering croakings of the birds of prey, and of the hopping, bitter-screaming vultures; and the first clash of each contest and combat; and the whizz of each shower of slender light spears which the champions cast in their first onset

thither and hither. And it was then that they planted a bare, ready, brown-grey, envenomed forest of thick-handled spears past the white-rimmed great and firm shields into each other's breasts; and it was by smooth, tough, strong handles those keen spears, and smooth, sharp, deep-edged weapons, were driven by them into the shoulders and sides of each other; so that the feet of warriors were stilled in quick combat; the arms of champions were sprained by manly flesh strokes; and the anger of the men was heightened by these deep living wounds; and the paths of valour were formed by heroes; and shining armour was torn by the fervour and powerful heat of the high-minded warriors, from the excess of their fighting; and the breasts and cheeks of the fearless champions resembled streaming, red-oozing windows, from being pierced by countless weapons in that attack; and they were as soft as thoroughly rent ridges from the punches of bright, broad, great shields. And spears were reddened by the great wounds; active bands expired from the great, deep, repeated, incurable cuts; and helmets were crushed by the hard, quick blows of great heroes; and the faces of the great courageous champions were mangled from the visits of spears and various sharp weapons; and the overflowing pools and the crimson-red stream of blood which flowed from the men and from the bands, became clotted, cold, thick pools in the hollows and in the furrows of the ground: so that red-mouthed deep-black ravens descended upon the bodies of champions, and upon the carcasses of noble warriors, and upon the broad breasts of combatants, and upon the chests of soldiers; and blue-mouthed, loud-croaking *Budbhs*\* rejoiced; and they were all merry and vociferous at the extent of the tables and the abundance of the flesh-spoils which they found upon those cold, prostrate men.—*Magh Leant.*

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\* This is an Irish name for any bird of prey, particularly the raven and birds of its class.

## Education.

BY "SLIAH CULINN," OF THE "NATION."

In that dark time of cruel wrong, when on our country's breast  
A dreary load, a ruthless code, with wasting terrors prest—  
Our gentry stript of land and clan, sent exiles o'er the main  
To turn the scale on foreign fields for foreign monarchs' gain—  
Our people trod like vermin down, all fenceless flung to sate  
Extortion, lust, and brutal whim, and rancorous bigot hate—  
Our priesthood tracked from cave to hut, like felons chased and  
lashed,

And from their ministering hands the lifted chalice dashed ;  
In that black time of law-wrought crime, of stilling woe and  
thrall,

There stood supreme one foul device, one engine worse than all.

Him whom they wished to keep a slave, they sought to make a  
brute—

They banned the light of heaven—they bade instruction's voice  
be mute.

God's second priest—the Teacher—sent to feed men's minds with  
lore—

They marked a price upon his head, as on the priest's before.

Well—well they knew that never, face to face beneath the sky,  
Could tyranny and knowledge meet, but one of them should die ;  
That lettered slaves will link their might until their murmurs  
grow

To that imperious thunder peal which despots quail to know !

That men who learn will learn their strength—the weakness of  
their lords—

Till all the bonds that gird them round are snapt like Samson's  
cords.

This well they knew, and called the power of ignorance to aid ;  
So might, they deemed, an abject race of soulless serfs be made—  
When Irish memories, hopes, and thoughts were withered,  
branch and stem—

A race of abject, soulless serfs, to hew and draw for them.

Ah! God, is good and nature strong—they let not thus decay  
 The seeds that deep in Irish breasts of Irish feeling lay ;  
 Still sun and rain made emerald green the loveliest fields on  
 earth,

And gave the type of deathless hope, the little shamrock, birth ;  
 Still faithful to their holy Church, her direst straits among,  
 To one another faithful still, the priests and people clung.  
 And Christ was worshipped and received with trembling haste  
 and fear,

In field and shed, with posted scouts to warn of bloodhounds  
 near ;

Still, crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on  
 mountain fern,

The teacher and his pupils met, feloniously—to learn ;  
 Still round the peasant's heart of hearts his darling music  
 twined,

A fount of Irish sobs or smiles in every note enshrined ;  
 And still beside the smouldering turf were fond traditions told  
 Of heavenly saints and princely chiefs—the power and faith of  
 old.

Deep lay the seeds, yet rankest weeds sprang mingled—could  
 they fail ?—

For what were freedom's blessed worth if slavery wrought not  
 bale ?

As thrall, and want, and ignorance still deep and deeper grew,  
 What marvel weakness, gloom, and strife fell dark amongst us  
 too ?

And servile thoughts, that measure not the inborn worth of  
 man—

And servile cringe and subterfuge to 'scape our masters' ban —  
 And drunkenness—our sense of woe a little while to steep—  
 And aimless feud, and murderous plot—oh ! one could pause  
 and weep !

'Mid all the darkness, faith in Heaven still shone, a saving ray,  
 And Heaven o'er our redemption watched, and chose its own  
 good day.

Two men were sent us—one for years, with Titan strength of  
 soul.

To beard our foes, to seal our wrongs, to band us and control ;  
 The other, at a later time, on gentler mission came,  
 To make our noblest glory spring from out our saddest shame !  
 On all our wondrous upward course hath Heaven its finger  
 set,

And we—but, oh ! my countrymen, there's much before us  
 yet !

How sorrowful the useless powers our glorious island yields—  
Our countless havens desolate, our waste of barren fields,  
The all-unused mechanic might our rushing streams afford,  
The buried treasures of our mines, our sea's unvalued hoard!  
But, oh! there is one piteous waste whence all the rest have  
grown,

One worst neglect—the mind of man left desert and unsown.  
Send Knowledge forth to scatter wide, and deep to cast its seeds,  
The nurse of energy and hope, of manly thoughts and deeds.  
Let it go forth; right soon will spring those forces in its train  
That vanquish Nature's stubborn strength, that rattle earth and  
main—

Itself a nobler harvest far than Autumn tints with gold,  
A higher wealth, a surer gain, than wave and mine enfold.  
Let it go forth unstained, and purged from Pride's unholy  
leaven,

With fearless forehead raised to Man, but humbly bent to  
Heaven;

Deep let it sink in Irish hearts, the story of their isle,  
And waken thoughts of tenderest love and burning wrath the  
while;

And press upon us, one by one, the fruits of English sway,  
And blend the wrongs of bygone times with this our fight  
to-day;

And show our fathers' constancy, by truest instinct led  
To loathe and battle with the power that on their substance  
fed;

And let it place beside our own the world's vast page, to tell  
That never lived the nation yet could rule another well.  
Thus, thus our cause shall gather strength; no feeling vague  
and blind,

But stamped by passion on the heart, by reason on the mind.  
Let it go forth—a mightier foe to England's power than all  
The rifles of America, the armaments of Gaul!

It shall go forth, and woe to them that bar or thwart its way—  
'Tis God's own light, all heavenly bright—we care not who says  
nay.

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By debilitating Ireland, by debasing its spirit, and drain-  
ing it of the leading fortunes and talents of the country, by  
creating an increase of absentees, by checking trade and  
manufacture, it (the Union) must weaken our resources;  
and instead of the energy and zeal of a free people offering  
their lives and their properties, the empire will at most have



the tardy and inanimated support of a dispirited and discontented province.—*Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, 11th April, 1799.*

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### Thomas O'Hagan on Irish Federalism and the Right of Public Meeting.

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The following admirable speech was delivered on the 28th of May, 1843, in the Loyal National Repeal Association by "Thomas O'Hagan, Esq., Barrister-at-Law," now Baron O'Hagan of Tullaghoge, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The eloquent and learned gentleman's subscription of £1, constituting him a member of the Association, was on the same occasion handed in by O'Connell :—

I AM here, sir, on the impulse of the occasion, because I believe that all honest men who cherish a love for freedom are bound to enter their solemn protest against the aggressions which have been made, and the worse aggressions which seem to be meditated, on the constitutional rights of the Irish people. I should have desired to pursue the quiet course of professional labour to which my life is devoted, without any manifestation of my peculiar opinions, but when the privileges of free thought and speech, on questions of moment to Ireland, cease to be held sacred, I think that personal convenience and personal interest should give way to a sense of political duty, and that no man, however powerless he may be, ought, by his tacit acquiescence, to suborn the inflictions of new grievances upon his country. I am here because I think that from this place the most effectual appeal may be made in maintenance of the constitution, and not because in all things I agree with many of those whom I address. With many I know I do not agree. I believe that the system of centralisation, as it is developed in these islands, has been partial in its action and mischievous in its results, and that a local legislation, for local purposes, conducted by men of the country, who know

its people, understand their wants, respect their opinions, sympathise with their feelings, and are identified with their interests, would be of great practical utility to Ireland. I believe that such a legislation, developing our resources, and applying them with intelligence and faithfulness to our own local improvement, may fairly and hopefully be sought, and that, by the peaceful attainment of such a legislation, our material prosperity and our intellectual progress would be essentially advanced. But I also believe that, for imperial purposes, not touching her internal economy, Ireland should not abandon such influence as she may fairly claim in the general legislature of an empire which has been so enriched by Irish treasure, so glorified by Irish bravery, and so cemented by Irish blood. And thus distinguishing between the proper objects of local and imperial legislation, and securing to our country proper guards, sanctions, and guarantees for her honour and her rights, in a federal connexion with Great Britain, I am satisfied that the aims of reasonable men would be accomplished, all danger of separation effectively obviated, the real welfare of Ireland promoted, and the integrity of the empire consolidated and secured. These opinions are cherished by very many who do not mingle in political life ; they are, in my judgment, sustained by the teachings of history, and justified by the circumstances of the country and the time. I am not here to discuss them, but I have thought it necessary to state them clearly, that there may be no misconception in my regard. Holding such opinions in all sincerity, and differing much from many who are here, I should not have thought of addressing you, but that I deem the period one of difficulty and danger to public liberty ; and I have come expressly and distinctly for the purpose of bearing testimony against any attempt to overawe the free mind of Ireland, and stifle the expression of her feelings on subjects which she may legitimately discuss. And such an attempt I hold to have been made in the late dismissals of the Irish magistrates, and especially in the argument by which those dismissals have been justified. I hold that war has been declared against the opinion of the country, and that an act has been done as ominous of coming evil as it is indefensible in principle and will be injurious in practical operation.

Men are deposed from places of trust and honour. For what? For no crime proved—for no crime charged against them. Be they right or wrong, the people of Ireland are indisputably entitled to proclaim their sentiments on a measure which they hold of great national moment. The right to petition for the repeal or amendment of the Act of Union is as clear, as settled, secured by sanction as solemn and authority as high, as that by which the Lord Chancellor holds his office. The assemblies which assert this right he does not allege to be illegal. But because magistrates have dared to attend meetings admitted to be authorised by law, to discuss questions which must manifestly be open for discussion whilst the shadow of the constitution remains amongst us, they are visited with pains and penalties. The Minister of the hour has thought fit to declare that he does not approve of certain political opinions, and what before his declaration was innocence, becomes guilt when it is made. There is no appeal to the tribunals of the country to decide on the propriety or impropriety of the conduct of the magistrates; there is no appeal to Parliament to limit the privileges of the subject or enlarge the prerogatives of the executive. The Premier is erected into an autocrat, and, on the ground that he and his Cabinet are hostile to alteration in an existing statute, the subjects of the Queen, who, until the legislature shall put its ban upon opinion, have as good a right to think, and judge, and act, in relation to that statute, as any Minister or body of Ministers—the educated gentlemen of Ireland, who have merely exercised the commonest privilege of their citizenship, without violating any ordinance of God or man, are deprived of the commission of the peace, as if they were convicted malefactors. It is said that riots might have taken place at the assemblies which they attended, and that they could not be trusted to quell such riots. Why, any meeting may grow riotous, and the necessary conclusion from this reasoning is, that for attending any meeting a magistrate should forfeit his authority. May not anti-Repealers be as riotous as Repealers? and shall none of the Queen's justices mingle with those who sustain the Union? Who heard from Conservatives the call to dismiss the magisterial leaders of the tens of thousands assembled at

Hillsborough in '35? Did Sir James Graham whisper a complaint of the "myriad-musterings" at Birmingham which carried the Reform Bill? And this measure seems to me as dangerous in its results as it is evil in its principle. Years of practical justice had inspired the people with confidence in the administration of the law. The bench was occupied by men in whom they had reliance, and the blessed fruits of kindly and impartial government were manifested in the wholly unexampled tranquillity of Ireland. The dominion of order was established, and, had the spirit of a wise executive extended its benign influence to the legislature, and taken the forms of settled laws and abiding institutions, the peace and prosperity of the nation would have been secure. Unhappily, a change has come upon us, and, by this act of the administration, Ireland sees the friends in whom she had reliance stript of power to help her, and faction again enthroned on the seat of justice, to which the blending of parties and opinions had begun to make her people look with hope and trust. But, mischievous as the consequences of the measure must be, it is because of the principle which it involves that I have been mainly incited to protest against it. Hating anarchy as the worst of evils, and loving ordered and regulated liberty, I believe that the right of free speech and thought is to be cherished as the source and safeguard of all other civil rights. That right may continue to be violated—the war against opinion may be prolonged, but it will end in discomfiture to those who wage it. It will induce men who, like myself, do not approve of many things which are written and said and done for the promotion of popular objects in Ireland, to rally in resistance to assaults upon the chartered privileges of the people. It will decide men who are vacillating, and invigorate men who are weak, and bind together in a compact phalanx the true friends of Ireland, who differ on many subjects, but have a common attachment to the country and the constitution. Nay, amongst the Conservative party there are men who have national feeling, and respect in others the claim to rights which are dear to themselves. Those men are not for coercion, though they may not be for Repeal, and on their support the Government should not rely. Irishmen have

been widely and madly severed, but they have one home, one birthplace, one dear fatherland ; and, however hereditary prejudices and early misdirection may have perverted their judgments and marred their native tendencies to good, there are sound and generous minds in every section of them, which will have no sympathy with measures aimed nominally and directly at one class of the community, but establishing a precedent pregnant with fearful mischief, and really, and by necessary result, perilling the dearest privileges of the whole. But, besides all this, the position of the Irish people will render attack upon their opinion unavailing. They have learned the wisdom of self-respect, the dignity of self-assertion, and giving implicit obedience to the law, and above all things, and under all circumstances, maintaining peace and order, they need not fear. They have a leader exercising authority more absolute than mortal ever possessed before in a free nation—yielded by the unbought homage of generous millions, who are grateful for unexampled services. Acting under such a leader, in the spirit of wisdom and of temperance, and seeking fair objects by honest means, they will not shrink before the hostility of a Chancellor or a Cabinet. Ireland has sprung to the proportions of a vigorous youthfulness, and there is no power in the British Ministry to forge the fetters which shall permanently bind her giant limbs. There is a recuperative energy in her constitution which measures of unwarranted coercion cannot subdue or paralyse ; and relying on that vital energy, and on her own resolve legally to achieve the redress of her many grievances, though she may be worsted once and again in the struggle, she will rise from her depression with power and majesty augmented by her temporary fall.

A CONFEDERATE GENERAL ON THE IRISH TROOPS IN THE SOUTHERN ARMY.—The following testimony is valuable from the authority of the gallant man who gives it, General Beauregard :—"Relative to the soldierly qualities of the Irish who took a part in our late war, I beg to state that they dis-

played the sturdy and manly courage of the English, combined with the impetuous and buoyant character of the French. They required, at times, only discipline, which is always attained under good officers, to be equal to the best soldiers of any country. They always exhibited on the field of battle great gallantry, and during the operations of a campaign showed much patience and fortitude. They joined the Confederate ranks at the first call of the country for volunteers, and remained to the last devoted and true to the cause they had zealously espoused. They were found to be always the worthy companions of the gallant Confederate soldiers with whom they fought side by side during over four years of internecine struggle."

### Tipperary.

The following admirable verses, which are thoroughly Irish in tone and spirit, appeared in the *Nation* of May 23, 1846. They are from the pen of "Eva," Mrs. Kevin I. O'Doherty.

Were you ever in sweet Tipp'rary, where the fields are so sunny  
and green,  
And the heath-brown Slieve-bloom and the Galtees look down  
with so proud a mien !  
'Tis there you would see more beauty than is on all Irish  
ground—  
God bless you, my sweet Tipperary, for where could your match  
be found !

They say that your hand is fearful, that darkness is in your  
eye ;  
But I'll not let them dare to talk so black and bitter a lie.  
Oh ! no, *macushla storin* ! bright, bright and warm are you,  
With hearts as bold as the men of old, to yourselves and your  
country true.

And when there is gloom upon you, bid them think who has  
brought it there—  
Sure a frown or a word of hatred was not made for your face—so  
fair ;

You've a hand for the grasp of friendship—another to make  
 them quake,  
 And they're welcome to whichever it pleases them most to  
 take.

Shall our homes, like the huts of Connaught, be crumbled be-  
 fore our eyes ?

Shall we fly, like a flock of wild geese, from all that we love and  
 prize !

No ! by those who were here before us, no churl our tyrant shall  
 be ;

Our land it is theirs by plunder, but, by Brigid, ourselves are  
 free !

No ! we do not forget the greatness did once to sweet Eire be-  
 long !

No treason or craven spirit was ever our race among ;  
 And no frown or no word of hatred we give—but to pay them  
 back ;

In evil we only follow our enemies' darksome track.

Oh ! come for a while among us, and give us the friendly hand ;  
 And you'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and gladsome  
 land ;

From Upper to Lower Ormond, bright welcomes and smiles will  
 spring—

On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king.

### The Tipple.

BY C. G. HALPINE.

With thickest growth of beard his face  
 Was matted in a ghastly smile ;  
 His hat preserved the faintest trace  
 Of what was once a shapely tile ;  
 His elbows glimmered through his coat,  
 His trousers needed tailor's care,  
 His boots they were not of a pair,  
 And through them you his toes might note.  
 He only said, " It is the tipple,  
 The tipple 'tis," he said ;  
 He murmured, " Go it like a cripple,  
 And go it till you're dead."

He raised his hand at dewy morn,  
He raised it far into the night,  
And, in a tone of maudlin scorn,  
The temperance party he would slight;  
He drank his glass, and called for more,  
With trembling fingers searching out  
For dimes within the tattered clout  
Which once the name of pocket bore.  
He only said, "It is the tippie,  
The tippie 'tis," he said;  
He murmured, "Go it like a cripple,  
And go it till you're dead."

And ever as the lamp grew dim,  
And brandy lay beyond his reach,  
He saw pale spectres glare at him,  
And mutter fiercely each to each.  
Oh, they were hours to freeze the soul,  
When those blue corpses o'er him bent,  
And, to convey the moral meant,  
Each fiend upheld a glittering bowl.  
He only said, "It is the tippie,  
The tippie 'tis," he said;  
He murmured, "Go it like a cripple,  
And go it till you're dead."

There is within some granite walls  
A high and hideous wooden thing,  
And in its floor a door that falls  
Obedient to a secret spring.  
Ay, groan and shriek! with cries and tears,  
Mercy of earth and heaven demand!  
A wife's red blood is on your hand—  
Your kindest gift to her for years.  
So ends the ballad of the tippie:  
Be warned, and pray, and think;  
The tap is Mother Murder's nipple—  
You suck blood as you drink.



## Lord Plunket in the British Parliament.

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FROM J. CASHEL HOEY'S "MEMOIR OF LORD PLUNKET."

IN easy circumstances, member for his university, with the fame of his former political career, of his present professional pre-eminence, and of his austere and dignified ambition, preceding him, he took his seat under enviable auspices. The time, too, was propitious of opportunity. He came in the interval of two great Parliamentary eras—while the contemporaries of Pitt and Fox were gradually retreating from public life, and before Peel, Canning, or Brougham had yet risen to the full perfection of their power. The Irish character never stood in higher repute. For fifty years before, almost the greatest names which illuminated the history of the Commons had been Irish. There were dozens of old members, anxious to hear the new orator, who had listened to the inspired, majestic, and opulent wisdom of Burke, to the popular vigour of Barre, to the splendid passion of Sheridan, to the savage satire of Francis. Grattan's lustrous energy, Ponsonby's manly sense, Tierney's trenchant irony, Canning's classic tropes and elegant sarcasm, were at the time the greatest intellectual attractions of the House. Plunket spoke to them in a new and unexpected strain. In what he said, a most elaborate logic, a rare depth of meditation, and an austere gravity of tone, half statesmanlike, half judicial, were splendidly combined with a singular purity and precision of language, and an extraordinary, vehement, and unflagging intensity of expression. It was more like the language of some great noble of the robe, speaking with the sense that the estates of the realm really hung upon his words, than the common partisan declamation of the House of Commons, which has no horizon but the opposite benches and the reporters' gallery. The greatest authorities in and out of the House declared that he reached the very highest style of Parliamentary oratory—a style in comparison with

which Canning's was flashy, and Brougham's coarse, and Peel's thin. Old Charles Butler had sat in the gallery of the House from far back penal days, when there was not a flicker of hope for the Catholics. He had heard Chatham, North, Pitt, Fox, Burke, speak their greatest speeches, with a fastidiously critical ear; and he declared that Plunket's speech of 1821 had never been surpassed in the British senate. Of his very first appearance it was unanimously admitted that no such speech had been heard in the House of Commons since Sheridan's Begum oration. Lord Dudley's was an opinion upon political talents and effects equal to Horace Walpole's upon *virtu* and *belles-lettres*—he repeatedly declared that for its gravity and sagacity, its energy and intensity, its exactitude, its sober and stately grace, he preferred Plunket's to all other styles that he had known or read of. "I wish you had heard him," he wrote of the Peterloo speech, "in answer to Mackintosh. He assailed the fabric of his adversary, not by an irregular damaging fire that left parts of it standing, but by a complete rapid process of demolition that did not let one stone continue standing upon another." That single speech admittedly saved the Cabinet. It was Mackintosh's own admission that if Plunket had been regularly bred to Parliament he would have made the first public figure of the period. All the great commoners of his era admitted his supremacy as freely as had his old mates of the Historical Society. Last, and most marvellous tribute of all—hardly credible of the House of Commons!—he is said, on several of the Catholic claims debates, to have converted various votes to his side (so many as six, it is alleged, upon one occasion) by very dint of conscientious conviction. At fifty years of age he was in the full maturity of his powers. The long interruption of his public career had not in any way dulled or frustrated the fine political faculties he had displayed in the Irish House. The rolling vehemence and impatient fire of his earlier invective had subsided, indeed, but so had the passions which prompted them. His satire had become as serious and mordant as Swift's—his reasoning as strict, lucid, and close as Locke's or Suarez'. There was something inspired and august in his tone when he addressed the

House ; they were flattered to feel that he raised them to the level of his own genius. His person and physiognomy fully sustained his character. He was of more than the middle height, built of big bones and massive muscles, with a deep full chest, from which issued a voice of powerful metallic tones, slightly marked by the extra-emphatic accent of Ulster. His head has been perpetuated by the masterly chisel of Christopher Moore. It is the same head that our ethnologists assign to the old Irish of Armagh. The brow rises like a dome over the features of a coarse and crooked outline. The sides of the head are like walls—there is a lofty and well-arched span from ear to ear—a heavy arrear of animal energy behind. The jaws were immense. The lips, long and convex, looked as if language would overflow from them. The eyes shone with calm, stern lustre, under a forehead craggy with manifold organs, lined with innumerable, long, parallel wrinkles, and from which a perpetual pallor overspread the whole visage. While he pleaded before the bench, there was a natural authority about him that embarrassed the Chancellor on his woolsack. He lorded it over Mr. Speaker too, and chained the Commons when he rose. His manner had the same austere energy and studious simplicity as his language. It was perfectly natural and unaffected ; the only peculiarity of his delivery on record is, that as he reached each climax of his statement, point after point, he would raise his two hands gradually above his head, and then suddenly swing them down, as though he would drive the argument home with a sledge-hammer. It was a singular gesture, and almost seemed to say *quod erat demonstrandum*.

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### O'Connell's Advice to the Irish People.

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CARRY with you through all the operations of your everyday life these truths :—

Firstly—That there is not the least possibility of governing Ireland advantageously for her people through the means of the British Parliament.

Secondly—That the only measure calculated to arouse all

her people to such exertion as would entitle us to and ensure success, is the Repeal of the Union.

Thirdly—That the time *emphatically* is come when the Irish people can obtain that Repeal, if they are wise enough and virtuous enough to combine peacefully in an overwhelming majority for the restoration of the Irish Parliament.

Fourthly—That there is no real obstacle to the Repeal of the Union, but an apprehension, arising out of our past dissensions, and struggles for emancipation, that the Repeal would be followed by religious intolerance and sectarian animosity.

There never was a more unfounded apprehension. The causes of irritation being removed, the irritation itself could not continue.

Men of Ireland!—your duty is to conduct yourselves so as to obliterate every such apprehension. Exert yourselves unremittingly to exhibit kindness, affection, conciliation, and cordiality, towards persons of all sects, and of every persuasion.

Let us leave the settlement of our religious differences to grace, to piety, to the mercies of God, to the merits of the adorable Redeemer.

Irishmen!—the more Christian qualities you exhibit, the more Christian charity you display, the more moral virtues you practise, the more profound is your piety before the throne of your Redeemer, the more shall you advance the *temporal* interests and the *civil* liberties of your native land.

It is a blessed consolation—patriotism and religion run in the same channel. And if all Irishmen were to-morrow practical Christians, their legislative independence—fraught with every blessing and every prosperity—would at once burst with renewed existence amidst the joyful acclamation of all.

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DISPERSION OF THE IRISH SWORDSMEN.—Foreign nations were apprised by the Kilkenny Articles that the Irish were to be allowed to engage in the service of any State in amity with the Commonwealth. The valour of the Irish soldier was well known abroad. From the time of the

Munster plantation by Queen Elizabeth, numerous exiles had taken service in the Spanish army. There were Irish regiments serving in the Low Countries. The Prince of Orange declared they were born soldiers; and Henry the Fourth of France publicly called Hugh O'Neill the third soldier of the age, and he said there was no nation made better troops than the Irish when drilled. Sir John Norris, who had served in many countries, said he knew no nation where there were so few fools or cowards. Agents from the King of Spain, the King of Poland, and the Prince de Conde, were now contending for the service of Irish troops. Don Ricardo White, in May, 1652, shipped 7,000 in batches from Waterford, Kinsale, Galway, Limerick, and Bantry, for the King of Spain. Colonel Christopher Mayo got liberty in September, 1652, to beat his drums to raise 3,000 for the same king. Lord Muskerry took 5,000 to the King of Poland. In July, 1654, 3,500, commanded by Colonel Edmund Dwyer, went to serve the Prince de Conde. Sir Walter Dungan and others got liberty to beat their drums in different garrisons to a rallying of their men that laid down arms with them, in order to a rendezvous, and to depart for Spain. Between 1651 and 1654, 31,000 (of whom few ever saw their loved native land again) were transported into foreign parts.— *The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, by John P. Prendergast.

### Dunore Hill.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

From city smoke, and cant, and cunning,  
 Splendid guilt and pauper care,  
 Fashion, fog, debauch, and dunning,  
 I come to breathe the Wicklow air.  
 In humbug clad, as in a boddice,  
 The town is false, and stiff, and odd;  
 Betty Martin is its goddess,  
 Hookey Walker is its god;  
 But from Dublin, vast and smoky,  
 Fly to nature if you will,

For (*why* is only known to Hokey)  
Steam has left us Wicklow still.  
Here you still may clasp your fingers  
Round some real flowers and grass,  
For near Dunore still nature lingers,  
As an artless country lass.  
Soon to meet with nature purely  
Shall be but as a bygone dream ;  
We speak and move by fire—and surely  
Men will soon make love by steam.  
Cupid now must turn a stoker,  
Thrust his torch in engine fires,  
Make his fatal bow a poker,  
And his shafts electric wires.  
Iron ships will soon surround us,  
Like that giant with the screw—  
Nay, it shall no way astound us  
When we see an iron crew.  
We are learned with a vengeance ;  
Great our civ'lisation when  
Men each day grow more like engines—  
Engines daily liker men.  
Yet, methinks, a race will flourish  
Half loco-motive and half man,  
And a metal mother nourish  
A sort of human pewter can.  
Already some have hearts of iron,  
Gold and silver they adore—  
Were it strange that steel environ  
Those already steel at core !  
In those days when pairs are wedded  
They shall hire a job balloon,  
And in half an hour be bedded  
At some station in the moon.  
Would his feeble pen were graphic  
As the varied scene requires,  
To paint the interstellar traffic  
Which the poet's eye admires !  
Crowds of youth are off to Venus—  
Bless me ! all the girls to Mars ;  
And millions float like moats between us  
And our allies in the stars.  
We'll screw our way sky-high, and from its  
Farthest orb have Dalkey rails,  
And, rushing past, see envious comets,  
Like beaten curs, hang down their tails !

'Tis an age of ~~sense~~ and iron ;  
 Poets now may eat their wares—  
 From Homer, hang them all, to Byron—  
 Give us stock and railway shares !  
 What are all thy hands, Briareus—  
 What, Ixion, is thy wheel—  
 To an engine's vast and various  
 Limbs and orbs of living steel ?  
 But from Dunore I've rambled sadly—  
 My Pegasus has run away  
 (A proof I manage him but badly) ;  
 Yet, in excuse, I've this to say—  
 Hungry reader, to be candid,  
 Beyond the Scalp we had a lunch,  
 And I imbibed, if ever man did,  
 A Liffey of the coldest punch.  
 At that pic-nic, o'erpowered with laughter,  
 Beside " the Golden Spears"\* I fell ;  
 But, rising gradually, thereafter,  
 I wrote those precious lines pell mell.  
 I swear, so strike me paralytic,  
 If I have mocked Horatian laws,  
 Not pique to thee, dyspeptic critic,  
 But punch—cold punch—has been the cause.

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### The Sarsfield Testimonial.

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BY M. HOGAN, OF LIMERICK.

Oh ! yes, 'tis true, the debt is due by Erin's children all,  
 Brave chief, to you, who never flew from battle, fire, or ball ;  
 Alas ! too long the brave and strong in stern oblivion lies,  
 The glory of our ancient town—the idol of her eyes.  
 Oh ! 'twere a shame to let his name like other names decay,  
 Or let the earth forget his worth like other things of clay ;  
 But we must see the brave and free defender of our walls  
 High in the light of sculptured might among our homes and  
 halls.

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\* The Irish name of the mountains vulgarly called the Sugar Loaves.

There let him stand, with sword in hand and flashing arms of steel,

In bright array, as on the day he made the foemen reel ;  
 And let our eyes, with glad surprise, the warlike sight enjoy  
 Of him who stood, 'mid fire and blood, our tyrants to destroy.  
 O sculptor ! trace on his bold face the spirit-blaze which shone  
 The day he rolled the flood of war to Limerick from Athlone ;  
 As if, with word and waving sword, he called on Limerick's men,  
 " My freeborn sons ! with hearts and guns, go man yon breach  
 again ! "

O sculptor ! show on his high brow his freedom-grasping zeal  
 When Limerick's streets and brave old walls blazed red with fire  
 and steel ;

When, undismayed, with sweeping blade he cleared the flaming  
 town,

Oh ! show us how his stalworth arm had cut the foemen down.  
 Show us his godlike bearing 'mid the burning wreck of fight,  
 His loud command and lifted hand, and blazing eye of light ;  
 His eagle glance, that, like a lance, pierced centre, rear, and  
 van—

His form tall revealing all the majesty of man.

Let daring thought be sternly wrought in his high, dauntless  
 air,

As if the seed of some great deed had grown to action there ;  
 Like on the night when his fierce might from Limerick sallied  
 forth,

And swept the foe, at one dread blow, for ever from the earth.  
 Show us the grief that filled the chief, when, with his hopes  
 betrayed,

Far, far away, across the sea, he led the brave Brigade ;  
 Show us the blood-gout from his side, red-welling on his hand,  
 With his last words—" I wish 'twere shed for thee, my Native  
 Land ! "

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IRELAND'S LOVE OF LIBERTY.—This unconquerable obstinacy, this lengthened remembrance of departed liberty, this faculty of preserving and nourishing through ages of physical misery and suffering the thought of that which is no more, of never despairing of a constantly vanquished cause, for which many generations have successively and in vain perished in the field and by the executioner, is perhaps the most extraordinary and the greatest example that a people has ever given.—*Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest.*



## The Early Irish Churches.

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BY DR. PETRIE.

I HAVE now described the various features which characterise the hitherto little noticed and unappreciated primitive churches of Ireland. That, as I have already stated, they have little in them to interest the mind or attract regard as works of art, it would be childish to deny; yet, in their symmetrical simplicity—their dimly lighted nave, entered by its central west doorway, and terminated on the other side of its chancel arch, affording to the devout worshipper an unimpeded view of that brighter sanctuary in which were celebrated the divine mysteries which afforded him consolation in this life and hope in the next—in the total absence of everything which could distract his attention—there is an expression of fitness to their purpose, too often wanting in modern temples of the highest pretensions; as the artless strains sung to the Creator, which we may believe were daily hymned in these unadorned temples, were calculated, from their very simplicity and artlessness, to awaken feelings of deep devotion, which the gorgeous artificial music of the modern cathedral but too rarely excites, even in minds predisposed to feel its influence, and appreciate its refinement. In short, these ancient temples are just such humble, unadorned structures as we might expect them to have been; but, even if they were found to exhibit less of that expression of congruity and fitness, and more of that humbleness so characteristic of a religion not made for the rich, but for the poor and lowly, that mind is but little to be envied which could look with apathy on the remains of national structures so venerable for their antiquity, and so interesting as being raised in honour of the Creator in the simplest, if not the purest, ages of Christianity.

• That the unadorned simplicity and contracted dimensions

of the earliest Irish churches were not, at least, altogether the result of poverty and ignorance of the arts in their founders, appear to me extremely probable. Poor those honoured individuals unquestionably were, but that poverty generally, if not in all instances, appears to have been voluntary, as became men walking in the footsteps of the Redeemer, and who obtained their simple food by the labour of their hands ; but that they were ignorant of the arts, or insensible to their influence, could scarcely have been possible to men, very many of whom—Romans, Gauls, and Britons—were educated where those arts, though they had become debased, were still cultivated ; and we have not only abundant historical evidence to show that many of the ecclesiastics in these early times obtained celebrity as artificers and makers of the sacred implements necessary for the church, and as illuminators of books, but we have also still remaining the most indisputable evidence of their skill in those arts, in ancient croziers, bells, shrines, &c., and in manuscripts not inferior in splendour to any extant in Europe. It is indeed by no means improbable that the severe simplicity, as well as the uniformity of plan and size, which usually characterise our early churches, was less the result of the poverty or ignorance of their founders than of choice, originating in the spirit of their faith, or a veneration for some model given to them by their first teachers ; for, that the earliest Christian churches on the Continent, before the time of Constantine, were like these, small and unadorned, there is no reason to doubt ; and the oldest churches still remaining in Greece are, as I shall hereafter show, exactly similar to those I have described in Ireland.

**IRELAND, OLD AND YOUNG.**—Green Erin is a land old while young ; old in Christianity, young in the hopes for the future. It is a nation which received grace ere the Saxon had set his foot upon the soil of England, and which never has allowed the sacred flame to be extinguished in its heart ; it is a Church which takes within the period of its history the birth and fall of Canterbury and of York ; which Augustus and Paulinus found at their coming, and Polo and Fisher left living after them.—*Rev. Dr. Newman.*

## Adare.

BY JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

The morn comes freshly from the East,  
It strikes with fire the upland ridge,  
And pours a shaft of gold between  
The midmost shadows of the bridge,  
Where late at eve shall dance the midge.  
Flame fills the immemorial tree,  
Which keeps its chestnuts for the time  
When harvest banquets through the world,  
And the hot breezes flow in rhyme.

Soft sleeps the village in the maze  
Of dreamy elm and sycamore ;  
Soft slides the river's rosy tide  
Through blossomed sedges by the shore,  
Rushes, and pendent willows hoar,  
The little boat moored in the cove  
Takes no pulsation from the stream,  
But shadowed on the water lies,  
The lovely image of a dream.

I leave the village to its rest—  
White walls with ivy diapered,  
Brown roofs that in the Springtime give  
Asylum to the happy bird,  
Whose wing the southern air has stirred ;  
And wandering down the grassy marge  
Of Mague, amidst its Paradise,  
Turn one green bend of lawn, and lo !  
Three Hundred Years confront mine eyes.

Three Hundred Years in channelled stones,  
Hewn in some quarry vast and fair,  
But touched with melancholy gray—  
That habit of our Irish air,  
Which slays, but still knows when to spare,

Chancel, quadrangle, tower, are here ;  
 Gaunt cloisters, roof and mullions riven ;  
 With that clear interspace through which  
 Souls, tired of flesh, looked out to Heaven.

I see it all—the choir, the stalls,  
 The broad east window, smote with blood—  
 (Bright as six rainbows ribbanded)--  
 St. Francis' brown-robed brotherhood,  
 Each with his crucifix of wood.  
 Slowly the instant pageant faded ;  
 Ruin returns to leaf and stone ;  
 A shadow rises from my brain,  
 And I am, with the sun, alone.

And who were these ? By what access  
 Of patience did they find their way  
 To those cold penitential aisles  
 To stifle self, to bravely pray  
 Until their hairs grew scant and gray,  
 And some one plucked them by the sleeve  
 Some hour of interrupted breath ?  
 They turned to find who touched them so,  
 And met the smiling face of Death.

They were not wasted hearts alone,  
 Craving forgiveness and the rod—  
 Whose hearts' best wine had spilled to earth,  
 And left the sediment to God ;  
 They heard no outside world applaud.  
 Their daily boon companions were  
 The matin lark, the sunset rock ;  
 And for excitement and repose,  
 The cloister, or the desk-chained book.

Fresh minds, and young, within these walls,  
 True to some master impulse, came—  
 Some thought that in their being lurked,  
 As in the black flint lurks the flame :  
 Christ's friends are always not the same.  
 Rome towered above a prostrate world  
 The while He walked in Galilee ;  
 He left the Cæsar to his throne,  
 He kept the children by His knee.

If, to refine his discontent,  
 With tears and fastings, vacant days,

Statesman or soldier hither came  
To trample on his gown or bays,  
And Heavenward turn his fretful gaze,  
Thrice happy he ; but happier far  
The pure soul, unassailed by strife ;  
Repose was but the life of one,  
And action made the other's life.

Heaven knows it all. We blindly move,  
Seeking solutions of our fears.  
Ah ! nobler consolations fall  
In rains of penitential tears ;  
Through those thick hazes peace appears.  
We would be wise, we would be good,  
We would have Heaven our single hope,  
And yet insult that single trust  
With crucible and telescope.

Thus thought I, musing in Adare ;  
The little village slowly woke,  
And from a heaven of purple cloud  
The sun, a bright conclusion, broke  
Clearly as if some prophet spoke.  
O lark in ether choiring loud  
In that blue sanctuary's light !  
Tell those I love in far-off streets  
I shall see Limerick to-night.

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